A VIEW OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN ITALY:

WITH

ANECDOTES relating to some EMINENT CHARACTERS.

By JOHN MOORE, M.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic est.
Hor.

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A VIEW

A

VIEW

OF

SOCIETY AND MANNERS

IN

ITALY.

LETTER XLVI.

Rome.

I BEG you may not ſuſpect me of affectation, or that I wiſh to aſſume the character of a connoiſſeur, when I tell you, that I have very great pleaſure in contemplating the antique ſtatues and buſts, of which there are ſuch numbers in this city. It is a natural curioſity, and I have had it all my life in

a ſtrong degree, to ſee celebrated men, thoſe whoſe talents and great qualities can alone render the preſent age an intereſting object to poſterity, and prevent its being loſt, like the dark ages which ſucceeded the deſtruction of the Roman empire, in the oblivious vortex of time, leaving ſcarcely a rack behind. The durable monuments raiſed to fame by the inſpiring genius of *Pitt*, and the invincible ſpirit of *Frederick*, will command the admiration of future ages, outlive the power of the empires which *they* aggrandized, and forbid the period in which *they* flouriſhed, from ever paſſing away like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion. The buſts and ſtatues of thoſe memorable men will be viewed, by ſucceeding generations, with the ſame regard and attention which we now beſtow on thoſe of Cicero and Cæſar. We expect to find ſomething peculiarly noble and expreſſive in features which were animated, and which, we imagine, muſt have

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have been in ſome degree modelled, by the ſentiments of thoſe to whom they belonged. It is not rank, it is character alone which intereſts poſterity. We know that men may be ſeated on thrones, who would have been placed more ſuitably to their talents on the working-table of a taylor; we therefore give little attention to the buſts or coins of the vulgar emperors. In the countenance of Claudius, we expect nothing more noble than the phlegmatic tranquillity of an acquieſcing cuckold; in Caligula or Nero, the unrelenting frown of a negro-driver, or the inſolent air of any unprincipled ruffian in power. Even in the high-praiſed Auguſtus we look for nothing eſſentially great, nothing ſuperior to what we ſee in thoſe minions of fortune, who are exalted, by a concurrence of incidents, to a ſituation in life to which their talents would never have raiſed them, and which their characters never deſerved. In the face of Julius

we expect to find the traces of deep reflection, magnanimity, and the anxiety natural to the man who had overturned the liberties of his native country, and who muſt have ſecretly dreaded the reſentment of a ſpirited people; and in the face of Marcus Brutus we look for independence, conſcious integrity, and a mind capable of the higheſt effort of virtue.

It is natural to regret, that, of the number of antique ſtatues which have come to us tolerably entire, ſo great a proportion are repreſentations of gods and goddeſſes. Had they been intended for real perſons, we might have had a perfect knowledge of the face and figure of the greateſt part of the moſt diſtinguiſhed citizens of ancient Greece and Rome. A man of unrelaxing wiſdom would ſmile with contempt, and aſk, if our having perfect repreſentations of all the heroes, poets, and philoſophers recorded

in

in hiſtory, would make us either wiſer or more learned? to which I anſwer, That there are a great many things, which neither can add to my ſmall ſtock of learning nor wiſdom, and yet give me more pleaſure and ſatisfaction than thoſe which do; and, unfortunately for mankind, the greateſt part of them reſemble me in this particular.

But though I would with pleaſure have given up a great number of the Jupiters and Apollos and Venuſes, whoſe ſtatues we have, in exchange for an equal, or even a ſmaller, number of mere mortals whom I could name; I by no means conſider the ſtatues of thoſe deities as unintereſting. Though they are imaginary beings, yet each of them has a diſtinct character of his own of claſſical authority, which has long been impreſſed on our memories; and we aſſume the right of deciding on the artiſt's ſkill, and applaud-

ing or blaming, as he has ſucceeded or failed in expreſſing the eſtabliſhed character of the god intended. From the ancient artiſts having exerciſed their genius in forming the images of an order of beings ſuperior to mankind, another and a greater advantage is ſuppoſed to have followed; it prompted the artiſts to attempt the uniting, in one form, the various beauties and excellencies which nature had diſperſed in many. This was not ſo eaſy a taſk as may by ſome be imagined; for that which has a fine effect in one particular face or perſon, may appear a deformity when combined with a different complexion, different features, or a different ſhape. It therefore required great judgment and taſte to collect thoſe various graces, and combine them with elegance and truth; and repeated efforts of this kind are imagined to have inſpired ſome of the ancient ſculptors with ſublimer ideas of beauty than nature herſelf ever exhibited,

exhibited, as appears in ſome of their works which have reached our own times.

Though the works of no modern artiſt can ſtand a compariſon with the great maſter-pieces now alluded to, yet nothing can be more abſurd than the idea which ſome people entertain, that all antique ſtatues are of more excellent workmanſhip than the modern. We ſee, every day, numberleſs ſpecimens of every ſpecies of ſculpture, from the largeſt ſtatues and baſſo-relievos, to the ſmalleſt cameos and intaglios that are undoubtedly antique, and yet far inferior, not only to the works of the beſt artiſts of Leo the Tenth's time, but alſo to thoſe of many artiſts now alive in various parts of Europe. The paſſion for ſculpture, which the Romans caught from the Greeks, became almoſt univerſal. Statues were not only the chief ornaments of their temples and palaces, but alſo of the

houſes of the middle, and even the loweſt, order of citizens. They were prompted to adorn them with the figures of a few favourite deities, by religion, as well as vanity: no man, but an atheiſt or a beggar, could be without them. This being the caſe, we may eaſily conceive what graceleſs divinities many of them muſt have been; for in this, no doubt, as in every other manufactory, there muſt occaſionally have been bungling workmen employed, even in the moſt flouriſhing æra of the arts, and goods finiſhed in a very careleſs and hurried manner, to anſwer the conſtant demand, and ſuit the dimenſions of every purſe. We muſt have a very high idea of the number of ſtatues, of one kind or other, which were in old Rome, when we conſider, how many are ſtill to be ſeen; how many have at different periods been carried away, by the curious, to every country in Europe, how many were mutilated and deſtroyed by the Gothic brutality

lity of Barbarians, and the ill-directed zeal of the early Chriſtians, who thought it a duty to exterminate every image, without diſtinction of age or ſex, and without conſidering whether they were of god or man. This obliged the wretched heathens to hide the ſtatues of their gods and of their anceſtors in the bowels of the earth, where unqueſtionably great numbers of them ſtill remain. Had they not been thus barbarouſly hewed to pieces, and buried, I had almoſt ſaid, alive, we might have had ſeveral equal to the great maſterpieces in the Vatican; for it is natural to imagine, that the rage of the zealots would be chiefly directed againſt thoſe ſtatues which were in the higheſt eſtimation with the heathens; and we muſt likewiſe imagine, that theſe would be the pieces which they, on their part, would endeavour, by every poſſible means, to preſerve from their power, and bury in the earth. Of thoſe which have been dug up,

up, I ſhall mention only a very few, beginning with the Farneſian Hercules, which has been long admired as an exquiſite model of maſculine ſtrength; yet, admirable as it is, it does not pleaſe all the world. I am told that the women in particular find ſomething unſatisfactory, and even odious, in this figure; which, however majeſtic, is deficient in the charms moſt agreeable to them, and which might have been expected in the ſon of Jupiter and the beauteous Alcmena. A lady whom I accompanied to the Farneſe palace turned away from it in diſguſt. I could not imagine what had ſhocked her. She told me, *after recollection*, that ſhe could not bear the ſtern ſeverity of his countenance, his large brawny limbs, and the club with which he was armed; which gave him more the appearance of one of thoſe giants that, according to the old romances, carried away virgins and ſhut them up in gloomy caſtles, than the gallant

Hercules,

Hercules, the lover of Omphale. Finally, the lady declared, ſhe was convinced this ſtatue could not be a juſt repreſentation of Hercules; for it was not in the nature of things, that a man ſo formed could ever have been a reliever of diſtreſſed damſels.

Without ſuch powerful ſupport as that of the fair ſex, I ſhould not have expoſed myſelf to the reſentment of connoiſſeurs, by any expreſſion which they might conſtrue an attack upon this favourite ſtatue; but, with their ſupport, I will venture to aſſert, that the Farneſe Hercules is faulty both in his form and attitude: the former is too unwieldy for active exertion, and the latter exhibits vigour *exhauſted.* A reſting attitude is ſurely not the moſt proper in which the all-conquering god of ſtrength could be repreſented. Reſt implies fatigue, and fatigue ſtrength exhauſted. A repoſing Hercules is almoſt a

contradiction. Invincible activity, and inexhauſtible ſtrength, are his characteriſtics. The ancient artiſt has erred, not only in giving him an attitude which ſuppoſes his ſtrength wants recruiting, but in the nature of the ſtrength itſelf, the character of which ſhould not be paſſive, but active.

Near to Hercules, under the arcades of the ſame Palezzo Farneſe, is a moſt beautiful ſtatue of Flora. The great advantage which ancient artiſts had in attending the exerciſes of the gymnaſia, has been repeatedly urged as the reaſon of their ſuperiority over the moderns in ſculpture. We are told, that beſides the uſual exerciſes of the gymnaſia, all thoſe who propoſed to contend at the Olympic games, were obliged, by the regulations, to prepare themſelves, by exerciſing publicly for a year at Elis; and the ſtatuaries and painters conſtantly attended on the Arena, where they

they had opportunities of beholding the fineſt ſhaped, the moſt graceful, and moſt vigorous of the Grecian youth employed in thoſe manly ſports, in which the power of every muſcle was exerted, and all their various actions called forth, and where the human form appeared in an infinite variety of different attitudes. By a conſtant attendance at ſuch a ſchool, independent of any other circumſtance, the artiſts are ſuppoſed to have acquired a more animated, true, and graceful ſtyle, than poſſibly can be caught from viewing the tame, mercenary models, which are exhibited in our academies. On the other hand, I have heard it aſſerted, that the artiſt, who formed the Farneſian Flora, could not have improved his work, or derived any of its excellencies, from the circumſtances above enumerated; becauſe the figure is in a ſtanding poſture, and clothed. In the light, eaſy flow of the drapery, and

in the contour of the body being as diſtinctly pronounced through it, as if the figure were naked, the chief merit of this ſtatue is thought to conſiſt. But this reaſoning does not ſeem juſt; for the daily opportunities the ancient artiſts had of ſeeing naked figures, in every variety of action and attitude, muſt have given them advantages over the moderns, in forming even drapery figures. At Sparta, the women, upon particular occaſions, danced naked. In their own families, they were ſeen every day clothed in light draperies; and ſo ſecondary was every conſideration, even that of decency, to art, that the prettieſt virgins of Agrigentum, it is recorded, were called upon by the legiſlature, without diſtinction, to ſhew themſelves naked to a painter, to enable him to paint a Venus. Whilſt the moderns, therefore, muſt acknowledge their inferiority to the ancients in the art of ſculpture, they may be allowed

ed merit, on account of the cauſe to which, it ſeems, in ſome meaſure at leaſt to be owing.

The fineſt ſpecimens of antique ſculpture are to be ſeen in the Vatican. In theſe the Greek artiſts diſplay an unqueſtionable ſuperiority over the moſt ſucceſsful efforts of the moderns. For me to attempt a deſcription of theſe maſter-pieces, which have been deſcribed a thouſand times, and imitated as often, without once having had juſtice done them, would be equally vain and ſuperfluous. I confine myſelf to a very few obſervations. The moſt inſenſible of mankind muſt be ſtruck with horror at ſight of the Laocoon. On one of my viſits to the Vatican, I was accompanied by two perſons, who had never been there before: one of them is accuſed of being perfectly callous to every thing which does not immediately touch his own perſon; the other is a worthy, good man: the firſt, after ſtaring for ſome time with

marks

marks of terror at the groupe, at length recovered himſelf; exclaiming with a laugh,—"Egad, I was afraid theſe d—d "ſerpents would have left the fellows they "are devouring, and made a ſnap at me; "but I am happy to recollect they are of "marble."——"I thank you, Sir, moſt "heartily," ſaid the other, "for putting "me in mind of that circumſtance: till "you mentioned it, I was in agony for "thoſe two youths."

Nothing can be conceived more admirably executed than this affecting groupe; in all probability, it never would have entered into my own head that it could have been in any reſpect improved. But when I firſt had the happineſs of becoming acquainted with Mr. Locke, a period of my life which I ſhall always recollect with peculiar pleaſure, I remember my converſing with him upon this ſubject; and that Gentleman, after mentioning the execution

cution of this piece, in the higheſt terms of praiſe, obſerved that, had the figure of Laocoon been *alone*, it would have been perfect. As a man ſuffering the moſt excruciating bodily pain with becoming fortitude, it admits of no improvement; his proportions, his form, his action, his expreſſion, are exquiſite. But when his ſons appear, he is no longer an inſulated, ſuffering individual, who, when he has met pain and death with dignity, has done all that could be expected from man; he commences *father*, and a much wider field is opened to the artiſt. We expect the deepeſt pathos in the exhibition of the ſublimeſt character that art can offer to the contemplation of the human mind: A father forgetting pain, and inſtant death, to ſave his children. This Sublime and Pathetic the artiſt either did not ſee, or deſpaired of attaining. Laocoon's ſufferings are merely corporal; he is deaf to the cries of his agonizing children, who are calling

on him for aſſiſtance. But had he been throwing a look of anguiſh upon his ſons, had he ſeemed to have forgotten his own ſufferings in theirs, he would have commanded the ſympathy of the ſpectator in a much higher degree. On the whole, Mr. Lock was of opinion, that the execution of this groupe is perfect, but that the conception is not equal to the execution. I ſhall leave it to others to decide whether Mr. Lock, in theſe obſervations, ſpoke like a man of taſte: I am ſure he ſpoke like a father. I have ſenſibility to feel the beauty and juſtneſs of the remark, though I had not the ingenuity to make it.

It is diſputed whether this groupe was formed from Virgil's deſcription of the death of Laocoon and his ſons, or the deſcription made from the groupe; it is evident, from their minute reſemblance, that one or other muſt have been the caſe. The Poet mentions a circumſtance, which could not

not be repreſented by the ſculptor; he ſays that, although every other perſon around ſought ſafety by flight, the father was attacked by the ſerpents, while he was advancing to the aſſiſtance of his ſons—

——auxilio ſubeuntem ac tela ferentem *.

This deficiency in the ſculptor's art would have been finely ſupplied by the improvement which Mr. Lock propoſed.

Reflecting on the dreadful condition of three perſons entangled in the horrid twinings of ſerpents, and after contemplating the varied anguiſh ſo ſtrongly expreſſed in their countenances, it is a relief to turn the eye to the heavenly figure of the Apollo. To form an adequate idea of the beauty of this ſtatue, it is abſolutely neceſſary to ſee it. With all the advantages of colour and life, the human form never appeared

* The wretched father running to their aid
With pious haſte, but vain, they next invade.
DRYDEN.

ſo beautiful; and we never can ſufficiently admire the artiſt, who has endowed marble with a finer expreſſion of grace, dignity, and underſtanding, than ever were ſeen in living features. In the forming of this inimitable figure, the artiſt ſeems to have wrought after an ideal form of beauty, ſuperior to any in nature, and which exiſted only in his own imagination.

The admired ſtatue of Antinous is in the ſame Court. Nothing can be more light, elegant, and eaſy; the proportions are exact, and the execution perfect. It is an exquiſite repreſentation of the moſt beautiful youth that ever lived.

The ſtatue of Apollo repreſents ſomething ſuperior, and the emotions it excites are all of the ſublime caſt.

LETTER XLVII.

Rome.

THE preſent Pope, who has aſſumed the name of Pius the Sixth, is a tall, well-made man, about ſixty years of age, but retaining in his look all the freſhneſs of a much earlier period of life. He lays a greater ſtreſs on the ceremonious part of religion than his predeceſſor Ganganelli, in whoſe reign a great relaxation of church-diſcipline is thought to have taken place. The late Pope was a man of moderation, good ſenſe, and ſimplicity of manners; and could not go through all the oſtentatious parade which his ſtation required, without reluctance, and marks of diſguſt. He knew that the opinions of mankind had undergone a very great

change ſince thoſe ceremonies were eſtabliſhed; and that ſome of the moſt reſpectable of the ſpectators conſidered as perfectly frivolous many things which formerly had been held as ſacred. A man of good ſenſe may ſeem to lay the greateſt weight on ceremonies which he himſelf conſiders as ridiculous, provided he thinks the people, in whoſe ſight he goes through them, are impreſſed with a conviction of their importance; but if he knows that ſome of the beholders are entirely of a different way of thinking, he will be ſtrongly tempted to evince, by ſome means or other, that he deſpiſes the fooleries he performs, as much as any of them. This, in all probability, was the caſe with Ganganelli; who, beſides, was an enemy to fraud and hypocriſy of every kind. But, however remiſs he may have been with regard to the etiquette of his ſpiritual functions, every body acknowledges his diligence and activity in promoting the temporal good of his ſubjects.

ſubjects. He did all in his power to revive trade, and to encourage manufactures and induſtry of every kind. He built no churches, but he repaired the roads all over the eccleſiaſtical ſtate: he reſtrained the malevolence of bigots, removed abſurd prejudices, and promoted ſentiments of charity and good-will to mankind in general, without excepting even heretics. His enemies, the Jeſuits, with an intention to make him odious in the eyes of his own ſubjects, gave him the name of the Proteſtant Pope. If they ſuppoſed that this calumny would be credited, on account of the conduct above mentioned, they at once paid the higheſt compliment to the Pope and the Proteſtant religion. The careleſs manner in which Ganganelli performed certain functions, and the general tenour of his life and ſentiments, were lamented by politicians, as well as by bigots. However frivolous the former might think many ceremonies in themſelves, they ſtill conſidered

them as of political importance, in ſuch a government as that of Rome; and the Conclave held on the death of the late Pope, are thought to have been in ſome degree influen ced by ſuch conſiderations in chooſing his ſucceſſor. The preſent Pope, before he was raiſed to that dignity, was conſidered as a firm believer in all the tenets of the Roman Church, and a ſtrict and ſcrupulous obſerver of all its injunctions and ceremonials. As his pretenſions, in point of family, fortune, and connexions, were ſmaller than thoſe of moſt of his brother cardinals, it is the more probable that he owed his elevation to this part of his character, which rendered him a proper perſon to check the progreſs of abuſes that had been entirely neglected by the late Pope; under whoſe adminiſtration free-thinking was ſaid to have been countenanced, Proteſtantiſm in general regarded with diminiſhed abhorrence, and the Calviniſts, in particular, treated with a degree

of

of indulgence, to which their inveterate enmity to the church of Rome gave them no title. Several inſtances of this are enumerated, and one in particular, which, I dare ſay, you will think a ſtronger proof of the late Pope's good ſenſe and good humour, than of that negligence to which his enemies imputed it.

A Scotch preſbyterian having heated his brain, by reading the Book of Martyrs, the cruelties of the Spaniſh Inquiſition, and the Hiſtories of all the perſecutions that ever were raiſed by the Roman Catholics againſt the Proteſtants, was ſeized with a dread, that the ſame horrors were juſt about to be renewed. This terrible idea diſturbed his imagination day and night; he thought of nothing but racks and ſcaffolds; and, on one occaſion, he dreamt that there was a continued train of bonfires, with a tar-barrel and a Proteſtant in each, all the way from Smithfield to St. Andrews.

He

He communicated the anxiety and diſtreſs of his mind to a worthy ſenſible clergyman who lived in the neighbourhood. This gentleman took great pains to quiet his fears, proving to him, by ſtrong and obvious arguments, that there was little or no danger of ſuch an event as he dreaded. Theſe reaſonings had a powerful effect while they were delivering, but the impreſſion did not laſt, and was always effaced by a few pages of the Book of Martyrs. As ſoon as the clergyman remarked this, he adviſed the relations to remove that, and every book which treated of perſecution or martyrdom, entirely out of the poor man's reach. This was done accordingly, and books of a leſs gloomy complexion were ſubſtituted in their place; but as all of them formed a ſtrong contraſt with the colour of his mind, he could not bear their peruſal, but betook himſelf to the ſtudy of the Bible, which was the only book of his ancient library which had been

been left; and ſo ſtrong a hold had his former ſtudies taken of his imagination, that he could reliſh no part of the Bible, except the Revelation of St. John, a great part of which, he thought, referred to the whore of Babylon, or, in other words, the Pope of Rome. This part of the ſcripture he peruſed continually with unabating ardor and delight. His friend the clergyman, having obſerved this, took occaſion to ſay, that every part of the Holy Bible was, without doubt, moſt ſublime, and wonderfully inſtructive; yet he was ſurpriſed to ſee that he limited his ſtudies entirely to the laſt book, and neglected all the reſt. To which the other replied, That *he* who was a divine, and a man of learning, might, with propriety, read all the ſacred volume from beginning to end; but, for his own part, he thought proper to confine himſelf to what he could underſtand; and *therefore*, though he had a due reſpect for all the ſcripture, he ac-

knowledged he gave a preference to the Revelation of St. John. This anſwer entirely ſatisfied the clergyman; he did not think it expedient to queſtion him any farther; he took his leave, after having requeſted the people of the family with whom this perſon lived, to have a watchful eye on their relation. In the mean time, this poor man's terrors, with regard to the revival of popery and perſecution, daily augmented; and nature, in all probability, would have ſunk under the weight of ſuch accumulated anxiety, had not a thought occurred which relieved his mind in an inſtant, by ſuggeſting an infallible method of preventing all the evils which his imagination had been brooding over for ſo long a time. The happy idea which afforded him ſo much comfort, was no other, than that he ſhould immediately go to Rome, and convert the Pope from the Roman Catholic to the Preſbyterian religion. The moment he hit on this

fortunate

fortunate expedient, he felt at once the ſtrongeſt impulſe to undertake the taſk, and the fulleſt conviction that his undertaking would be crowned with ſucceſs; it is no wonder, therefore, that his countenance threw off its former gloom, and that all his features brightened with the heart-felt thrillings of happineſs and ſelf-applauſe. While his relations congratulated each other on this agreeable change, the exulting viſionary, without communicating his deſign to any mortal, ſet out for London, took his paſſage to Leghorn, and, in a ſhort time after, arrived in perfect health of body, and in exalted ſpirits, at Rome.

He directly applied to an eccleſiaſtic of his own country, of whoſe obliging temper he had previouſly heard, and whom he conſidered as a proper perſon to procure him an interview neceſſary for the accompliſhment of his project. He informed that

that gentleman, that he earneſtly wiſhed to have a conference with the Pope, on a buſineſs of infinite importance, and which admitted of no delay. It was not difficult to perceive the ſtate of this poor man's mind; the good-natured eccleſiaſtic endeavoured to ſoothe and amuſe him, putting off the conference till a diſtant day; in hopes that means might be fallen on, during the interval, to prevail on him to return to his own country. A few days after this, however, he happened to go to St. Peter's church, at the very time when his Holineſs was performing ſome religious ceremony. At this ſight our impatient miſſionary felt all his paſſions inflamed with irreſiſtible ardour; he could no longer wait for the expected conference, but burſting out with zealous indignation, he exclaimed, "O thou beaſt of nature, with ſeven "heads and ten horns! thou mother of "harlots, arrayed in purple and ſcarlet, "and decked with gold and precious "ſtones

" ſtones and pearls! throw away the golden
" cup of abominations, and the filthineſs
" of thy fornication!"

You may eaſily imagine the aſtoniſhment and hubbub that ſuch an apoſtrophe, from ſuch a perſon, in ſuch a place, would occaſion; he was immediately carried to priſon by the Swiſs halberdiers.

When it was known that he was a Britiſh ſubject, ſome who underſtood Engliſh were ordered to attend his examination. The firſt queſtion aſked of him was, " What
" had brought him to Rome?" He anſwered,
" To anoint the eyes of the ſcarlet whore
" with eye-ſalve, that ſhe might ſee her
" wickedneſs." They aſked, " Who he
" meant by the ſcarlet whore?" He anſwered,
" Who elſe could he mean, but her who
" ſitteth upon ſeven mountains, who hath
" ſeduced the kings of the earth to com-
" mit fornication, and who hath gotten
" drunk

" drunk with the blood of the ſaints, and " the blood of the martyrs?" Many other queſtions were aſked, and ſuch provoking anſwers returned, that ſome ſuſpected the man affected madneſs, that he might give vent to his rancour and petulance with impunity; and they were for condemning him to the gallies, that he might be taught more ſenſe, and better manners. But when they communicated their ſentiments to Clement the Fourteenth, he ſaid, with great good humour, " That he never had heard " of any body whoſe underſtanding, or " politeneſs, had been much improved at " that ſchool; that although the poor " man's firſt addreſs had been a little rough " and abrupt, yet he could not help con- " ſidering himſelf as obliged to him for " his good intentions, and for his under- " taking ſuch a long journey with a view " to do good." He afterwards gave orders to treat the man with gentleneſs while he remained in confinement, and

to

to put him on board the firſt ſhip bound from Civita Vecchia to England, defraying the expence of his paſſage. However humane and reaſonable this conduct may be thought by many, there were people who condemned it as an injudicious piece of lenity, which might have a tendency to ſink the dignity of the ſacred office, and expoſe it to future inſults. If ſuch behaviour as this did not paſs without blame, it may be eaſily ſuppoſed, that few of the late Pope's actions eſcaped uncenſured; and many who loved the eaſy amiable diſpoſitions of the man, were of opinion, that the ſpirit of the times required a different character on the Papal throne. This idea prevailed among the Cardinals at the late election, and the Conclave is ſuppoſed to have fixed on Cardinal Braſchi to be Pope, from the ſame motive that the Roman ſenate ſometimes choſe a Dictator to reſtore and enforce the ancient diſcipline.

LETTER XLVIII.

Rome.

PIUS the Sixth performs all the religious functions of his office in the moſt ſolemn manner; not only on public and extraordinary occaſions, but alſo in the moſt common acts of devotion. I happened lately to be at St. Peter's church, when there was ſcarcely any other body there: while I lounged from chapel to chapel, looking at the ſculpture and paintings, the Pope entered with a very few attendants; when he came to the ſtatue of St. Peter, he was not ſatisfied with bowing, which is the uſual mark of reſpect ſhewn to that image; or with kneeling, which is performed by more zealous perſons; or with kiſſing the foot, which I formerly imagined concluded the climax of de-

votion; he bowed, he knelt, he kiſſed the foot, and then he rubbed his brow and his whole head with every mark of humility, fervour, and adoration, upon the ſacred ſtump.—It is no more, one half of the foot having been long ſince worn away by the lips of the pious; and if the example of his Holineſs is univerſally imitated, nothing but a miracle can prevent the leg, thigh, and other parts from meeting with the ſame fate. This uncommon appearance of zeal in the Pope, is not imputed to hypocriſy or to policy, but is ſuppoſed to proceed entirely from a conviction of the efficacy of thoſe holy frictions; an opinion which has given people a much higher idea of the ſtrength of his faith, than of his underſtanding. This being jubilee year, he may poſſibly think a greater appearance of devotion neceſſary now, than at any other time. The firſt jubilee was inſtituted by Boniface the Eighth, in the year 1300. Many cere-

monies and inſtitutions of the Roman Catholic church are founded on thoſe of the old Heathens. This is evidently an imitation of the Roman ſecular games, which were exhibited every hundredth year in honour of the gods*; they laſted three days and three nights; they were attended with great pomp, and drew vaſt numbers of people to Rome, from all parts of Italy, and the moſt diſtant provinces. Boniface, recollecting this, determined to inſtitute ſomething analogous, which would immortalize his own name, and promote the intereſt of the Roman Catholic religion in general, and that of the city of Rome in particular. He embraced the favourable opportunity which the beginning of a century preſented; he invented a few extraordinary ceremonies, and declared the year 1300 the firſt jubilee

* The Carmen Seculare of Horace was compoſed on occaſion of thoſe celebrated by Auguſtus in the year of Rome 736.

year,

year, during which he aſſured mankind, that heaven would be in a particular manner propitious, in granting indulgences, and remiſſion of ſins, to all who ſhould come to Rome, and attend the functions there to be performed, at this fortunate period, which was not to occur again for a hundred years. This drew a great concourſe of wealthy ſinners to Rome; and the extraordinary circulation of money it occaſioned, was ſtrongly felt all over the Pope's dominions. Clement the Sixth, regretting that theſe advantages ſhould occur ſo ſeldom, abridged the period, and declared there would be a jubilee every fifty years; the ſecond was accordingly celebrated in the year 1350. Sixtus the Fifth, imagining that the interval was ſtill too long, once more retrenched the half; and ever ſince there has been a jubilee every twenty-fifth year*. It is not likely that any fu-

* To this laſt abridgment I am indebted for having ſeen the ceremonies and proceſſions on the termination of this ſacred year.

ture Pope will think of ſhortening this period; if any alteration were again to take place, it moſt probably would be, to reſtore the ancient period of fifty or a hundred years; for, inſtead of the wealthy pilgrims who flocked to Rome from every quarter of Chriſtendom, ninety-nine in a hundred of thoſe who come now, are ſupported by alms during their journey, or are barely able to defray their own expences by the ſtricteſt œconomy; and his Holineſs is ſuppoſed at preſent to derive no other advantage from the uncommon fatigue he is obliged to go through on the jubilee year, except the ſatisfaction he feels, in reflecting on the benefit his labours confer on the ſouls of the beggars and other travellers, who reſort from all corners of Italy to Rome, on this bleſſed occaſion. The States which border on the Pope's dominions, ſuffer many temporal inconveniencies from the zeal of the peaſants

peaſants and manufacturers, the greater part of whom ſtill make a point of viſiting St. Peter's on the jubilee year; the loſs ſuſtained by the countries which ſuch emigrants abandon, is not balanced by any advantage transferred to that to which they reſort; the good ariſing on the whole, being entirely of a ſpiritual nature. By far the greater number of pilgrims come from the kingdom of Naples, whoſe inhabitants are ſaid to be of a very devout and very amorous diſpoſition. The firſt prompts them to go to Rome in ſearch of that abſolution which the ſecond renders neceſſary; and on the year of jubilee, when indulgences are to be had at an eaſier rate than at any other time, thoſe who can afford it generally carry away ſuch a ſtock, as not only is ſufficient to clear old ſcores, but will alſo ſerve as an indemnifying fund for future tranſgreſſions.

There is one door into the church of St. Peter's, which is called the Holy Door. This is always walled up, except on this diſtinguiſhed year; and even then no perſon is permitted to enter by it, but in the humbleſt poſture. The pilgrims, and many others, prefer crawling into the church upon their knees, by this door, to walking in, in the uſual way, by any other. I was preſent at the ſhutting up of this Holy Door. The Pope being ſeated on a raiſed ſeat, or kind of throne, ſurrounded by Cardinals and other eccleſiaſtics, an anthem was ſung, accompanied by all ſorts of muſical inſtruments. During the performance, his Holineſs deſcended from the throne, with a golden trowel in his hand, placed the firſt brick, and applied ſome mortar; he then returned to his ſeat, and the door was inſtantly built up by more expert, though leſs hallowed, workmen; and will remain as it is now, till the beginning

ginning of the nineteenth century, when it will be again opened by the Pope then in being, with the ſame ſolemnity that it has been now ſhut. Though his Holineſs places but a ſingle brick, yet it is very remarkable that this never fails to communicate its influence in ſuch a rapid and powerful manner, that, within about an hour, or at moſt an hour and a half, all the other bricks, which form the wall of the Holy Door, acquire an equal degree of ſanctity with that placed by the Pope's own hands. The common people and pilgrims are well acquainted with this wonderful effect. At the beginning of this jubilee-year, when the late wall was thrown down, men, women, and children ſcrambled and fought for the fragments of the bricks and mortar, with the ſame eagerneſs which leſs enlightened mobs diſplay, on days of public rejoicing, when handfuls of money are thrown among them. I have been often aſſured that thoſe pieces of brick, beſides their

their ſanctity, have alſo the virtue of curing many of the moſt obſtinate diſeaſes: and if newſpapers were permitted at Rome, there is not the leaſt reaſon to doubt, that thoſe cures would be atteſted publicly by the patients, in a manner as ſatisfactory and convincing as are the cures performed daily by the pills, powders, drops, and balſams advertiſed in the London newſpapers. After the ſhutting of the Holy Door, maſs was celebrated at midnight; and the ceremony was attended by vaſt multitudes of people. For my own part, I ſuſpended my curioſity till next day, which was Chriſtmas-day, when I returned again to St. Peter's church, and ſaw the Pope perform maſs on that ſolemn occaſion. His Holineſs went through all the evolutions of the ceremony with an addreſs and flexibility of body, which are rarely to be found in thoſe who wear the tiara; who are, generally ſpeaking, men bowing under the load of years and infirmities. His preſent

preſent Holineſs has hitherto ſuffered from neither. His features are regular, and he has a fine countenance; his perſon is ſtraight, and his movements graceful. His leg and foot are remarkably well made, and always ornamented with ſilk ſtockings, and red ſlippers, of the moſt delicate conſtruction. Notwithſtanding that the papal uniforms are by no means calculated to ſet off the perſon to the greateſt advantage, yet the peculiar neatneſs with which they are put on, and the nice adjuſtment of their moſt minute parts, ſufficiently prove that his preſent Holineſs is not inſenſible of the charms of his perſon, or unſolicitous about his external ornaments. Though verging towards the winter of life, his cheeks ſtill glow with autumnal roſes, which, at a little diſtance, appear as blooming as thoſe of the ſpring. If he himſelf were leſs clear-ſighted than he ſeems to be, to the beauties of his face and perſon, he could not alſo be deaf to the voices of the women, who break

break out into exclamations, in praiſe of both, as often as he appears in public. On a public occaſion, lately, as he was carried through a particular ſtreet, a young woman at a window exclaimed, "Quanto e bello! "O quanto e bello*!" and was immediately anſwered by a zealous old lady at the window oppoſite, who, folding her hands in each other, and raiſing her eyes to heaven, cried out, with a mixture of love for his perſon, and veneration for his ſacred office, "Tanto e bello, quanto e ſanto†!" When we know that ſuch a quantity of incenſe is daily burnt under his ſacred noſtrils, we ought not to be aſtoniſhed, though we ſhould find his brain, on ſome occaſions, a little intoxicated.

Vanity is a very comfortable failing; and has ſuch an univerſal power over mankind, that not only the gay bloſſoms of youth, but even the ſhrivelled boſom of

* How beautiful he is! O how beautiful he is!
† He is as beautiful as he is holy!

age, and the contracted heart of bigotry, open, expand, and diſplay ſtrong marks of ſenſibility under its influence.

After maſs, the Pope gave the benediction to the people aſſembled in the Grand Court, before the church of St. Peter's. It was a remarkably fine day; an immenſe multitude filled that ſpacious and magnificent area; the horſe and foot guards were drawn up in their moſt ſhowy uniform. The Pope, ſeated in an open, portable chair, in all the ſplendour which his wardrobe could give, with the tiara on his head, was carried out of a large window, which opens on a balcony in the front of St. Peter's. The ſilk hangings and gold trappings with which the chair was embelliſhed, concealed the men who carried it; ſo that to thoſe who viewed him from the area below, his Holineſs ſeemed to ſail forward from the window, ſelf-balanced in the air, like a celeſtial being. The inſtant he appeared, the muſic ſtruck up, the bells rung from every

every church, and the cannon thundered from the caſtle of St. Angelo, in repeated peals. During the intervals, the church of St. Peter's, the palace of the Vatican, and the banks of the Tiber, re-echoed the acclamations of the populace. At length his Holineſs aroſe from his ſeat, and an immediate and awful ſilence enſued. The multitude fell upon their knees, with their hands and eyes raiſed towards his Holineſs, as to a benign Deity. After a ſolemn pauſe, he pronounced the benediction, with great fervour; elevating his outſtretched arms as high as he could; then cloſing them together, and bringing them back to his breaſt with a ſlow motion, as if he had got hold of the bleſſing, and was drawing it gently from heaven. Finally, he threw his arms open, waving them for ſome time, as if his intention had been to ſcatter the benediction with impartiality among the people.

No ceremony can be better calculated for ſtriking the ſenſes, and impoſing on the underſtanding, than this of the Supreme Pontiff giving the bleſſing from the balcony of St. Peter's. For my own part, if I had not, in my early youth, received impreſſions highly unfavourable to the chief actor in this magnificent interlude, I ſhould have been in danger of paying him a degree of reſpect, very inconſiſtent with the religion in which I was educated.

LETTER XLIX.

Rome.

IN my laſt, I informed you of my having been ſeduced almoſt into idolatry, by the influence of example, and the pomp which ſurrounded the idol. I muſt now confeſs that I have actually bowed the knee to Baal, from mere wantonneſs. We are told that, to draw near to that Being, who ought to be the only object of worſhip, with our lips, while our hearts are far from him, is a mockery. Such daring and abſurd hypocriſy I ſhall always avoid: but to have drawn near to *him*, who ought not to be an object of worſhip, with the lips only, while the heart continued at a diſtance, I hope will be conſidered as no more than a venial tranſgreſſion. In ſhort,

I truſt,

I truſt, that it will not be looked on as a mortal ſin in Proteſtants to have kiſſed the Pope's toe. If it ſhould, ſome of your friends are in a deplorable way, as you ſhall hear.—It it uſual for ſtrangers to be preſented to his Holineſs, before they leave Rome. The Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Kennedy, and myſelf, have all been at the Vatican together, upon that important buſineſs. Your young acquaintance Jack, who, having now got a commiſſion in the army, conſiders himſelf no longer as a boy, deſired to accompany us. We went under the auſpices of a certain eccleſiaſtic, who uſually attends the Engliſh on ſuch occaſions.

He very naturally concluded, that it would be moſt agreeable to us to have the circumſtance of kiſſing the ſlipper diſpenſed with. Having had ſome converſation, therefore, with his Holineſs, in his own apartment, while we remained in another room, previous to our introduction; he

afterwards returned, and informed us, that the Pontiff, indulgent to the prejudices of the Britiſh nation, did not inſiſt on that part of the ceremonial; and therefore a very low bow, on our being preſented, was all that would be required of us.

A bow! cried the Duke of Hamilton; I ſhould not have given myſelf any trouble about the matter, had I ſuſpected that all was to end in a bow. I looked on kiſſing the toe as the only amuſing circumſtance of the whole; if that is to be omitted, I will not be introduced at all. For if the moſt ludicrous part is left out, who would wait for the reſt of a farce?

This was a thunderſtroke to our negociator, who expected thanks, at leaſt, for the honourable terms he had obtained; but who, on the contrary, found himſelf in the ſame diſagreeable predicament with other negociators, who have met with abuſe and reproach

reproach from their countrymen, on account of treaties for which they expected univerſal applauſe.

The Duke of Hamilton knew nothing of the treaty which our introducer had juſt concluded; otherwiſe he would certainly have prevented the negociation. As I perceived, however, that our ambaſſador was mortified with the thoughts that all his labour ſhould prove abortive, I ſaid, that, although he had prevailed with his Holineſs to wave that part of the ceremonial, which his Grace thought ſo entertaining, yet it would unqueſtionably be ſtill more agreeable to him that the whole ſhould be performed to its utmoſt extent: this new arrangement, therefore, needed not be an obſtruction to our being preſented.

The countenance of our Conductor brightened up at this propoſal. He im-

mediately uſhered us into the preſence of the Supreme Pontiff. We all bowed to the ground; the ſuppleſt of the company had the happineſs to touch the ſacred ſlipper with their lips, and the leaſt agile were within a few inches of that honour. As this was more than had been bargained for, his Holineſs ſeemed agreeably ſurpriſed; raiſed the Duke with a ſmiling countenance, and converſed with him in an obliging manner, aſking the common queſtions, How long he had been in Italy? Whether he found Rome agreeable? When he intended to ſet out for Naples?—He ſaid ſomething of the ſame kind to each of the company; and, after about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, we took our leave.

Next day, his Holineſs ſent his compliments to the Duke, with a preſent of two medals, one of gold, and the other of ſilver; on both of which the head

of

of the Pontiff is very accurately engraved.

The manner in which the generality of ſovereign princes paſs their time, is as far from being amuſing or agreeable, as one can poſſibly imagine. Slaves to the tireſome routine of etiquette; martyrs to the oppreſſive fatigue of pomp; conſtrained to walk every levee-day around the ſame dull circle, to gratify the vanity of fifty or a hundred people, by whiſpering a ſomething or a nothing into the ears of each: obliged to wear a ſmiling countenance, even when the heart is oppreſſed with ſadneſs; beſieged by the craving faces of thoſe, who are more diſpleaſed at what is withheld, than grateful for the favours they have received; ſurrounded, as he conſtantly is, by adepts in the art of ſimulation, all profeſſing the higheſt poſſible regard; how ſhall the puzzled monarch diſtinguiſh real from aſſumed attachment?

and what a riſk does he run, of placing his confidence where he ought to have directed his indignation! And, to all theſe inconveniencies, when we add this, that he is precluded from thoſe delightful ſenſations which ſpring from diſintereſted friendſhip, ſweet equality, and the gay, careleſs enjoyments of ſocial life, we muſt acknowledge, that all that is brilliant in the condition of a ſovereign, is not ſufficient to compenſate for ſuch reſtraints, ſuch dangers, and ſuch deprivations.

So far indeed are we from conſidering that envied condition as enviable, that great part of mankind are more apt to think it inſupportable; and are ſurpriſed to find, that thoſe unhappy men, whom fate has condemned to ſuffer the pains of royalty for life, are able to wait with patience for the natural period of their days. For, ſtrange as it may appear, hiſtory does not furniſh us with an inſtance, not even

in Great Britain itſelf, of a king, who hanged, or drowned, or put himſelf to death in any other violent manner, from mere tædium, as other mortals, diſguſted with life, are apt to do. I was at a loſs to account for ſuch an extraordinary fact, till I recollected that, however void of reſources and activity the minds of monarchs may be, they are ſeldom allowed to reſt in repoſe. The ſtorms to which people in their lofty ſituation are expoſed, occaſion ſuch agitations, as prevent the ſtagnating ſlime of tædium from gathering on their minds. That kings do not commit ſuicide, therefore, affords only a very ſlender preſumption of the happineſs of their condition: although it is a ſtrong proof, that all the hurricanes of life are not ſo inſupportable to the human mind, as that inſipid, fearleſs, hopeleſs calm, which envelopes men who are devoid of mental enjoyments, and whoſe ſenſes are palled with ſatiety. If there is any truth in the above repreſentation of the re-

gal condition, would not you imagine that of all others it would be the moſt ſhunned? Would not you imagine that every human being would ſhrink from it, as from certain miſery; and that at leaſt every wiſe man would ſay, with the Poet,

I envy none their pageantry and ſhow,
I envy none the gilding of their woe?

Not only every wiſe man, but every fooliſh man, will adopt the ſentiment, and act accordingly; provided his rank in life removes him from the poſſibility of ever attaining the objects in queſtion. For what is ſituated beyond the ſphere of our hopes, very ſeldom excites our deſires; but bring the powerful magnets a little nearer, and they attract the human paſſions with a force, which reaſon and philoſophy cannot controul. Placed within their reach, the wiſe and the fooliſh graſp with equal eagerneſs at crowns and ſceptres, in ſpite of all the thorns with which they are ſurrounded. Their alluring magic ſeems to have the

power of changing the very characters and natures of men. In purſuit of them, the indolent have been excited to the moſt active exertions, the voluptuous have renounced their darling pleaſures: and even thoſe who have long walked in the direct road of integrity, have deviated into all the crooked paths of villany and fraud.

There are paſſions, whoſe indulgence is ſo exceedingly flattering to the natural vanity of men, that they will gratify them, though perſuaded that the gratification will be attended by diſappointment and miſery. The love of power and ſovereignty is of this claſs. It has been a general belief, ever ſince the kingly office was eſtabliſhed among men, that cares and anxiety were the conſtant attendants of royalty. Yet this general conviction never made a ſingle perſon decline an opportunity of embarking on this ſea of troubles. Every new adventurer flatters himſelf,

himſelf, that he ſhall be guided by ſome happy ſtar undiſcovered by former navigators; and thoſe who, after trial, have relinquiſhed the voyage—Charles, Chriſtina, Amadeus, and others—when they had quitted the helm, and were ſafely arrived in port, are ſaid to have languiſhed, all the reſt of their lives, for that ſituation which their own experience taught them was fraught with miſery.

Henry the Fourth of England did not arrive at the throne by the natural and direct road. Shakeſpeare puts the following Addreſs to Sleep, into the mouth of this monarch:

——O Sleep! O gentle Sleep!
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, lieſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallats ſtretching thee,

And

And huſh'd with buſy night-flies to thy
ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the Great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull God! why ly'ſt thou with the
vile
In loathſome beds; and leav'ſt the kingly
couch
A watch-caſe, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his
brains
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,——
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging
them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlipp'ry
ſhrouds?
Can'ſt thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and moſt ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King?——

However eager and impatient this Prince may have formerly been to obtain the crown,

crown, you would conclude that he was quite cloyed by poſſeſſion at the time he made this ſpeech; and therefore, at firſt ſight, you would not expect that he ſhould afterwards diſplay any exceſſive attachment to what gives him ſo much uneaſineſs. But Shakeſpeare, who knew the ſecret wiſhes, perverſe deſires, and ſtrange inconſiſtencies of the human heart, better than man ever knew them, makes this very Henry ſo tenaciouſly fond of that which he himſelf conſidered as the cauſe of all his inquietude, that he cannot bear to have the crown one moment out of his ſight, but orders it to be placed on his pillow when he lies on his death-bed.

Of all diadems, the Tiara, in my opinion, has the feweſt charms; and nothing can afford a ſtronger proof of the ſtrength and perſeverance of man's paſſion for ſovereign power, than our knowledge, that even this eccleſiaſtical crown is ſought after

after with as much eagerneſs, perhaps with more, than any other crown in the world, although the candidates are generally in the decline of life, and all of a profeſſion which avows the moſt perfect contempt of worldly grandeur. This appears the more wonderful when we reflect, that, over and above thoſe ſources of wearineſs and vexation, which the Pope has in common with other ſovereigns, he has ſome which are peculiar to himſelf.—The tireſome religious functions which he muſt perform, the ungenial ſolitude of his meals, the excluſion of the company and converſation of women, reſtriction from the tendereſt and moſt delightful connexions in life, from the endearments of a parent, and the *open acknowledgment* of his own children; his mind oppreſſed with the gloomy reflection, that the man for whom he has the leaſt regard, perhaps his greateſt enemy, may be his immediate ſucceſſor; to which is added, the pain of ſeeing his influence,

influence, both ſpiritual and temporal, declining every day; and the mortification of knowing, that all his ancient lofty pretenſions are laughed at by one half of the Roman Catholics, all the Proteſtants, and totally diſregarded by the reſt of mankind. I know of nothing which can be put in the other ſcale to balance all thoſe peculiar diſadvantages which his Holineſs labours under, unleſs it is the ſingular felicity which he lawfully may, and no doubt does enjoy, in the contemplation of his own infallibility.

LETTER L.

Rome.

IN their external deportment, the Italians have a grave ſolemnity of manner, which is ſometimes thought to ariſe from a natural gloomineſs of diſpoſition. The French, above all other nations, are apt to impute to melancholy, the ſedate ſerious air which accompanies reflection.

Though in the pulpit, on the theatre, and even in common converſation, the Italians make uſe of a great deal of action; yet Italian vivacity is different from French; the former proceeds from ſenſibility, the latter from animal ſpirits.

The inhabitants of this country have not the briſk look, and elaſtic trip, which

is

is univerſal in France; they move rather with a ſlow compoſed pace: their ſpines, never having been forced into a ſtraight line, retain the natural bend; and the people of the moſt finiſhed faſhion, as well as the neglected vulgar, ſeem to prefer the unconſtrained attitude of the Antinous, and other antique ſtatues, to the artificial graces of a French dancing-maſter, or the erect ſtrut of a German ſoldier. I imagine I perceive a great reſemblance between many of the living countenances I ſee daily, and the features of the ancient buſts and ſtatues; which leads me to believe, that there are a greater number of the genuine deſcendants of the old Romans in Italy, than is generally imagined.

I am often ſtruck with the fine character of countenance to be ſeen in the ſtreets of Rome. I never ſaw features more expreſſive of reflection, ſenſe, and genius; in the very loweſt ranks there are countenances which

which announce minds fit for the higheſt and moſt important ſituations; and we cannot help regretting, that thoſe to whom they belong, have not received an education adequate to the natural abilities we are convinced they poſſeſs, and placed where theſe abilities could be brought into action.

Of all the countries in Europe, Switzerland is that in which the beauties of nature appear in the greateſt variety of forms, and on the moſt magnificent ſcale; in that country, therefore, the young landſcape painter has the beſt chance of ſeizing the moſt ſublime ideas: but Italy is the beſt ſchool for the hiſtory painter, not only on account of its being enriched with the works of the greateſt maſters, and the nobleſt models of antique ſculpture; but alſo on account of the fine expreſſive ſtyle of the Italian countenance. Here you have few or none of thoſe fair,

fat, gliſtening, unmeaning faces, ſo common in the more northern parts of Europe. I happened once to ſit by a foreigner of my acquaintance at the Opera in the Hay-market, when a certain Nobleman, who at that time was a good deal talked of, entered. I whiſpered him—"That is Lord ——." "Not ſurely the "famous Lord ——," ſaid he. "Yes," ſaid I, "the very ſame." "It muſt be "acknowledged then," continued he, "that "the noble Earl does infinite honour to "thoſe who have had the care of his edu-"cation." "How ſo?" rejoined I. "Be-"cauſe," replied the foreigner, "a coun-"tenance ſo completely vacant, ſtrongly "indicates a deficiency of natural abilities; "the reſpectable figure he makes in the "ſenate, I therefore preſume, muſt be en-"tirely owing to inſtruction."

Strangers, on their arrival at Rome, form no high idea of the beauty of the Roman

Roman women, from the ſpecimens they ſee in the faſhionable circles to which they are firſt introduced. There are ſome exceptions; but in general it muſt be acknowledged, that the preſent race of women of high rank, are more diſtinguiſhed by their other ornaments, than by their beauty. Among the citizens, however, and in the lower claſſes, you frequently meet with the moſt beautiful countenances. For a brilliant red and white, and all the charms of complexion, no women are equal to the Engliſh. If a hundred, or any greater number, of Engliſh women were taken at random, and compared with the ſame number of the wives and daughters of the citizens of Rome, I am convinced, that ninety of the Engliſh would be found handſomer than ninety of the Romans; but the probability is, that two or three in the hundred Italians, would have finer countenances than any of the Engliſh. Engliſh beauty is more

remakable in the country, than in towns; the peaſantry of no country in Europe can ſtand a compariſon, in point of looks, with thoſe of England. That race of people have the conveniencies of life in no other country in ſuch perfection; they are no where ſo well fed, ſo well defended from the injuries of the ſeaſons; and no where elſe do they keep themſelves ſo perfectly clean, and free from all the villifying effects of dirt. The Engliſh country girls, taken collectively, are, unqueſtionably, the handſomeſt in the world. The female peaſants of moſt other countries, indeed, are ſo hard worked, ſo ill fed, ſo much tanned by the ſun, and ſo dirty, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not. Yet I have been informed, by ſome Amateurs, ſince I came here, that, in ſpite of all theſe diſadvantages, they ſometimes find, among the Italian peaſantry, countenances highly intereſting, and

which

which they prefer to all the cherry cheeks of Lancaſhire.

Beauty, doubtleſs, is infinitely varied; and happily for mankind, their taſtes and opinions, on the ſubject, are equally various. Notwithſtanding this variety, however, a ſtyle of face, in ſome meaſure peculiar to its own inhabitants, has been found to prevail in each different nation of Europe. This peculiar countenance is again greatly varied, and marked with every degree of diſcrimination between the extremes of beauty and uglineſs. I will give you a ſketch of the general ſtyle of the moſt beautiful female heads in this country, from which you may judge whether they are to your taſte or not.

A great profuſion of dark hair, which ſeems to encroach upon the forehead, rendering it ſhort and narrow; the noſe

generally either aquiline, or continued in a ſtraight line from the lower part of the brow; a full and ſhort upper lip; by the way, nothing has a worſe effect on a countenance, than a large interval between the noſe and mouth; the eyes are large, and of a ſparkling black. The black eye certainly labours under one diſadvantage, which is, that, from the iris and pupil being of the ſame colour, the contraction and dilatation of the latter is not ſeen, by which the eye is abridged of half its powers. Yet the Italian eye is wonderfully expreſſive; ſome people think it ſays too much. The complexion, for the moſt part, is of a clear brown, ſometimes fair, but very ſeldom florid, or of that bright fairneſs which is common in England and Saxony. It muſt be owned, that thoſe features which have a fine expreſſion of ſentiment and meaning in youth, are more apt, than leſs expreſſive faces, to become ſoon ſtrong and maſculine. In England

and

and Germany, the women, a little advanced in life, retain the appearance of youth longer than in Italy.

With countenances ſo favourable for the pencil, you will naturally imagine, that portrait-painting is in the higheſt perfection here. The reverſe, however, of this is true; that branch of the art is in the loweſt eſtimation all over Italy. In palaces, the beſt furniſhed with pictures, you ſeldom ſee a portrait of the proprietor, or any of his family. A quarter length of the reigning Pope is ſometimes the only portrait, of a living perſon, to be ſeen in the whole palace. Several of the Roman Princes affect to have a room of ſtate, or audience chamber, in which is a raiſed ſeat like a throne, with a canopy over it. In thoſe rooms the effigies of the Pontiffs are hung; they are the work of very inferior artiſts, and ſeldom coſt above three or four ſequins. As ſoon as his Holineſs

departs this life, the portrait diſappears, and the face of his ſucceſſor is in due time hung up in its ſtead. This, you will ſay, is treating their old Sovereign a little unkindly, and paying no very expenſive compliment to the new; it is not ſo œconomical, however, as what was practiſed by a certain perſon. I ſhall not inform you whether he was a Frenchman or an Engliſhman, but he certainly was a courtier, and profeſſed the higheſt poſſible regard for all living monarchs; but conſidered them as no better than any other piece of clay when dead. He had a full length picture of his own Sovereign in the principal room of his houſe; on his majeſty's death, to ſave himſelf the expence of a freſh body, and a new ſuit of ermine, he employed a painter to bruſh out the face and periwig, and clap the new King's head on his grandfather's ſhoulders; which, he declared, were in the moſt perfect preſervation, and fully

fully able to wear out three or four ſuch heads as painters uſually give in theſe degenerate days.

The Italians, in general, very ſeldom take the trouble of ſitting for their pictures. They conſider a portrait as a piece of painting, which engages the admiration of nobody but the perſon it repreſents, or the painter who drew it. Thoſe who are in circumſtances to pay the beſt artiſts, generally employ them in ſome ſubject more univerſally intereſting, than the repreſentation of human countenances ſtaring out of a piece of canvas.

Pompeio Battoni is the beſt Italian painter now at Rome. His taſte and genius led him to hiſtory painting, and his reputation was originally acquired in that line; but by far the greater part of his fortune, whatever that may be, has flowed through a different channel. His chief

chief employment, for many years paſt, has been painting the portraits of the young Engliſh, and other ſtrangers of fortune, who viſit Rome. There are artiſts in England, ſuperior in this, and every other branch of painting, to Battoni. They, like him, are ſeduced from the free walks of genius, and chained, by intereſt, to the ſervile drudgery of copying faces. Beauty is worthy of the moſt delicate pencil; but, gracious heaven! why ſhould every peri-wig-pated fellow, without countenance or character, inſiſt on ſeeing his chubby cheeks on canvas?

"Could you not give a little expreſſion "to that countenance?" ſaid a gentleman to an eminent Engliſh painter, who ſhowed him a portrait which he had juſt finiſhed. "I made that attempt already," replied the painter; "but what the picture gained "in expreſſion, it loſt in likeneſs; and, by "the time there was a little common ſenſe

"in

" in the countenance, nobody knew for " whom it was intended. I was obliged, " therefore, to make an entire new pic- " ture, with the face perfectly like, and " perfectly meaningleſs, as you ſee it."

Let the colours for ever remain, which record the laſt fainting efforts of Chatham; the expiring triumph of Wolf; or the indeciſion of Garrick, equally allured by the two contending Muſes! But let them periſh and fly from the canvas, which blind ſelf-love ſpreads for inſipidity and uglineſs! Why ſhould poſterity know, that the firſt genius of the age, and thoſe whoſe pencils were formed to ſpeak to the heart, and delineate beauteous Nature, were chiefly employed in copying faces? and many of them, faces that imitate humanity ſo abominably, that, to uſe Hamlet's expreſſion, they ſeem not the genuine work of Nature, but of Nature's journeymen.

To this ridiculous ſelf love, equally prevalent among the great vulgar and ſmall,

ſome

ſome of the beſt painters in France, Germany, and Great Britain, are obliged for their ſubſiſtence. This creates a ſuſpicion, that a taſte for the real beauties of painting, is not quite ſo univerſal, as a ſenſibility to their own perſonal beauties, among the individuals of theſe countries. And nothing can be a ſtronger proof of the important light in which men appear in their own eyes, and their ſmall importance in thoſe of others, than the different treatment which the generality of portraits receive, during the life, and after the death, of their conſtituents. During the firſt of theſe periods, they inhabit the fineſt apartments of the houſes to which they belong; they are flattered by the gueſts, and always viewed with an eye of complacency by the landlord. But, after the commencement of the ſecond, they begin to be neglected; in a ſhort time are ignominiouſly thruſt up to the garret; and, to fill up the meaſure of their affliction, they finally are thrown out of doors, in the moſt barbarous manner,

ner, without diſtinction of rank, age, or ſex. Thoſe of former times are ſcattered, like Jews, with their long beards and brown complexions, all over the face of the earth: and, even of the preſent century, Barons of the moſt ancient families, armed cap-a-pée, are to be purchaſed for two or three ducats, in moſt of the towns of Germany. French Marquiſes, in full ſuits of embroidered velvet, may be had at Paris ſtill cheaper; and many worſhipful citizens of London are to be ſeen dangling on the walls of an auction-room, when they are ſcarce cold in their graves.

LETTER LI.

Rome.

THERE are no theatrical entertainments permitted in this city, except during the Carnival; but they are then attended with a degree of ardour unknown in capitals whoſe inhabitants are under no ſuch reſtraint. Every kind of amuſement, indeed, in this gay ſeaſon, is followed with the greateſt eagerneſs. The natural gravity of the Roman citizens is changed into a mirthful vivacity; and the ſerious, ſombre city of Rome exceeds Paris itſelf in ſprightlineſs and gaiety. This ſpirit ſeems gradually to augment, from its commencement; and is at its height in the laſt week of the ſix which comprehend the Carnival. The citizens then appear in the ſtreets, maſked, in the

the characters of Harlequins, Pantaloons, Punchinellos, and all the fantaſtic variety of a maſquerade. This humour ſpreads to men, women, and children; deſcends to the loweſt ranks, and becomes univerſal. Even thoſe who put on no maſk, and have no deſire to remain unknown, reject their uſual clothes, and aſſume ſome whimſical dreſs. The coachmen, who are placed in a more conſpicuous point of view than others of the ſame rank in life, and who are perfectly known by the carriages they drive, generally affect ſome ridiculous diſguiſe: Many of them chooſe a woman's dreſs, and have their faces painted, and adorned with patches. However dull theſe fellows may be, when in breeches, they are, in petticoats, conſidered as the pleaſanteſt men in the world; and excite much laughter in every ſtreet in which they appear. I obſerved to an Italian of my acquaintance, that, conſidering the ſtaleneſs of the joke, I was ſurpriſed at the mirth it

ſeemed

ſeemed to raiſe. "When a whole city," anſwered he, "are reſolved to be merry "for a week together, it is exceedingly "convenient to have a few eſtabliſhed "jokes ready made; the young laugh at "the novelty, and the old from preſcrip-"tion. This metamorphoſis of the coach-"men is certainly not the moſt refined "kind of wit; however, it is more harm-"leſs than the burning of heretics, which "formerly was a great ſource of amuſe-"ment to our populace."

The ſtreet, called the Corſo, is the great ſcene of theſe maſquerades. It is crowded every night with people of all conditions: Thoſe of rank come in coaches, or in open carriages, made on purpoſe. A kind of civil war is carried on by the company, as they paſs each other. The greateſt mark of attention you can ſhew your friends and acquaintance, is, to throw a handful of little white balls, reſembling ſugar-plumbs,

full in their faces; and if they are not deficient in politeneſs, they will inſtantly return you the compliment. All who wiſh to make a figure in the Corſo, come well ſupplied in this kind of ammunition.

Sometimes two or three open carriages, on a ſide, with five or ſix perſons of both ſexes in each, draw up oppoſite to each other, and fight a pitched battle. On theſe occaſions, the combatants are provided with whole bags full of the ſmall ſhot above mentioned, which they throw at each other, with much apparent fury, till their ammunition is exhauſted, and the field of battle is as white as ſnow.

The peculiar dreſſes of every nation of the globe, and of every profeſſion, beſides all the fantaſtic characters uſual at maſquerades, are to be ſeen on the Corſo. Thoſe of Harlequin and Pantaloon are in great vogue among the men. The citizens' wives and daughters generally affect the

pomp of women of quality; while their brothers, or other relations, appear as train-bearers and attendants. In general, they ſeem to delight in characters the moſt remote from their own. Young people aſſume the long beard, tottering ſtep, and other concomitants of old age; the aged chuſe the bib and rattle of childhood; and the women of quality, and women of the town, appear in the characters of country maidens, nuns, and veſtal virgins. All endeavour to ſupport the aſſumed characters to the beſt of their ability; but none, in my opinion, ſucceed ſo well as thoſe who repreſent children.

Towards the duſk of the evening, the horſe-race takes place. As ſoon as this is announced, the coaches, cabriolets, triumphal cars, and carriages of every kind, are drawn up, and line the ſtreet; leaving a ſpace in the middle for the racers to paſs. Theſe are five or ſix horſes, trained on purpoſe

purpoſe for this diverſion; they are drawn up a-breaſt in the Piazza del Popolo, exactly where the Corſo begins. Certain balls, with little ſharp ſpikes, are hung along their ſides, which ſerve to ſpur them on. As ſoon as they begin to run, thoſe animals, by their impatience to be gone, ſhew that they underſtand what is required of them, and that they take as much pleaſure as the ſpectators in the ſport. A broad piece of canvas, ſpread acroſs the entrance of the ſtreet, prevents them from ſtarting too ſoon: the dropping that canvas is the ſignal for the race to begin. The horſes fly off together, and, without riders, exert themſelves to the utmoſt; impelled by emulation, the ſhouts of the populace, and the ſpurs above-mentioned. They run the whole length of the Corſo; and the proprietor of the victor is rewarded by a certain quantity of fine ſcarlet or purple cloth, which is always furniſhed by the Jews.

This diverſion, ſuch as it is, ſeems highly entertaining to the Roman populace; though it appears a mighty fooliſh buſineſs in the eyes of Engliſhmen. An acquaintance of mine, who had entirely ruined a fine fortune at Newmarket, told me, that Italian horſe-races were the moſt abſurd things in the world; that there were not a hundred guineas loſt or won during a whole Carnival; and nothing could be a greater proof of the folly of the people, than their ſpending their time in ſuch a ſilly manner.

Maſking and horſe-races are confined to the laſt eight days; but there are theatrical entertainments, of various kinds, during the whole ſix weeks of the Carnival. The Serious Opera is moſt frequented by people of faſhion, who generally take boxes for the whole ſeaſon. The opera, with which this theatre opened, was received with the higheſt applauſe, though

the muſic only was new. The Italians do not think it always neceſſary to compoſe new words for what is called a new opera; they often ſatisfy themſelves with new muſic to the affecting dramas of Metaſtaſio. The audience here ſeem to lend a more profound and continued attention to the muſic, than at Venice. This is probably owing to the entertainment being a greater rarity in the one city than in the other; for I could perceive that the people of faſhion, who came every night, began, after the opera had been repeated ſeveral nights, to abate in their attention, to receive viſitors in their boxes, and to liſten only when ſome favourite airs were ſinging: whereas the audience in the pit uniformly preſerve the moſt perfect ſilence, which is only interrupted by gentle murmurs of pleaſure from a few individuals, or an univerſal burſt of applauſe from the whole aſſembly. I never ſaw ſuch genuine marks of ſatisfaction diſplayed by any aſſembly, on any occaſion whatever. The

ſenſibility of ſome of the audience gave me an idea of the power of ſounds, which the dulneſs of my own auditory nerves could never have conveyed to my mind. At certain airs, ſilent enjoyment was expreſſed in every countenance; at others, the hands were claſped together, the eyes half ſhut, and the breath drawn in with a prolonged ſigh, as if the ſoul was expiring in a torrent of delight. One young woman, in the pit, called out, "O Dio, dove ſono! "che piacer via caccia l'alma*?"

On the firſt night of the opera, after one of theſe favourite airs, an univerſal ſhout of applauſe took place, intermingled with demands, that the compoſer of the muſic ſhould appear. Il Maeſtro! il Maeſtro! reſounded from every corner of the houſe. He was preſent, and led the band of muſic; he was obliged to ſtand upon the bench, where he continued, bowing to

* O God, where am I! what pleaſure raviſhes my ſoul!

the ſpectators, till they were tired of applauding him. One perſon, in the middle of the pit, whom I had remarked diſplaying great ſigns of ſatisfaction from the beginning of the performance, cried out, "He deſerves to be made chief muſician "to the Virgin, and to lead a choir of "angels!" This expreſſion would be thought ſtrong, in any country; but it has peculiar energy here, where it is a popular opinion, that the Virgin Mary is very fond, and an excellent judge, of muſic. I received this information on Chriſtmas morning, when I was looking at two poor Calabrian pipers doing their utmoſt to pleaſe her, and the Infant in her arms. They played for a full hour to one of her images which ſtands at the corner of a ſtreet. All the other ſtatues of the Virgin, which are placed in the ſtreets, are ſerenaded in the ſame manner every Chriſtmas morning. On my enquiring into the meaning of that ceremony, I was told the above-mentioned

circumſtance of her character, which, though you may have always thought highly probable, perhaps you never before knew for certain. My informer was a pilgrim, who ſtood liſtening with great devotion to the pipers. He told me, at the ſame time, that the Virgin's taſte was too refined to have much ſatisfaction in the performance of thoſe poor Calabrians, which was chiefly intended for the Infant; and he deſired me to remark, that the tunes were plain, ſimple, and ſuch as might naturally be ſuppoſed agreeable to the ear of a child of his time of life.

Though the ſerious opera is in higheſt eſtimation, and more regularly attended by people of the firſt faſhion; yet the opera buffas, or burlettas, are not entirely neglected, even by them, and are crowded, every night, by the middle and lower claſſes. Some admired ſingers have performed there during the Carnival, and the

the muſical compoſers have rendered them highly pleaſing to the general taſte.

The ſerious and burleſque operas prevail infinitely over the other theatrical entertainments at Rome, in ſpite of the united efforts of Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Punchinello.

The prohibition of female performers renders the amuſement of the Roman theatre very inſipid, in the opinion of ſome unrefined Engliſhmen of your acquaintance who are here. In my own poor opinion, the natural ſweetneſs of the female voice is ill ſupplied by the artificial trills of wretched caſtratos; and the awkward agility of robuſt ſinewy fellows dreſſed in women's clothes, is a moſt deplorable ſubſtitution for the graceful movements of elegant female dancers. Is not the horrid practice which is encouraged by this manner of ſupplying the place of female

ſingers,

ſingers, a greater outrage on religion and morality, than can be produced by the evils which their prohibition is intended to prevent? Is it poſſible to believe, that purity of ſentiment will be preſerved by producing eunuchs on the ſtage? I ſhould fear it would have a different effect. At the funeral of Junia, the wife of Caſſius, and ſiſter of Brutus, the ſtatues of all the great perſons connected with her family, by blood or alliance, were carried in proceſſion, except thoſe of her brother and huſband. This *deficiency* ſtruck the people more than any part of the proceſſion, and brought the two illuſtrious Romans into their minds with more force than if their ſtatues had been carried with the others.—Præfulgebant Caſſius atque Brutus, ſays Tacitus, eo ipſo, quod effigies eorum non viſebantur *.

* The memory of Caſſius and Brutus made a deeper impreſſion on the minds of the ſpectators, on this very account, that their ſtatues were *not* ſeen in the proceſſion.

LETTER LII.

Naples.

I TAKE the firſt opportunity of informing you of our arrival in this city. Some of the principal objects which occurred on the road, with the ſentiments they ſuggeſted to my mind, ſhall form the ſubject of this letter.

It is almoſt impoſſible to go out of the walls of Rome, without being impreſſed with melancholic ideas. Having left that city by St. John de Lateran's gate, we ſoon entered a ſpacious plain, and drove for ſeveral miles in ſight of ſepulchral monuments and the ruins of ancient aqueducts. Sixtus the Fifth repaired one of them, to bring water into that part of Rome where Diocleſian's baths formerly ſtood: this water is now called *aqua felice*, from Felix, the

the name of that pontiff, while he was only a Cordelier. Having changed horſes at the Torre de Mezzo Via, ſo called from an old Tower near the poſt-houſe, we proceeded through a ſilent, deſerted, unwholeſome country. We ſcarce met a paſſenger between Rome and Marino, a little town about twelve miles from the former, which has its name from Caius Marius, who had a villa there; it now belongs to the Colonna family. While freſh horſes were harneſſing, we viſited two churches, to ſee two pictures which we had heard commended; the ſubject of one is as diſagreeable, as that of the other is difficult to execute. The connoiſſeur who directed us to theſe pieces, told me, that the firſt, the flaying of St. Bartholomew, by Guercino, is in a great ſtyle, finely coloured, and the muſcles convulſed with pain in the ſweeteſt manner imaginable; he could have gazed at it for ever. "As for the other," added he "which repreſents the Trinity, it is

"natural,

" natural, well grouped, and eaſily under-
" ſtood; and that is all that can be ſaid
" for it."

From Marino, the road runs for ſeveral miles over craggy mountains. In aſcending Mons Albanus, we were charmed with a fine view of the country towards the ſea; Oſtia, Antium, the lake Albano, and the fields adjacent. The form and component parts of this mountain plainly ſhew, that it has formerly been a volcano. The lake of Nemi, which we left to the right, ſeems, like that of Albano, to have been formed in the cavity of a crater.

We came next to Veletri, an inconſiderable town, ſituated on a hill. There is one palace here, with ſpacious gardens, which, when kept in repair, may have been magnificent. The ſtair-caſe, they aſſured us, is ſtill worthy of admiration. The inhabitants of Veletri aſſert, that Auguſtus was born there. Suetonius ſays, he

he was born at Rome. It is certainly of no importance where he was born. Perhaps it would have been better for Rome, and for the world in general, that he never had been born at all. The Valetrians are ſo fond of emperors, that they claim a connection even with Tiberius and Caligula, who had villas in their neighbourhood. The ruins of Otho's palace are ſtill to be ſeen about a mile from this city, at a place called Colle Ottone. Of thoſe four emperors, the laſt mentioned was by much the beſt worth the claiming as a countryman. As for Caligula, he was a miſchievous madman. Tiberius ſeems to have been born with wicked diſpoſitions, which he improved by art. Auguſtus was naturally wicked, and artificially virtuous; and Otho ſeems to have been exactly the reverſe. Though educated in the moſt vicious of courts, and the favourite and companion of Nero, he ſtill preſerved, in ſome degree, the original excellence of his character;

character; and at his death, diſplayed a magnanimity of ſentiment, and nobleneſs of conduct, of which the highly flattered Auguſtus was never capable. "Alii diutius imperium tenuerint," ſays Tacitus; "nemo tam fortiter reliquerit*." Convinced that, if he continued the conteſt with Vitellius, all the horrors of a civil war would be prolonged, he determined to ſacrifice his life to the quiet of his country, and to the ſafety of his friends†. "To "involve you in freſh calamities," ſaid this generous prince to the officers who offered ſtill to ſupport his cauſe, "is purchaſing "life at a price beyond what, in my opi-"nion, is its value. Shall Roman armies

* Many have held the empire longer; none ever relinquiſhed it from more generous motives.

† Hunc animum, hanc virtutem veſtram, ultra periculis objicere, nimis grande vitæ meæ pretium puto. An ego tantum Romanæ pubis, tot egregios exercitus, ſterni rurſus et republica eripi patiar? Eſte ſuperſtites, nec diu moremur; ego incolumitatem veſtram, vos conſtantiam meam. De nemine queror, nam incuſare deos vel homines, ejus eſt, qui vivere velit. TACIT. Hiſt. lib. ii.

"be

" be led againſt each other, and the Roman
" youth be excited to mutual ſlaughter, on
" my account? No! for your ſafety, and
" to prevent ſuch evils, I die contented.
" Let me be no impediment to your treat-
" ing with the enemy; nor do you any
" longer oppoſe my fixed reſolution. I
" complain not of my fate, nor do I ac-
" cuſe any body. To arraign the conduct
" of gods or men, is natural to thoſe only
" who wiſh to live."

Though they are not to be compared in other reſpects, yet the *death* of Otho may vie with that of Cato; and is one of the ſtrongeſt inſtances to be found in hiſtory, that a life of effeminacy and voluptuouſneſs does not always eradicate the ſeeds of virtue and benevolence.

In the middle of the ſquare of Viletri, is a bronze ſtatue of Urban the Eighth. I think they told us it is the workmanſhip of Bernini.

Deſcending

Deſcending from that town by a rough road, bordered by vineyards and fruit-trees, we traverſed an unſalubrious plain to Sermonetta; between which, and the poſt-houſe, called Caſa Nuova, a little to the left of the highway, are ſome vaults and ruins, not greatly worthy of the notice of the mere antiquarian. Yet paſſengers of a ſingular caſt of mind, who feel themſelves as much intereſted in the tranſactions recorded in the New Teſtament, as men of taſte are in paintings or heathen antiquities, ſtop a little here to contemplate the *Tres Tabernæ*, which are ſaid to be the Three Taverns mentioned in the Acts of the Apoſtles, where the Chriſtian brethren from Rome came to meet St. Paul, when he was on his journey to that city. I have ſeen, however, ſome Chriſtian travellers, who, without being connoiſſeurs, were of opinion, that old ruined houſes derived little value from the circumſtance above mentioned, and who preferred a good modern inn to all the

antiquities, ſacred or profane, that they met with on their grand tours. Without preſuming to blame any ſet of men for their particular taſte, I may venture to ſay that a traveller, who loves always to ſee a well-peopled and well-cultivated country, who inſiſts on good eating every day, and a neat comfortable bed every night, would judge very wiſely in never travelling out of England.—I am certain he ought not to travel between Rome and Naples; for on this road, eſpecially the part which runs through the Eccleſiaſtical State, the traveller's chief entertainment muſt ariſe from a leſs ſubſtantial foundation; from the ideas formed in the mind, at ſight of places celebrated by favourite authors; from a recollection of the important ſcenes which have been acted there; and even from the thought of treading the ſame ground, and viewing the ſame objects, with certain perſons who lived there fifteen hundred or two thouſand years ago. Strangers, therefore, who come under the firſt deſcription, whoſe

whoſe ſenſes are far more powerful than their fancy, when they are ſo ill adviſed as to come ſo far from home, generally make this journey in very ill humour, fretting at Italian beds, fuming againſt Italian cooks, and execrating every poor little Italian flea that they meet with on the road. But he who can put up with indifferent fare cheerfully, whoſe ſerenity of temper remains unſhaken by the aſſaults of a flea, and who can draw amuſement from the ſtores of memory and imagination, will find the powers of both wonderfully excited during this journey. Sacred hiſtory unites with profane, truth conſpires with fable, to afford him entertainment, and render every object intereſting.

Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ*.

Driving along this road, you have a fine view of Monte Circello, and

——— the Ææan bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the Day;

* Now by rich Circe's coaſt they bend their way.

Goddeſs and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic, and commanding ſong.

This abode of the enchantreſs Circe has been generally deſcribed as an iſland; whereas it is, in reality, a promontory, united to the continent by a neck of land. The adventures of Ulyſſes and his companions at this place, with all the extraordinary things which Homer has recorded of Circe, muſt ſerve to amuſe you between Caſa Nuova and Piperno; the road affords no other.

At Piperno, anciently Privernum, you quit Circe, for Virgil's Camilla, a lady of a very different character, whoſe native city this is*.

Near to Piperno, an abbey, called Foſſa Nuova, is ſituated on the ruins of the little

* Hos ſuper advenit Volſcâ de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum et florentes ære catervas,
Bellatrix: Non illa colo calathiſve Minervæ
Fœmineas aſſueta manus; ſed prœlia virgo
Dura pati, curſuque pedum prævertere ventos.
ÆNEID. lib. vii.

Laſt with her martial troops, all ſheathed in braſs,
Camilla came, a queen of Volſcian race;

Nor

little town of Forum Appii, the ſame of which mention is made in the Acts of the Apoſtles, and by Horace, in his account of his journey to Brunduſium.

——— Inde Forum Appî
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis *.

The abbey of Foſſa Nuova is ſaid to have made a very valuable acquiſition of late, no leſs than the head of St. Thomas Aquinas. We are told, in the memoirs of that Saint, that he was taken ill as he paſſed this way, and was carried to this convent, where he died. His body was afterward required by the king of France, and ordered to be carried to Thouloufe; but before the remains of this holy perſon were removed from the convent, one of the monks, un-

Nor were the web or loom the virgin's care,
But arms and courſers, and the toils of war.
She led the rapid race, and left behind
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind:
Lightly ſhe flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender graſs, nor bends the golden grain.
PITT.

* To Forum-Appii thence we ſteer, a place
Stuff'd with rank boatmen, and with vintners baſe.
FRANCIS.

willing to allow the whole of ſuch a precious depoſit to be carried away, determined to retain the moſt valuable part, and actually cut off the ſaint's head, ſubſtituting another in its ſtead, which was carried to Thouloufe, very nicely ſtitched to the body of the ſaint. The monk, who was guilty of this pious fraud, hid the true head in the wall of the convent, and died without revealing the ſecret to any mortal. From that time the ſuppoſititious head remained unſuſpected at Thouloufe; but as impoſtures are generally detected ſooner or later, the venerable brethren of Foſſa Nuova (this happened much about the time that the Cock-lane ghoſt made ſuch a noiſe in London) were diſturbed with ſtrange knockings and ſcratchings at a particular part of the wall.—On this noiſe being frequently repeated, without any viſible agent, and the people of the neighbourhood having been often aſſembled to hear it, the monks at length agreed to pull down part of the wall at the place

where

where the ſcratching and knocking were always heard. This was no ſooner done than the true head of St. Thomas Aquinas was found as freſh as the day it was cut off; —on the veſſel in which it was contained was the following inſcription:

Caput divi Thomæ Aquinatis*.

And near it a paper, containing a faithful narrative of the whole tranſaction, ſigned by the monk who did the deed.

Some people, not making a proper allowance for the difference between a ſaint's head and their own, ſay, this cannot poſſibly be the head of Thomas Aquinas, which muſt have putrified ſome centuries ago; they ſay, the paper is written in a character by much too modern; they ſay, the monks contrived the whole affair to give an importance to their convent; they ſay—but what ſignifies what they ſay? In this age of incredulity, ſome people will ſay any thing. We next came to Terracina, and here I muſt finiſh my letter; in my next I ſhall carry you to Naples.

* The head of Thomas Aquinas.

LETTER LIII.

Naples.

TErracina, formerly called Anxur, was the capital of the warlike Volſci*. The principal church was originally a temple of Jupiter, who was ſuppoſed to have a partiality for this town; and the country round it. Virgil calls him Jupiter Anxurus. Enumerating the troops who came to ſupport the cauſe of Turnus, he mentions thoſe who plough the Rutulian hills:

Circeumque jugum; queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis
Præſidet, et viridi gaudens Feronia luco:
Qua ſaturæ jacet atra palus, &c. †.

* Anxur fuit quæ nunc Terracinæ ſunt; urbs prona in paludes. TIT. LIV. lib. iv.

† And the ſteep hills of Circe ſtretch around,
Where fair Feronia boaſts her ſtately grove,
And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove;
Where ſtands the Pontine lake, —— PITT.

Near

Near this place we fell in again with the Appian Way, and beheld with aſtoniſhment, the depth of rock that has here been cut, to render it more convenient for paſſengers. This famous road is a paved cauſeway, begun in the year of Rome 441, by Appius Claudius Cæcus the Cenſor, and carried all the way from Rome to Capua. It would be ſuperfluous to inſiſt on the ſubſtantial manner in which it has been originally made, ſince it ſtill remains in many places. Though travellers are now obliged to make a circuit by Caſa Nuova and Piperno, the Via Appia was originally made in a ſtraight line through the Palude Pontine, or Palus Pomptina, as that vaſt marſh was anciently called: It is the Ater Palus above mentioned, in the lines quoted from Virgil. That part of the Appian road is now quite impaſſable, from the augmentation of this noxious marſh, whoſe exhalations are diſagreeable to paſſengers, and near which it is dangerous to ſleep a ſingle night.

Keyſler

Keyſler and ſome others ſay, that Appius made this road at his own expence. I do not know on what authority they make this aſſertion; but, whatever their authority may be, the thing is incredible. Could a Roman citizen, at a period when the inhabitants of Rome were not rich, bear an expence which we are ſurpriſed that even the State itſelf could ſupport? Though this famous road has received its name from Appius, I can hardly imagine it was completed by him. The diſtance from Rome to Capua is above one hundred and thirty miles; a prodigious length for ſuch a road as this to have been made, during the ſhort courſe of one Cenſorſhip; for a man could be Cenſor only once in his life. This was an office of very great dignity; no perſon could enjoy it till he had previouſly been Conſul. It was originally held for five years; but, a hundred years before the time of Appius, the term was abridged to eighteen months. He, however, who, as Livy tells us, poſſeſſed all

the

the pride and obſtinacy of his family, refuſed to quit the Cenſorſhip at the end of that period; and in ſpite of all the efforts of the Tribunes, continued three years and a half beyond the term to which the office had been reſtricted by the Æmilian Law. But even five years is a very ſhort time for ſo great a work; yet this was not the only work he carried on during his Cenſorſhip. "Viam munivit," ſays the Hiſtorian, "et aquam in urbem "duxit." The Appian road was carried on, afterwards, from Capua to Brunduſium, and was probably completed ſo far, in the time of Horace; as appears by this verſe, in one of his Epiſtles addreſſed to Lollius:

Brunduſium Numici melius via ducat, an Appî *?

Terracina is the laſt town of the Eccleſiaſtical, and Fundi the firſt of the Neapolitan, dominions. This laſt town ſtands

* Whether is it beſt to go by the Numician or Appian way to Brunduſium?

on

on a plain, ſheltered by hills, which is ſeldom the caſe with Italian towns: it probably derives its name from its ſituation. There is nothing very attractive in this place now, more than in Horace's time; ſo we left it as willingly as he did:

Fundos Aufidio Luſco Prætore *libenter*
Linquimus*.

Continuing our route, partly on the Appian way, we came to Mola di Gaeta, a town built on the ruins of the ancient Formiæ. Horace compliments Ælius Lamia, on his being deſcended from the firſt founder of this city:

Auctore ab illo ducis originem,
Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur,
Princeps†.

The ſame Poet puts the wine, made from the grapes of the Formian hills, on a footing with the Falernian:

* We willingly leave Fundi, where Aufidius Luſcus is chief magiſtrate.

† From whom the illuſtrious race aroſe,
Who firſt poſſeſſed the Formian towers. FRANCIS.

——Mea

——Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles*.

Cicero had a villa near this place; and it was on this coaſt where that great orator was murdered in his litter, as he was endeavouring to make his eſcape to Greece. The fortreſs of Gaeta is built on a promontory, about three miles from Mola; but travellers, who have the curioſity to go to the former, generally croſs the gulph between the two; and immediately, as the moſt remarkable thing in the place, they are ſhewn a great cleft in a rock, and informed that it was miraculouſly ſplit in this manner at the death of our Saviour. To put this beyond doubt, they ſhew, at the ſame time, ſomething like the impreſſion of a man's hand on the rock, of which the following account is given: A certain perſon having been told on what occaſion the rent took place,

* My cups are neither enriched with the juice of the Falernian grapes, nor that of thoſe from the Formian hills.

ſtruck

ſtruck the palm of his hand on the marble, declaring he could no more believe their ſtory, than that his hand would leave its ſtamp on the rock; on which, to the terror and confuſion of this infidel, the ſtone yielded like wax, and the impreſſion remains till this day.

Nothing is ſo injurious to the cauſe of truth, as attempts to ſupport it by fiction. Many evidences of the juſtneſs of this obſervation occur in the courſe of a tour through Italy. That mountains were rent at the death of our Saviour, we know from the New Teſtament; but, as none of them are there particularized, it is preſumptuous in others to imagine they can point out what the Evangeliſts have thought proper to conceal.

This rock, however, is much reſorted to by pilgrims; and the Tartanes, and other veſſels, often touch there, that the ſeamen may be provided with little pieces of

of marble, which they earneſtly requeſt may be taken as near the fiſſure as poſſible. Theſe they wear conſtantly in their pockets, in caſe of ſhipwreck, from a perſuaſion, that they are a more certain preſervative from drowning, than a cork jacket. Some of theſe poor people have the misfortune to be drowned, notwithſtanding: but the ſacred marble loſes none of its reputation on that account. Such accidents are always imputed to the weight of the unfortunate perſon's ſins, which have ſunk him to the bottom, in ſpite of all the efforts of the marble to keep him above water; and it is allowed on all hands, that a man ſo oppreſſed with iniquity, as to be drowned with a piece of this marble in his pocket, would have ſunk much ſooner, if, inſtead of that, he had had nothing to keep him up but a cork jacket.

Strangers are next led to the Caſtle, and are ſhewn, with ſome other curioſities, the ſkeleton of the famous Bourbon, Conſtable of France, who was killed in the

ſervice of the emperor Charles the Fifth, as he ſcaled the walls of Rome.

It is remarkable that France, a nation which values itſelf ſo much on an affectionate attachment to its princes, and places loyalty at the head of the virtues, ſhould have produced, in the courſe of the two laſt centuries, ſo many illuſtrious rebels; Bourbon, Coligni, Guiſe, Turenne, and the Condés; all of them were, at ſome period of their lives, in arms againſt their ſovereign.

That it is the duty of ſubjects to preſerve their allegiance, however unjuſtly and tyrannically their prince may conduct himſelf, is one of the moſt debaſing and abſurd doctrines that ever was obtruded on the underſtanding of mankind. When Francis forgot the ſervices which the gallant Bourbon had rendered him at Mirignan; when, by repeated acts of oppreſſion, he forgot the duty of a king; Bourbon

bon ſpurned at his allegiance, as a ſubject. The Spaniſh nobleman, who declared that he would pull down his houſe, if Bourbon ſhould be allowed to lodge in it, either never had heard of the injurious treatment which that gallant ſoldier had received, or he betrayed the ſentiments of a ſlave, and meant to inſinuate his own implicit loyalty to the Emperor. Mankind in general have a partiality for princes. The ſenſes are impoſed on by the ſplendour which ſurrounds them; and the reſpect due to the office of a king, is naturally converted into an affection for his perſon: there muſt therefore be ſomething highly unpopular in the character of the monarch, and highly oppreſſive in the meaſures of government, before people can be excited to rebellion. Subjects ſeldom riſe through a deſire of attacking, but rather from an impatience of ſuffering. Where men are under the yoke of feudal lords, who can force them to fight in any cauſe, it may be otherwiſe; but when general diſcontent

pervades a free people, and when, in conſequence of this, they take arms againſt their prince, they muſt have juſtice on their ſide. The higheſt compliment which ſubjects can pay, and the beſt ſervice they can render, to a good prince, is, to behave in ſuch a manner, as to convince him that they would rebel againſt a bad one.

From Mola we were conducted by the Appian way, over the fertile fields waſhed by the ſilent Liris:

——Rura quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis *.

This river bounded Latium. On its banks are ſtill ſeen ſome ruins of the ancient Minturnæ. After Manlius Torquatus, in what ſome will call a phrenzy of virtue, had offered up his ſon as a ſacrifice to military diſcipline; and his colleague Decius, immediately after, devoted himſelf in a battle againſt the Latins; the broken army

* ——The rich fields that Liris laves,
Where ſilent roll his deep'ning waves. FRANCIS.

of

of that people aſſembled at Minturnæ, and were a ſecond time defeated by Manlius, and their lands divided by the ſenate among the citizens of Rome. The firſt battle was fought near Mount Veſuvius, and the ſecond between Sinueſſa and Minturnæ. In the moraſſes of Minturnæ, Caius Marius, in the ſeventieth year of his age, was taken, and brought a priſoner to that city, whoſe magiſtrates ordered an aſſaſſin to put him to death, whom the fierce veteran diſarmed with a look. What mortal, ſays Juvenal, would have been thought more fortunate than Marius, had he breathed out his aſpiring ſoul, ſurrounded by the captives he had made, his victorious troops, and all the pomp of war, as he deſcended from his Teutonic chariot, after his triumph over the Cimbri?

Quid illo cive tuliſſet
Natura in terris, quid Roma beatius unquam?
Si circumducto captivorum agmine, et omni
Bellorum pompâ, animam exhalâſſet opimam,
Cum de Teutonico vellet deſcendere curru.

Several writers, in their remarks on Italy, obſerve that it was on the banks of the Liris that Pyrrhus gained his dear-bought victory over the Romans. They have fallen into this miſtake, by confounding the Liris with the Siris, a river in Magna Græcia, near Heraclea; in the neighbourhood of which Pyrrhus defeated the Romans by the means of his elephants.

Leaving Garilagno, which is the modern name of the Liris, we paſs the riſing ground where the ancient Sinueſſa was ſituated; the city where Horace met his friends Plotius, Varius, and Virgil. The friendly glow with which this admirable painter has adorned their characters, conveys an amiable idea of his own:

——Animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit; neque queis me ſit devinctior alter.
O, qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego contulerim jucundo ſanus amico *.

Do

* Pure ſpirits theſe; the world no purer knows;
For none my heart with ſuch affection glows.

How

Do you not ſhare in the happineſs of ſuch a company? And are you not rejoiced that they happened to meet near the Ager Falernus, where they could have the beſt Maſſic and Falernian wines?

New Capua, through which the road from Rome to Naples lies, is a ſmall town of no importance. The ancient city of that name was ſituated two miles diſtant from the new. The ruins of the amphitheatre, which are ſtill to be ſeen, give ſome idea of the ancient grandeur of that city. Before the amphitheatre of Veſpaſian was built, there was none in Rome of equal ſize with this. Old Capua is ſaid, at one period, to have vied in magnificence with Rome and Carthage:

Altera dicta olim Carthago, atque altera Roma,
Nunc proſtrata jacet, proprioque ſepulta ſepulchro*.

How oft did we embrace! our joys how great!
Is there a bleſſing, in the power of fate,
To be compared, in ſanity of mind,
To friends of ſuch companionable kind? FRANCIS.

* Formerly called another Carthage, or another Rome; it now lies buried in its own ruins.

The army of Hannibal is ſaid to have been conquered by the luxuries of this place; but the judicious Monteſquieu obſerves, that the Carthaginian army, enriched by ſo many victories, would have found a Capua wherever they had gone. Whether Capua brought on the ruin of Hannibal or not, there can be no doubt that Hannibal occaſioned the ruin of Capua.

Having broken their connection with Rome, and formed an alliance with her enemy, the Capuans were, in the courſe of the war, beſieged by the Conſuls Fulvius and Appius. Hannibal exerted all his vaſt abilities for the relief of his new friends; but was not able to bring the Roman army to a battle, or to raiſe the ſiege. When every other expedient had failed, he marched directly to Rome, in the hopes of drawing the Roman army after him to defend the capital. A number of alarming events conſpired, at this time, to depreſs the ſpirit of the Roman Senate. The Pro-

conſul

conſul Sempronius Gracchus, who commanded an army in Lucania, had fallen into an ambuſcade, and was maſſacred. The two gallant brothers, the Scipios, who were their generals in Spain, had been defeated and killed; and Hannibal was at their gates. How did the Senate behave at this criſis? Did they ſpend their time in idle harangues and mutual accuſations? Did they throw out reflections againſt thoſe ſenators who were againſt entering into a treaty with the Carthaginians till their army ſhould be withdrawn from Italy? Did they recall their army from Capua? Did they ſhew any mark of deſpondence? In this ſtate of affairs, the Roman Senate ſent orders to Appius to continue the ſiege of Capua; they ordered a reinforcement to their army in Spain; the troops for that ſervice marching out at one gate of Rome, while Hannibal threatened to enter by ſtorm at another. How could ſuch a people fail to become the maſters of the world?

The country between Capua and Naples diſplays a varied ſcene of laviſh fertility, and with great propriety might be named Campania Felix, if the richeſt and moſt generous ſoil, with the mildeſt and moſt agreeable climate, were ſufficient to render the inhabitants of a country happy.

LETTER LIV.

Naples.

THE day after our arrival at this place, we waited on Sir William Hamilton, his Majeſty's miniſter at this court. He had gone early that morning on a hunting party with the King; but the Portugueſe ambaſſador, at Lady Hamilton's deſire, undertook to accompany the Duke on the uſual round of viſits; Sir William was not expected to return for ſeveral days, and the laws of etiquette do not allow that important tour to be delayed ſo long. As we have been continually driving about ever ſince our arrival, I am already pretty well acquainted with this town, and the environs.

Naples was founded by the Greeks. The charming ſituation they have choſen, is one

one proof among thouſands, of the fine taſte of that ingenious people.

The bay is about thirty miles in circumference, and twelve in diameter; it has been named Crater, from its ſuppoſed reſemblance to a bowl. This bowl is ornamented with the moſt beautiful foliage, with vines; with olive, mulberry, and orange trees; with hills, dales, towns, villas, and villages.

At the bottom of the bay of Naples, the town is built in the form of a vaſt amphitheatre, ſloping from the hills towards the ſea.

If, from the town, you turn your eyes to the eaſt, you ſee the rich plains leading to mount Veſuvius, and Portici. If you look to the weſt, you have the Grotto of Pauſilippo, the mountain on which Virgil's tomb is placed, and the fields leading to Puzzoli and the coaſt of Baia. On the north, are the fertile hills, gradually riſing from the ſhore to the Campagna Felice.

lice. On the ſouth, is the bay, confined by the two promontories of Miſenum and Minerva, the view being terminated by the iſlands Procida, Iſchia, and Caprea; and as you aſcend to the caſtle of St. Elmo, you have all theſe objects under your eye at once, with the addition of a great part of the Campagna.

Independent of its happy ſituation, Naples is a very beautiful city. The ſtyle of architecture, it muſt be confeſſed, is inferior to what prevails at Rome; but though Naples cannot vie with that city in the number of palaces, or in the grandeur and magnificence of the churches, the private houſes in general are better built, and are more uniformly convenient; the ſtreets are broader and better paved. No ſtreet in Rome equals in beauty the Strada di Toledo at Naples; and ſtill leſs can any of them be compared with thoſe beautiful ſtreets which are open to the bay. This is the native country of the Zephyrs; here the

the exceſſive heat of the ſun is often tempered with ſea breezes, and with gales, wafting the perfumes of the Campagna Felice.

The houſes, in general, are five or ſix ſtories in height, and flat at the top; on which are placed numbers of flower vaſes, or fruit trees, in boxes of earth, producing a very gay and agreeable effect.

The fortreſs of St. Elmo is built on a mountain of the ſame name. The garriſon ſtationed here, has the entire command of the town, and could lay it in aſhes at pleaſure. A little lower, on the ſame mountain, is a convent of Carthuſians. The ſituation of this convent is as advantageous and beautiful as can be imagined; and much expence has been laviſhed to render the building, the apartments, and the gardens, equal to the ſituation.

To beſtow great ſums of money in adorning the retreat of men who have abandoned the world for the expreſs pur-

poſe of paſſing the remainder of their lives in ſelf-denial and mortification, ſeems to be very ill judged; and might, on ſome occaſions, counteract the deſign of their retreat. I expreſſed this ſentiment to a Neapolitan lady at Sir William Hamilton's aſſembly, the evening after I had viſited this convent. She ſaid, "that the elegant "apartments, the gardens, and all the ex-"penſive ornaments I had particulariſed, "could not much impede a ſyſtem of ſelf-"denial; for they ſoon became inſipid to "thoſe who had them conſtantly before "their eyes, and proved no compenſation "for the want of other comforts." "In "that caſe," ſaid I, "the whole expence "might have been ſaved, or beſtowed in "procuring comforts to others who have "made no vows of mortification." "Tolga "iddio*!" cried the lady, forgetting her former argument, "for none have ſo good "a title to every comfortable and pleaſant "thing in this world, as thoſe who have re-

* God forbid!

"nounced

" nounced it, and placed their affections en-
" tirely on the next; inſtead of depriving
" theſe ſanctified Carthuſians of what they
" already poſſeſs, it would be more meri-
" torious to give them what they have not."

" Give them then," ſaid I, " what will
" afford ſome ſatisfaction, inſtead of the
" luxuries of ſculpture, and painting, and
" architecture, which, as you ſay, become
" ſo ſoon inſipid; let them have enjoyments
" of a different kind. Why ſhould their
" diet be confined to fiſh and vegetables?
" Let them enjoy the pleaſures of the table
" without any limitation. And ſince they
" are ſo very meritorious, why is your ſex
" deprived of the happineſs of their con-
" verſation, and why are they denied the
" pleaſure which the ſociety of women
" might afford them?"

" Chriſto benedetto*!" cried the lady,
" You do not underſtand this matter.——
" Though none deſerve the pleaſures of
" this world, but thoſe who think only on

* Bleſſed Jeſus!

" the

" the next; yet none can obtain the joys
" of the next, who indulge in the pleaſures
" of this."

" That is unlucky," ſaid I.

" Unlucky! to be ſure it is the moſt
" unlucky thing that could have happened,
" *ecco dove mi doleva**," added the lady.

Though Naples is admirably ſituated for commerce, and no kingdom produces the neceſſaries and luxuries of life in greater profuſion, yet trade is but in a languiſhing condition; the beſt ſilks come from Lyons, and the beſt woollen goods from England.

The chief articles manufactured here at preſent, are ſilk ſtockings, ſoap, ſnuff-boxes of tortoiſe ſhell, and of the lava of Mount Veſuvius; tables, and ornamental furniture, of marble.

They are thought to embroider here better than even in France; and their ma-

* It is that which vexes me.

caroni is preferred to that made in any other part of Italy. The Neapolitans excel alſo in liqueurs and confections; particularly in one kind of confection, which is ſold at a very high price, called Diabolonis. This drug, as you will gueſs from its name, is of a very hot and ſtimulating nature, and what I ſhould think by no means requiſite to Neapolitan conſtitutions.

The inhabitants of this town are computed at three hundred and fifty thouſand. I make no doubt of their amounting to that number; for though Naples is not one third of the ſize of London, yet many of the ſtreets here are more crowded than the Strand. In London and Paris, the people who fill the ſtreets are mere paſſengers, hurrying from place to place on buſineſs; and when they chooſe to converſe, or to amuſe themſelves, they reſort to the public walks or gardens: at Naples, the citizens have fewer avocations of buſineſs to excite their activity, no public walks

walks, or gardens, to which they can reſort; and are, therefore, more frequently ſeen ſauntering and converſing in the ſtreets, where a great proportion of the pooreſt ſort, for want of habitations, are obliged to ſpend the night as well as the day. While you ſit in your chamber at London, or at Paris, the uſual noiſe you hear from the ſtreets, is that of carriages; but at Naples, where they talk with uncommon vivacity, and where whole ſtreets full of talkers are in continual employment, the noiſe of carriages is completely drowned in the aggregated clack of human voices. In the midſt of all this idleneſs, fewer riots or outrages of any kind happen, than might be expected in a town where the police is far from being ſtrict, and where ſuch multitudes of poor unemployed people meet together every day. This partly proceeds from the national character of the Italians; which, in my opinion, is quiet, ſubmiſſive, and averſe to riot or ſedition; and partly to the

common people being univerſally ſober, and never inflamed with ſtrong and ſpirituous liquors, as they are in the northern countries. Iced water and lemonade are among the luxuries of the loweſt vulgar; they are carried about in little barrels, and ſold in half-penny's worth. The half naked lazzarone is often tempted to ſpend the ſmall pittance, deſtined for the maintenance of his family, on this bewitching beverage, as the moſt diſſolute of the low people in London ſpend their wages on gin and brandy; ſo that the ſame extravagance which cools the mob of the one city, tends to inflame that of the other to acts of excels and brutality.

There is not, perhaps, a city in the world, with the ſame number of inhabitants, in which ſo few contribute to the wealth of the community by uſeful, or by productive labour, as Naples; but the number of prieſts, monks, fidlers, lawyers, nobility, footmen, and lazzaronis,

ſurpaſs all reaſonable proportion; the laſt alone are computed at thirty or forty thouſand. If theſe poor fellows are idle, it is not their own fault; they are continually running about the ſtreets, as we are told of the artificers of China; offering their ſervice, and begging for employment; and are conſidered, by many, as of more real utility than any of the claſſes above-mentioned.

LETTER LV.

Naples.

THERE is an aſſembly once a week at the houſe of the Britiſh miniſter; no aſſembly in Naples is more numerous, or more brilliant, than this. Excluſive of that gentleman's good qualities, and thoſe accompliſhments which procure eſteem in any ſituation, he would meet with every mark of regard from the Neapolitan nobles, on account of the high favour in which he ſtands with their Sovereign. Sir William's houſe is open to ſtrangers of every country who come to Naples, properly recommended, as well as to the Engliſh; he has a private concert almoſt every evening. Lady Hamilton underſtands muſic perfectly, and performs in ſuch a manner, as to command the admiration even of the Neapolitans. Sir William, who is the

the happieſt tempered man in the world, and the eaſieſt amuſed, performs alſo, and ſucceeds perfectly in amuſing himſelf, which is a more valuable attainment than the other.

The Neapolitan nobility are exceſſively fond of ſplendour and ſhow. This appears in the brilliancy of their equipages, the number of their attendants, the richneſs of their dreſs, and the grandeur of their titles.

I am aſſured, that the King of Naples counts a hundred perſons with the title of Prince, and ſtill a greater number with that of Duke, among his ſubjects. Six or ſeven of theſe have eſtates, which produce from ten to twelve or thirteen thouſand pounds a year; a conſiderable number have fortunes of about half that value; and the annual revenue of many is not above one or two thouſand pounds. With reſpect to the inferior orders of nobility, they are much poorer; many

Counts and Marquiſſes have not above three or four hundred pounds a year of paternal eſtate, many ſtill leſs, and not a few enjoy the title without any eſtate whatever.

When we conſider the magnificence of their entertainments, the ſplendour of their equipages, and the number of their ſervants, we are ſurpriſed that the richeſt of them can ſupport ſuch expenſive eſtabliſhments. I dined, ſoon after our arrival, at the Prince of Franca Villa's; there were about forty people at table; it was meagre day; the dinner conſiſted entirely of fiſh and vegetables, and was the moſt magnificent entertainment I ever ſaw, comprehending an infinite variety of diſhes, a vaſt profuſion of fruit, and the wines of every country in Europe. I dined ſince at the Prince Iacci's. I ſhall mention two circumſtances, from which you may form an idea of the grandeur of an Italian palace, and the number of domeſtics

which

which ſome of the nobility retain. We paſſed through twelve or thirteen large rooms before we arrived at the dining room; there were thirty-ſix perſons at table, none ſerved but the Prince's domeſtics, and each gueſt had a footman behind his chair; other domeſtics belonging to the Prince remained in the adjacent rooms, and in the hall. We afterwards paſſed through a conſiderable number of other rooms in our way to one from which there is a very commanding view.

No eſtate in England could ſupport ſuch a number of ſervants, paid and fed as Engliſh ſervants are; but here the wages are very moderate indeed, and the greater number of men ſervants, belonging to the firſt families, give their attendance through the day only, and find beds and proviſions for themſelves. It muſt be remembered alſo, that few of the nobles give entertainments, and thoſe who do

not, are ſaid to live very ſparingly; ſo that the whole of their revenue, whatever that may be, is exhauſted on articles of ſhow.

As there is no Opera at preſent, the people of faſhion generally paſs part of the evening at the Corſo, on the ſea-ſhore. This is the great ſcene of Neapolitan ſplendour and parade; and, on grand occaſions, the magnificence diſplayed here will ſtrike a ſtranger very much. The fineſt carriages are painted, gilt, varniſhed, and lined, in a richer and more beautiful manner, than has as yet become faſhionable either in England or France; they are often drawn by ſix, and ſometimes by eight horſes. As the laſt is the number allotted to his Britannic Majeſty when he goes to parliament, ſome of our countrymen are offended that any individuals whatſoever ſhould preſume to drive with the ſame number.

It is the mode here, to have two running footmen, very gaily dreſſed, before the carriage, and three or four ſervants in rich liveries behind; theſe attendants are generally the handſomeſt young men that can be procured. The ladies or gentlemen within the coaches, glitter in all the brilliancy of lace, embroidery, and jewels. The Neapolitan carriages, for gala days, are made on purpoſe, with very large windows, that the ſpectators may enjoy a full view of the parties within. Nothing can be more ſhowy than the harneſs of the horſes; their heads and manes are ornamented with the rareſt plumage, and their tails ſet off with riband and artificial flowers, in ſuch a graceful manner, that you are apt to think they have been adorned by the ſame hands that dreſſed the heads of the ladies, and not by common grooms.

After all, you will perhaps imagine the amuſement cannot be very great. The carriages

carriages follow each other in two lines, moving in oppoſite directions. The company within ſmile, and bow, and wave the hand, as they paſs and repaſs their acquaintance; and doubtleſs imagine, that they are the moſt important figures in the proceſſion. The horſes, however, ſeem to be quite of a different way of thinking, and to conſider themſelves as the chief objects of admiration, looking on the livery ſervants, the volantis, the lords, and the ladies, as their natural ſuit on all ſuch ſolemn occaſions.

LETTER LVI.

Naples.

THE greateſt part of kings, whatever may be thought of them after their death, have the good fortune to be repreſented, at ſome period of their lives, generally at the beginning of their reigns, as the greateſt and moſt virtuous of mankind. They are never compared to characters of leſs dignity than Solomon, Alexander, Cæſar, or Titus; and the compariſon uſually concludes to the advantage of the living monarch. They differ in this, as in many other particulars, from thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed genius and exalted merit among their ſubjects, that the fame of the latter, if any awaits them, ſeldom arrives at its meridian till many years after their death; whereas the glory of the former is at its fulleſt ſplendour during their lives; and moſt of them have the ſatisfac-

tion

tion of hearing all their praiſes with their own ears. Each particular monarch, taken ſeparately, is, or has been, conſidered as a ſtar of great luſtre; yet any number of them, taken without ſelection, and placed in the hiſtorical galaxy, add little to its brightneſs, and are often contemplated with diſguſt. When we have occaſion to mention kings in general, the expreſſion certainly does not awaken a recollection of the moſt amiable or moſt deſerving part of the human ſpecies; and tyranny in no country is puſhed ſo far, as to conſtrain men to ſpeak of them, when we ſpeak in general terms, as if they were. It would revolt the feelings, and rouſe the indignation, even of ſlaves. Full freedom is allowed therefore on this topic; and, under the moſt arbitrary government, if you chooſe to declaim on the imbecility, profligacy, or corruption of human nature, you may draw your illuſtrations from the kings of any country, provided you take them in groupes, and hint nothing to the detriment of the reign-

ing monarch. But, when we talk of any one living ſovereign, we ſhould never allow it to eſcape from our memory, that he is wiſe, valiant, generous, and good; and we ought always to have Solomon, Alexander, Cæſar, and Titus, at our elbow, to introduce them à-propos when occaſion offers. We may have what opinion we pleaſe of the whole race of Bourbon; but it would be highly indecent to deny, that the reigning kings of Spain and Naples are very great princes. As I never had the happineſs of ſeeing the father, I can only ſpeak of the ſon. His Neapolitan Majeſty ſeems to be about the age of ſix or ſeven and-twenty. He is a prince of great activity of body, and a good conſtitution; he indulges in frequent relaxations from the cares of government and the fatigue of thinking, by hunting and other exerciſes; and (which ought to give a high idea of his natural talents) he never fails to acquire a very conſiderable degree of perfection in thoſe things to which he applies. He is

very

very fond, like the King of Pruſſia, of reviewing his troops, and is perfectly maſter of the whole myſtery of the manual exerciſe. I have had the honour, oftener than once, of ſeeing him exerciſe the different regiments which form the garriſon here: he always gave the word of command with his own royal mouth, and with a preciſion which ſeemed to aſtoniſh the whole Court. This monarch is alſo a very excellent ſhot; his uncommon ſucceſs at this diverſion is thought to have rouſed the jealouſy of his Moſt Catholic Majeſty, who alſo values himſelf on his ſkill as a markſman. The correſpondence between thoſe two great perſonages often relates to their favourite amuſement.—A gentleman who came lately from Madrid, told me, that the King, on ſome occaſion, had read a letter which he had juſt received from his ſon at Naples, wherein he complained of his bad ſucceſs on a ſhooting party, having killed no more than eighty birds in a day; and the Spaniſh monarch, turning to his courtiers, ſaid,

ſaid, in a plaintive tone of voice, "Mio "filio piange di non aver' fatto piu di ot- "tante beccacie in uno giorno, quando mi "crederei l'uomo il piu felice del mondo "ſe poteſſe fare quaranta*." All who take a becoming ſhare in the afflictions of a royal boſom, will no doubt join with me, in wiſhing better ſucceſs to this good monarch, for the future. Fortunate would it be for mankind, if the happineſs of their princes could be purchaſed at ſo eaſy a rate! and thrice fortunate for the generous people of Spain, if the family connexions of their monarch, often at variance with the real intereſt of that country, ſhould never ſeduce him into a more ruinous war, than that which he now wages againſt the beaſts of the field and the birds of the air. His Neapolitan Majeſty, as I am informed, poſſeſſes many other accompliſhments; I particulariſe thoſe only to which I have myſelf been a witneſs. No king in Eu-

* My ſon laments, that he has not killed more than eighty birds in one day, whereas I ſhould think myſelf the happieſt man in the world, if I could kill forty.

rope

rope is ſuppoſed to underſtand the game of billiards better. I had the pleaſure of ſeeing him ſtrike the moſt brilliant ſtroke that perhaps ever was ſtruck by a crowned head. The ball of his antagoniſt was near one of the middle pockets, and his own in ſuch a ſituation, that it was abſolutely neceſſary to make it rebound from two different parts of the cuſhion before it could pocket the other. A perſon of leſs enterpriſe would have been contented with placing himſelf in a ſafe ſituation, at a ſmall loſs, and never have riſked any offenſive attempt againſt the enemy; but the difficulty and danger, inſtead of intimidating, ſeemed rather to animate the ambition of this Prince. He ſummoned all his addreſs; he eſtimated, with a mathematical eye, the angles at which the ball muſt fly off; and he ſtruck it with an undaunted mind and a ſteady hand. It rebounded obliquely, from the oppoſite ſide-cuſhion, to that at the end; from which it moved in a direct line towards the middle

pocket,

pocket, which ſeemed to ſtand in gaping expectation to receive it. The hearts of the ſpectators beat thick as it rolled along; and they ſhewed, by the contortions of their faces and perſons, how much they feared that it ſhould move one hair-breadth in a wrong direction.—I muſt here interrupt this important narrative, to obſerve, that, when I talk of contortions, if you form your idea from any thing of that kind which you may have ſeen around an Engliſh billiard-table or bowling-green, you can have no juſt notion of thoſe which were exhibited on this occaſion: your imagination muſt triple the force and energy of every Engliſh grimace, before it can do juſtice to the nervous twiſt of an Italian countenance.—At length the royal ball reached that of the enemy, and with a ſingle blow drove it off the plain. An univerſal ſhout of joy, triumph, and applauſe burſt from the beholders; but,

O thoughtleſs mortals, ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate!

the victorious ball, purſuing the enemy too far, ſhared the ſame fate, and was buried in the ſame grave, with the vanquiſhed. This fatal and unforeſeen event ſeemed to make a deep impreſſion on the minds of all who were witneſſes to it; and will no doubt be recorded in the annals of the preſent reign, and quoted by future poets and hiſtorians, as a ſtriking inſtance of the inſtability of ſublunary felicity.

It is imagined that the cabinet of this Court is entirely guided by that of Spain; which, on its part, is thought to be greatly under the influence of French counſels. The manners, as well as the politics, of France, are ſaid to prevail at preſent at the Court of Madrid. I do not preſume to ſay of what nature the politics of his Neapolitan Majeſty are, or whether he is fond of French counſels or not; but no true-born Engliſhman exiſting can ſhew a more perfect contempt of their manners

than he does. In domeſtic life, this Prince is generally allowed to be an eaſy maſter, a good-natured huſband, a dutiful ſon, and an indulgent father.

The Queen of Naples is a beautiful woman, and ſeems to poſſeſs the affability, good-humour, and benevolence, which diſtinguiſh, in ſuch an amiable manner, the Auſtrian family.

LETTER LVII.

Naples.

THE hereditary juriſdiction of the nobles over their vaſſals ſubſiſts, both in the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, in the full rigour of the feudal government. The peaſants therefore are poor; and it depends entirely on the perſonal character of the maſters, whether their poverty is not the leaſt of their grievances. If the land was leaſed out to free farmers, whoſe property was perfectly ſecure, and the leaſes of a ſufficient length to allow the tenant to reap the fruits of his own improvements, there is no manner of doubt that the eſtates of the nobility would produce much more. The landlord might have a higher rent paid in money, inſtead of being collected in kind, which ſubjects him to the ſalaries and impoſitions of a nume-

rous train of ſtewards; and the tenants, on their parts, would be enabled to live much more comfortably, and to lay up, every year, a ſmall pittance for their families. But the love of domineering is ſo predominant in the breaſts of men who have been accuſtomed to it from their infancy, that, if the alternative were in their choice, many of them would rather ſubmit to be themſelves ſlaves to the caprices of an abſolute prince, than become perfectly independent, on the condition of giving independence to their vaſſals. There is reaſon to believe that this ungenerous ſpirit prevails pretty univerſally among the nobility all over Europe. The German Barons are more ſhocked at the idea of their peaſants becoming perfectly free, like the farmers of Great Britain, than they are ſolicitous to limit the power of their princes: And, from the ſentiments I have heard expreſſed by the French, I very much doubt, whether their high nobility

would accept of the privileges of Engliſh peers, at the expence of that inſolent ſuperiority, and thoſe licentious freedoms, with which *they* may, though no Engliſh peer can, treat with impunity the citizens and people of inferior rank. We need be the leſs ſurpriſed at this, when we conſider that, in ſome parts of the Britiſh empire, where the equable and generous laws of England prevail, thoſe who ſet the higheſt value on freedom, who ſubmit to every hardſhip, and encounter every danger, to ſecure it to themſelves, never have ſhewn a diſpoſition of extending its bleſſings, or even alleviating the bondage of that part of the human ſpecies, which a ſordid and unjuſtifiable barter has brought into their power.

The Court of Naples has not yet ventured, by one open act of authority, to abolish the immoderate power of the lords over their tenants. But it is believed that the Miniſter ſecretly wiſhes for its deſtruction;

tion; and in caſes of flagrant oppreſſion, when complaints are brought before the legal courts, or directly to the King himſelf, by the peaſants againſt their lord, it is generally remarked that the Miniſter favours the complainant. Notwithſtanding this, the maſters have ſo many opportunities of oppreſſing, and ſuch various methods of teaſing, their vaſſals, that they generally chuſe to bear their wrongs in ſilence; and perceiving that thoſe who hold their lands immediately from the Crown, are in a much eaſier ſituation than themſelves, without raiſing their hopes to perfect freedom, the height of their wiſhes is to be ſheltered, from the vexations of little tyrants, under the unlimited power of one common maſter. The objects of royal attention, they fondly imagine, are too ſublime, and the minds of kings too generous, to ſtoop to, or even to countenance, in their ſervants, the minute and unreaſonable exactions, which are wrung at preſent

from the hard hands of the exhauſted labourer.

Though the Neapolitan nobility ſtill retain the ancient feudal authority over the peaſants, yet their perſonal importance depends, in a great meaſure, on the favour of the King; who, under pretext of any offence, can confine them to their own eſtates, or impriſon them at pleaſure; and who, without any alleged offence, and without going to ſuch extremes, can inflict a puniſhment, highly ſenſible to them, by not inviting them to the amuſements of the Court, or not receiving them with ſmiles when they attend on any ordinary occaſion. Unleſs this Prince were ſo very impolitic as to diſguſt all the nobility at once, and ſo unite the whole body againſt him, he has little to fear from their reſentment. Even in caſe of ſuch an union, as the nobles have loſt the affection and attachment of their peaſants, what could they do in oppoſition to a ſtanding army of thirty

thirty thouſand men, entirely devoted to the Crown? The eſtabliſhment of ſtanding armies has univerſally given ſtability to the power of the prince, and ruined that of the great lords. No nobility in Europe can now be ſaid to inherit political importance, or to act independent of, or in oppoſition to, the influence of the crown; except the *temporal peers of that part of Great Britain called England.*

As men of high birth are ſeldom, in this country, called to the management of public affairs, or placed in thoſe ſituations where great political knowledge is required; and as his Majeſty relies on his own talents and experience in war for the direction of the army; neither the civil nor military eſtabliſhments open any very tempting field for the ambition of the nobles, whoſe education is uſually adapted to the parts in life which they have a probability of acting. Their fortunes and titles deſcend to them, independent of any effort

of

of their own. All the literary diſtinctions are beneath their regard; it is therefore not thought expedient to cloud the playful innocence of their childhood, or the amiable gaiety of their youth, with ſevere ſtudy. In ſome other countries, where a very ſmall portion of literary education is thought becoming for young men of rank, and where even this ſmall portion has been neglected, they ſometimes catch a little knowledge of hiſtory and mythology, and ſome uſeful moral ſentiments, from the excellent dramatic pieces that are repreſented on their theatres. They alſo ſometimes pick up ſome notion of the different governments in Europe, and a few political ideas, in the courſe of their travels. But the nobility of this country very ſeldom travel; and the only dramatic pieces repreſented here, are operas; in which muſic, not ſentiment, is the principal thing attended to. In the other theatrical entertainments, Punchinello is the ſhining character. To this diſregard of literature among the nobles,

bles, it is owing, that in their body are to be found few tireſome, ſcholaſtic pedants, and none of thoſe perturbed ſpirits, who ruffle the ſerenity of nations by political alarms, who clog the wheels of government by oppoſition, who pry into the conduct of miniſters, or in any way diſturb that total indifference with regard to the public, which prevails all over this kingdom. We are told by a great modern Hiſtorian*, that "force of mind, a ſenſe "of perſonal dignity, gallantry in enter-"priſe, invincible perſeverance in execu-"tion, contempt of danger and of death, "are the characteriſtic virtues of uncivil-"iſed nations." But as the nobles of this country have long been ſufficiently civiliſed, theſe qualities may in them be ſuppoſed to have given place to the arts which embelliſh a poliſhed age; to gaming, gallantry, muſic, the parade of equipage, the refinements of dreſs, and other nameleſs refinements.

* Vide Dr. Robertſon's Hiſtory of the Emperor Charles V. Sect. I.

LETTER LVIII.

Naples.

THE citizens of Naples form a ſociety of their own, perfectly diſtinct from the nobility; and although they are not the moſt induſtrious people in the world, yet, having ſome degree of occupation, and their time being divided between buſineſs and pleaſure, they probably have more enjoyment than thoſe, who, without internal reſources, or opportunities of active exertion, paſs their lives in ſenſual gratifications, and in waiting the returns of appetite around a gaming table. In the moſt reſpectable claſs of citizens, are comprehended the lawyers, of whom there are an incredible number in this town. The moſt eminent of this profeſſion hold, indeed, a kind of intermediate rank between the nobility and citizens; the

the reſt are on a level with the phyſicians, the principal merchants, and the artiſts; none of whom can make great fortunes, however induſtrious they may be; but a moderate income enables them to ſupport their rank in ſociety, and to enjoy all the conveniencies, and many of the luxuries, of life.

England is perhaps the only nation in Europe where ſome individuals, of every profeſſion, even of the loweſt, find it poſſible to accumulate great fortunes; the effect of this very frequently is, that the ſon deſpiſes the profeſſion of the father, commences gentleman, and diſſipates, in a few years, what coſt a life to gather. In the principal cities of Germany and Italy, we find, that the anceſtors of many of thoſe citizens who are the moſt eminent in their particular buſineſſes, have tranſmitted the art to them through ſeveral generations. It is natural to imagine, that this will tend to the improvement of the

the art, or ſcience, or profeſſion, as well as the family fortune; and that the third generation will acquire knowledge from the experience, as well as wealth from the induſtry, of the former two; whereas, in the caſes alluded to above, the wheel of fortune moves differently. A man, by aſſiduity in a particular buſineſs, and by genius, acquires a great fortune and a high reputation; the ſon throws away the fortune, and ruins his own character by extravagance; and the grandſon is obliged to recommence the buſineſs, unaided by the wealth or experience of his anceſtors. This, however, is pointing out an evil which I ſhould be ſorry to ſee remedied; becauſe it certainly originates in the riches and proſperity of the country in which it exiſts.

The number of prieſts, monks, and eccleſiaſtics of all the various orders that ſwarm in this city, is prodigious; and the proviſion appropriated for their uſe, is as ample.

ample. I am aſſured, that the clergy are in poſſeſſion of conſiderably above one-third of the revenue of the whole kingdom, over and above what ſome particular orders among them acquire by begging for the uſe of their convents, and what is gotten in legacies by the addreſs and aſſiduity of the whole. The unproductive wealth, which is lodged in the churches and convents of this city, amounts alſo to an amazing value. Not to be compared in point of architecture to the churches and convents of Rome, thoſe of Naples ſurpaſs them in riches, in the value of their jewels, and in the quantity of ſilver and golden crucifixes, veſſels, and implements of various kinds. I have often heard theſe eſtimated at a ſum ſo enormous as to ſurpaſs all credibility; and which, as I have no opportunity of aſcertaining with any degree of preciſion, I ſhall not mention. This wealth, whatever it amounts to, is of as little uſe to the kingdom, as if it ſtill remained in the mines of Peru;

and

and the greater part of it, ſurely, affords as little comfort to the clergy and monks as to any other part of the community; for though it belongs to their church, or their convent, yet it can no more be converted to the uſe of the prieſts and monks of ſuch churches and convents, than to the tradeſmen who inhabit the adjacent ſtreets. For this reaſon I am a good deal ſurpriſed, that no pretext or ſubterfuge has been found, no expedient fallen on, no treaty or convention made, for appropriating part of this at leaſt, to the uſe of ſome ſet of people or other. If the clergy were to lay their hands on it, this might be found fault with by the King; if his Majeſty dreamt of taking any part of it for the exigencies of the ſtate, the clergy would undoubtedly raiſe a clamour; and if both united, the Pope would think he had a right to pronounce his *veto:* but if all theſe three powers could come to an underſtanding, and ſettle their proportions, I

am

am apt to think a partition might be made as quietly as that of Poland.

Whatever ſcruples the Neapolitan clergy may have to ſuch a project, they certainly have none to the full enjoyment of their revenues. No claſs of men can be leſs diſpoſed to offend Providence by a peeviſh neglect of the good things which the bounty of heaven has beſtowed. Self-denial is a virtue, which I will not ſay they poſſeſs in a ſmaller degree, but which, I am ſure, they affect leſs than any other eccleſiaſtics I know; they live very much in ſociety, both with the nobles and citizens. All of them, the monks not excepted, attend the theatre, and ſeem to join moſt cordially in other diverſions and amuſements; the common people are no ways offended at this, or imagine that they ought to live in a more recluſe manner. Some of the orders have had the addreſs to make a concern for their temporal intereſt, and a deſire of ſeeing them

live full, and in ſomething of a jolly manner, be regarded by the common people as a proof of zeal for religion. I am informed, that a very conſiderable diminution in the number of monks has taken place in the kingdom of Naples ſince the ſuppreſſion of the Jeſuits, and ſince a liberty of quitting the cowl was granted by the late Pope; but ſtill there is no reaſon to complain of a deficiency in this order of men. The richeſt and moſt commodious convents in Europe, both for male and female votaries, are in this city; the moſt fertile and beautiful hills of the environs are covered with them; a ſmall part of their revenue is ſpent in feeding the poor, the monks diſtributing bread and ſoup to a certain number every day before the doors of the convents. Some of the friars ſtudy phyſic and ſurgery, and practiſe theſe arts with great applauſe. Each convent has an apothecary's ſhop belonging to it, where medicines are delivered gratis to the poor, and ſold to thoſe who

who can afford to pay. On all theſe accounts the monks in general are greater favourites with the common people than even the ſecular clergy; all the charity of the friars, however, would not be able to cover their ſins, if the ſtories circulated by their enemies were true,—by which they are repreſented as the greateſt profligates and debauchees in the world. Without giving credit to all that is reported on this ſubject, as the Neapolitan monks are very well fed, as this climate is not the moſt favourable to continency (a virtue which in this place is by no means eſtimated in proportion to its rarity), it is moſt likely that the inhabitants of the convents, like the inhabitants in general, indulge in certain pleaſures, with leſs ſcruple or reſtraint than is uſual in ſome other places. Be that as it may, it is certain that they are the moſt ſuperſtitious of mankind; a turn of mind which they communicate with equal zeal and ſucceſs to a people remarkably ignorant, and re-

markably amorous. The ſeeds of ſuperſtition thus zealouſly ſown on ſuch a warm and fertile, though uncultivated, ſoil, ſometimes produce the moſt extraordinary crops of ſenſuality and devotion that ever were ſeen in any country.

The lazzaroni, or black-guards, as has been already obſerved, form a conſiderable part of the inhabitants of Naples; and have, on ſome well-known occaſions, had the government for a ſhort time in their own hands. They are computed at above thirty thouſand; the greater part of them have no dwelling-houſes, but ſleep every night under porticos, piazzas, or any kind of ſhelter they can find. Thoſe of them who have wives and children, live in the ſuburbs of Naples, near Pauſilippo, in huts, or in caverns, or chambers dug out of that mountain. Some gain a livelihood by fiſhing, others by carrying burdens to and from the ſhipping; many walk about the

ſtreets

ſtreets ready to run on errands, or to perform any labour in their power for a very ſmall recompence. As they do not meet with conſtant employment, their wages are not ſufficient for their maintenance; the ſoup and bread diſtributed at the door of the convents ſupply the deficiency. The lazzaroni are generally repreſented as a lazy, licentious, and turbulent ſet of people; what I have obſerved gives me a very different idea of their character. Their idleneſs is evidently the effect of neceſſity, not of choice; they are always ready to perform any work, however laborious, for a very reaſonable gratification. It muſt proceed from the fault of Government, when ſuch a number of ſtout active citizens remain unemployed; and ſo far are they from being licentious and turbulent, that I cannot help thinking they are by much too tame and ſubmiſſive. Though the inhabitants of the Italian cities were the firſt who ſhook off the feudal yoke,

and though in Naples they have long enjoyed the privilege of municipal juriſdiction, yet the external ſplendour of the nobles, and the authority they ſtill exerciſe over the peaſants, impoſe upon the minds of the lazzaroni: and however bold and reſentful they may be of injuries offered by others, they bear the inſolence of the nobility as paſſively as peaſants fixed to the ſoil. A coxcomb of a volanti, tricked out in his fantaſtical dreſs, or any of the liveried ſlaves of the great, make no ceremony of treating theſe poor fellows with all the inſolence and inſenſibility natural to their maſters; and for no viſible reaſon, but becauſe he is dreſſed in lace, and the others in rags. Inſtead of calling to them to make way, when the noiſe in the ſtreets prevents the common people from hearing the approach of the carriage, a ſtroke acroſs the ſhoulders with the cane of the running footman, is the uſual warning they receive. Nothing animates

animates this people to inſurrection, but ſome very preſſing and very univerſal cauſe; ſuch as a ſcarcity of bread: every other grievance they bear as if it were their charter. When we conſider thirty thouſand human creatures without beds or habitations, wandering almoſt naked in ſearch of food through the ſtreets of a well-built city; when we think of the opportunities they have of being together, of comparing their own deſtitute ſituation with the affluence of others, one cannot help being aſtoniſhed at their patience.

Let the prince be diſtinguiſhed by ſplendour and magnificence; let the great and the rich have their luxuries; but, in the name of humanity, let the poor, who are willing to labour, have food in abundance to ſatisfy the cravings of nature, and raiment to defend them from the inclemencies of the weather!

If their governors, whether from weakneſs or neglect, do not ſupply them with theſe, they certainly have a right to help themſelves. Every law of equity and common ſenſe will juſtify them in revolting againſt ſuch governors, and in ſatisfying their own wants from the ſuperfluities of lazy luxury.

LETTER LIX.

Naples.

I HAVE made ſeveral viſits to the muſeum at Portici, principally, as you may believe, to view the antiquities dug out of Herculaneum and Pompeia. The work publiſhing by Government, ornamented with engravings of the chief articles of this curious collection, will, in all probability, be continued for many years, as new articles, worthy of the ſculptor's art, are daily diſcovered, and as a vaſt mine of curioſities is ſuppoſed to be concealed in the unopened ſtreets of Pompeia. Among the ancient paintings, thoſe which ornamented the theatre of Herculaneum are more elegant than any that have hitherto been found at Pompeia. All thoſe paintings were executed upon the ſtucco which lined the walls;

walls; they have been ſawed off with great labour and addreſs, and are now preſerved in glaſs caſes; the colours, we are told, were much brighter before they were drawn out of their ſubterraneous abode, and expoſed to the open air; they are, however, ſtill wonderfully lively: the ſubjects are underſtood at the firſt glance by thoſe who are acquainted with the Grecian hiſtory and mythology. There is a Chiron teaching Achilles to play on the lyre, Ariadne deſerted, the Judgment of Paris, ſome Bacchantes and Fauns; the largeſt piece repreſents Theſeus's victory over the Minotaur. It conſiſts of ſeven or eight figures very well grouped, but a Frieze, with a dancing woman, on a black ground, not above ten inches long, is thought the beſt.

We ought not, however, to judge of the progreſs which the ancients had made in the art of painting, by the degree of perfection which appears in thoſe pictures.

It

It is not probable that the beſt paintings of ancient Greece or Italy were at Herculaneum; and, if it could be aſcertained that ſome of the productions of the beſt maſters were there, it would not follow that thoſe which have been diſcovered are of that claſs. If a ſtranger were to enter at random a few houſes in London, and ſee ſome tolerably good pictures there, he could not with propriety conclude that the beſt of them were the very beſt in London. The paintings brought from Herculaneum are perfect proofs that the ancients had made that progreſs in the art, which thoſe pictures indicate; but do not form even a preſumption, that they had not made a much greater. It is almoſt demonſtrable that theſe paintings are not of their beſt. The ſame ſchool which formed the ſculptor to correctneſs, would form the painter to equal correctneſs in his drawings, however deficient he might be in all the other parts of his art. Their beſt ſtatues are correct in their proportions, and elegant

in their forms: Theſe paintings are not correct in their proportions, and are comparatively inelegant in their forms.

Among the ſtatues, the drunken Faun and the Mercury are the beſt. There are ſome fine bronze buſts; the intaglios and cameos, which hitherto have been found either in Herculaneum or Pompeia, are reckoned but indifferent.

The elegance of form, with the admirable workmanſhip, of the ornamental furniture and domeſtic utenſils, in ſilver and other metals; the variety and beauty of the lamps, tripods, and vaſes; ſufficiently teſtify, if there were no other proofs, the fertile imagination and exquiſite execution of the ancient artiſts: and, had their own poets and hiſtorians been quite ſilent concerning the Roman refinements in the art of cookery, and the luxury of their tables; the prodigious variety of culinary inſtruments, the moulds for jellies, for confections, and paſtry, which are collected

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in this muſeum, would afford a ſtrong preſumption, that the great men of our own days have a nearer reſemblance to thoſe ancient conquerors of the world, than is generally imagined.

Many of the ancient manuſcripts found at Herculaneum have been carried to Madrid; but a great number ſtill remain at Portici. Great pains have been beſtowed, and much ingenuity diſplayed, in ſeparating and unrolling the ſheets, without deſtroying the writing. This has ſucceeded in a certain degree; though, in ſpite of all the ſkill and attention of thoſe who are employed in this very delicate work, the copiers are obliged to leave many blanks where the letters are obliterated. The manuſcripts hitherto unrolled and copied, are in the Greek language, and not of a very important nature. As the unrolling thoſe papers muſt take up a great deal of time, and requires infinite addreſs, it is to be wiſhed that his Neapolitan Majeſty would

would ſend one at leaſt to every univerſity in Europe, that the abilities of the moſt ingenious men of every country might be exerciſed on a ſubject ſo univerſally intereſting. The method which ſhould be found to ſucceed beſt, might be immediately made known, and applied to the unfolding of the remaining manuſcripts. The probability of recovering thoſe works, whoſe loſs the learned have ſo long lamented, would by this means be greatly increaſed.

Herculaneum and Pompeia were deſtroyed by the ſame eruption of Mount Veſuvius, about ſeventeen hundred years ago. The former was a town of much more magnificence than the other; but it is infinitely more difficult to be cleared of the matter which covers it. Sir William Hamilton, in his accurate and judicious obſervations on Mount Veſuvius, aſſerts, that there are evident marks that the matter of ſix eruptions has taken its courſe

over

over this devoted town, ſince the great exploſion which involved it in the ſame fate with Pompeia. Theſe different eruptions have all happened at conſiderable diſtances of time from each other. This appears by the layers of good ſoil which are found between them. But the matter which immediately covers the town, and with which the theatre, and all the houſes hitherto examined, were found filled, is not lava, but a ſort of ſoft ſtone, compoſed of pumice and aſhes, intermixed with earth. This has ſaved the pictures, manuſcripts, buſts, utenſils, and other antiquities, which have been recovered out of Herculaneum, from utter deſtruction. For if any of the ſix ſucceeding eruptions had happened previous to this, and the red-hot liquid lava, of which they conſiſted, had flowed into the open city, it would have filled every ſtreet, ſcorched up every combuſtible ſubſtance with intenſe heat, involving the houſes, and all they contained, in one ſolid rock of lava, undiſtinguiſhable,

diſtinguiſhable, and for ever inſeparable, from it. The eruption, which buried the city in cinders, earth, and aſhes, has in ſome meaſure preſerved it from the more deſtructive effects of the fiery torrents which have overwhelmed it ſince.

When we conſider that the intervals between thoſe eruptions were ſufficiently long to allow a ſoil to be formed upon the hardened lava of each; that a new city has been actually built on the lava of the laſt eruption; and that the ancient city is from ſeventy to one hundred feet below the preſent ſurface of the earth; we muſt acknowledge it more ſurpriſing that any, than that ſo few, of its ornaments have been recovered. At the beginning of the preſent century, any body would have imagined that the buſts, ſtatues, and pictures of Herculaneum had not a much better chance, than the perſons they repreſent, of appearing again, within a few years, upon the ſurface of this globe.

The caſe is different with regard to Pompeia. Though it was not diſcovered till about twenty-five years ago, which is forty years almoſt after the diſcovery of Herculaneum, yet the probability was greatly in favour of its being diſcovered ſooner, for Pompeia has felt the effects of a ſingle eruption only; it is not buried above twelve feet below the ſurface of the ground, and the earth, aſhes, cinders, and pumice-ſtones with which it is covered, are ſo light, and ſo little tenacious, that they might be removed with no great difficulty. If the attention of his Neapolitan Majeſty were not engroſſed with more important concerns, he might have the whole town uncovered in a very ſhort ſpace of time; half the lazzaroni of Naples could complete the buſineſs in one year. Hitherto only one ſtreet and a few detached buildings are cleared; the ſtreet is well paved, with the ſame kind of ſtone of which the ancient roads

are made; narrow cauſeways are raiſed a foot and an half on each ſide for the conveniency of foot paſſengers. The ſtreet itſelf, to my recollection, is not ſo broad as the narroweſt part of the Strand, and is ſuppoſed to have been inhabited by tradeſpeople. The traces of wheels of carriages are to be ſeen on the pavement; the diſtance between the traces is leſs than that between the wheels of a modern poſt-chaiſe. I remarked this the more, as, on my firſt viewing the ſtreet, I doubted whether there was room for two modern coaches to paſs each other. I plainly ſaw there was ſufficient room for two of the ancient chariots, whoſe wheels were of no greater diſtance than between the traces on the pavement. The houſes are ſmall, and in a very different ſtyle from the modern Italian houſes; for the former give an idea of neatneſs and conveniency. The ſtucco on the walls is hard as marble, ſmooth and beautiful. Some of the rooms are ornamented with paintings, moſtly

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ſingle figures, repreſenting ſome animal; they are tolerably well executed, and on a little water being thrown on them, the colours appear ſurpriſingly freſh.

Moſt of the houſes are built on the ſame plan, and have one ſmall room from the paſſage, which is conjectured to have been the ſhop, with a window to the ſtreet, and a place which ſeems to have been contrived for ſhewing the goods to the greateſt advantage. The nature of the traffic carried on at one particular houſe, is indicated by a figure in alto relievo of a very expreſſive kind, immediately above the door.

It is to be wiſhed they would cover one of the beſt houſes with a roof, as nearly reſembling that which originally belonged to it as they could imagine, with a complete aſſortment of the antique furniture of the kitchen and each particular room. Such a houſe fitted up with accuracy and judgment, with all its utenſils and orna-

ments properly arranged, would be an object of univerſal curioſity, and would ſwell the heart of the antiquarian with veneration and delight. Only imagine, my dear Sir, what thoſe gentlemen muſt feel, when they ſee the venerable habitations of the ancients in their preſent mournful condition, neglected, deſpiſed, abandoned to the peltings of rain, and all the injuries of the weather! thoſe precious walls, which, were it poſſible to tranſport them to the various countries of the world, would be bought with avidity, and placed in the gardens of Princes! How muſt the boſoms of all true virtuoſos glow with indignation, when they behold the manſions of the ancient Romans ſtripped of their ornaments, diſhonoured, and expoſed, like a parcel of ragged galley-ſlaves, in the moſt indecent manner, with hardly any covering to their nakedneſs; while a little paltry brick houſe, coming the Lord knows how, from a country which men of taſte have always deſpiſed, has been

been received with hoſpitality, dreſſed in a fine coat of the richeſt marble, adorned with jewels and precious ſtones, and treated with every mark of honourable diſtinction!

In another part of the town of Pompeia, there is a rectangular building, with a colonnade towards the court, ſomething in the ſtyle of the Royal Exchange at London, but ſmaller. This has every appearance of a barrack and guard-room; the pillars are of brick, covered with ſhining ſtucco, elegantly fluted; the ſcrawlings and drawings, ſtill viſible on the walls, are ſuch as we might naturally expect on the walls of a guard-room, where ſoldiers are the deſigners, and ſwords the engraving tools. They conſiſt of gladiators fighting, ſome with each other, ſome with wild beaſts; the games of the circus, as chariot races, wreſtling, and the like; a few figures in caricatura, deſigned probably by ſome of the ſoldiers in ridicule of their companions,

or perhaps of their officers; and there are abundance of names inſcribed on various parts of the wall, according to the univerſal cuſtom of the humbleſt candidates for fame in all ages and countries. It may be ſafely aſſerted, that none of thoſe who have endeavoured to tranſmit their names to poſterity in this manner, have ſucceeded ſo well as the ſoldiers of the garriſon of Pompeia.

At a conſiderable diſtance from the barrack, is a building, known by the inſcription upon it, for a temple of the goddeſs Iſis; there is nothing very magnificent in its appearance; the pillars are of brick, ſtuccoed like thoſe of the guard-room. The beſt paintings, hitherto found at Pompeia, are thoſe of this temple; they have been cut out of the walls and removed to Portici. It was abſolutely neceſſary to do this with the pictures at Herculaneum, becauſe *there* they could not be ſeen without the help of torches; but *here*, where they could

could be ſeen by the light of the Sun, they would, in my humble opinion, have appeared to more advantage, and have had a better effect in the identical ſituation in which they were placed by the ancient artiſt. A few ſtill remain, particularly one, which is conſidered by travellers as a great curioſity; it is a ſmall view of a villa, with the gardens belonging to it.

There is one houſe or villa without the walls, on a much larger ſcale than any of the others. In a large cellar, or vaulted gallery, belonging to this houſe, there are a number of amphoræ, or earthen veſſels, arranged along the walls; moſt of them filled with a kind of red ſubſtance, ſuppoſed to have been wine. This cellar is ſunk about two-thirds below the ſurface of the ground, and is lighted by ſmall narrow windows. I have called it Gallery, becauſe it is about twelve feet in width, and is the whole length of two adjoining ſides of the ſquare which the

villa forms. It was uſed not only as a repoſitory for wine, but alſo as a cool retreat for the family during exceſſive hot weather. Some of this unfortunate family ſought ſhelter in this place from the deſtructive ſhower which overwhelmed the town. Eight ſkeletons, four being thoſe of children, were found here; where they muſt have met a more cruel and lingering death, than that which they ſhunned. In one room, the body of a man was found with an ax in the hand; it is probable he had been endeavouring to cut a paſſage into the open air; he had broken and pierced the wall, but had expired before he could clear away the ſurrounding rubbiſh. Few ſkeletons were found in the ſtreets, but a conſiderable number in the houſes. Before the deciſive ſhower fell, which ſmothered the inhabitants of this ill-fated city, perhaps ſuch quantities of aſhes and cinders were occaſionally falling, as frightened, and obliged them to keep within doors.

It is impoſſible to view thoſe ſkeletons, and reflect on this dreadful cataſtrophe, without horror and compaſſion. We cannot think of the inhabitants of a whole town being deſtroyed at once, without imagining that their fate has been uncommonly ſevere. But are not the inhabitants of all the towns then exiſting, of whom we think without any emotion of pity, as completely dead as thoſe of Pompeia? And could we take them one by one, and conſider the nature of their deaths, and the circumſtances attending that of each individual; ſome deſtroyed by painful bodily diſeaſes, ſome by the torture of the executioner, ſome bowed to the grave by the weight of accumulated ſorrow, and the ſlow anguiſh of a broken heart, after having ſuffered the pangs of diſſolution over and over again, in the death of thoſe they loved; after having beheld the dying agonies of their children; could all this, I ſay, be appraiſed, calculated, and compared, the balance of

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suffering might not be found with the inhabitants of Pompeia, but rather with those of the contemporary cities, who, perhaps at that time, as we do now, lamented its severe fate.

LETTER LX.

Naples.

AS I ſauntered along the Strada Nuova lately, I perceived a groupe of people liſtening, with much attention, to a perſon who harangued them in a raiſed ſolemn voice, and with great geſticulation. I immediately made one of the auditory, which increaſed every moment; men, women, and children bringing ſeats from the neighbouring houſes, on which they placed themſelves around the orator. He repeated ſtanzas from Arioſto, in a pompous recitativo cadence, peculiar to the natives of Italy; and he had a book in his hand, to aſſiſt his memory when it failed. He made occaſional commentaries in proſe, by way of bringing the Poet's expreſſion nearer to the level of his hearers capacities. His cloak hung looſe from one ſhoulder;

his right arm was diſengaged, for the purpoſes of oratory. Sometimes he waved it with a ſlow, ſmooth motion, which accorded with the cadence of the verſes; ſometimes he preſſed it to his breaſt, to give energy to the pathetic ſentiments of the Poet. Now he gathered the hanging folds of the right ſide of his cloak, and held them gracefully up, in imitation of a Roman ſenator; and anon he ſwung them acroſs his left ſhoulder, like a citizen of Naples. He humoured the ſtanza by his voice, which he could modulate to the key of any paſſion, from the boiſterous burſts of rage, to the ſoft notes of pity or love. But when he came to deſcribe the exploits of Orlando, he truſted neither to the powers of his own voice, nor the Poet's genius; but, throwing off his cloak, and graſping his cane, he aſſumed the warlike attitude and ſtern countenance of that hero; repreſenting, by the moſt animated action, how he drove his ſpear through the bodies of ſix of his enemies at once; the

point

point at the ſame time killing a ſeventh, who would alſo have remained transfixed with his companions, if the ſpear could have held more than ſix men of an ordinary ſize upon it at a time.

Il Cavalier d'Anglante ove pui ſpeſſe
Vide le genti e l'arme, abbaſſò l'aſta,
Ed uno in quella, e poſcia un altro meſſe
E un altro, e un altro, che ſembrar di paſta,
E fino a ſei ve n'infilzò, e li reſſe
Tutti una lancia; e perche' ella non baſta
A piu Capir, laſciò il ſettimo fuore
Ferito ſi che di quel colpo muore *.

This ſtanza our declaimer had no occaſion to comment upon, as Arioſto has thought fit to illuſtrate it in a manner which ſeemed highly to the taſte of this audience. For, in the verſe immediately following, Orlando is compared to a man killing frogs in marſhy ground, with a bow and arrow

* The knight of Aglant now has couch'd his ſpear,
Where cloſely preſt the men and arms appear:
Firſt one, and then another, helpleſs dies;
Thro' fix at once the lance impetuous flies,
And in the ſeventh inflicts ſo deep a wound,
That prone he tumbles lifeleſs to the ground.
HOOLE.

made

made for that purpoſe; an amuſement very common in Italy, and ſtill more ſo in France.

Non altrimente nell' eſtrema arena
Veggiam le rane de' canali e foſſe
Dal cauto arcier ne i fianchi, e nella ſchiena
L'una vicina all' altera eſſer percoſſe,
Ne dalla freccia, fin che tutta piena
Non ſia da un capo all' altero eſſer rimoſſe †.

I muſt however do this audience the juſtice to acknowledge, that they ſeemed to feel the pathetic and ſublime, as well as the ludicrous parts of the ancient bard.

This practice of rehearſing the verſes of Arioſto, Taſſo, and other poets, in the ſtreet, I have not obſerved in any other town of Italy; and I am told it is leſs common here than it was formerly. I remember indeed, at Venice, to have frequently ſeen mountebanks, who gained their livelihood by amuſing the populace at St. Mark's Place, with wonderful and

† Thus, by ſome ſtanding pool or marſhy place,
We ſee an archer ſlay the croaking race
With pointed arrow, nor the ſlaughter leave,
Till the full weapon can no more receive.
HOOLE.

romantic

romantic ſtories in proſe.—"Liſten, Gen-
"tlemen," ſaid one of them; "let
"me crave your attention, ye beauti-
"ful and virtuous ladies; I have ſome-
"thing equally affecting and wonderful
"to tell you; a ſtrange and ſtupendous
"adventure, which happened to a gallant
"knight."—Perceiving that this did not ſufficiently intereſt the hearers, he exalted his voice, calling out that his Knight was uno Cavalliero Criſtiano. The audience ſeemed ſtill a little fluctuating. He raiſed his voice a note higher, telling them that this Chriſtian Knight was one of their own victorious countrymen, "un' Eroe Vene-
"ziano." This fixed them; and he proceeded to relate how the Knight, going to join the Chriſtian army, which was on its march to recover the Sepulchre of Chriſt from the hands of the Infidels, loſt his way in a vaſt wood, and wandered at length to a caſtle, in which a lady of tranſcendent beauty was kept priſoner by a gigantic Saracen, who, having failed in all

his

his endeavours to gain the heart of this peerleſs damſel, reſolved to gratify his paſſion by force; and had actually begun the horrid attempt, when the ſhrieks of this chaſte maiden reached the ears of the Venetian hero; who, ever ready to relieve virgins in diſtreſs, ruſhed into the apartment from whence the cries iſſued. The brutal raviſher, alarmed at the noiſe, quits the ſtruggling lady, at the very inſtant when her ſtrength began to fail; draws his flaming ſword; and a dreadful combat begins between him and the Chriſtian Knight, who performs miracles of courage and addreſs in reſiſting the blows of this mighty giant, till his foot unfortunately ſlipping in the blood which flowed on the pavement, he fell at the feet of the Saracen, who, immediately ſeizing the advantage which chance gave him, raiſed his ſword with all his might, and——. Here the orator's hat flew to the ground, open to receive the contributions of the liſteners; and he continued repeating, " raiſed

" his

" his ſword over the head of the Chriſtian " Knight"—" raiſed his bloody, murder- " ous brand, to deſtroy your noble, va- " liant countryman."—But he proceeded no farther in his narrative, till all who ſeemed intereſted in it had thrown ſomething into the hat. He then pocketed the money with great gravity, and went on to inform them, that at this critical moment, the Lady, ſeeing the danger which threatened her deliverer, redoubled her prayers to the Bleſſed Mary, who, a virgin herſelf, is peculiarly attentive and propitious to the prayers of virgins. Juſt as the Saracen's ſword was deſcending on the head of the Venetian, a large bee flew, quick as thought, in at the window, ſtung the former very ſmartly on the left temple, diverted the blow, and gave the Chriſtian Knight time to recover himſelf. The fight then recommenced with freſh fury; but, after the Virgin Mary had taken ſuch a decided part, you may believe it was no match. The Infidel ſoon fell dead at the

feet of the Believer. But who do you think this beauteous maiden was, on whoſe account the combat had begun? Why no other than the ſiſter of the Venetian Hero. —This young lady had been ſtolen from her father's houſe, while ſhe was yet a child, by an Armenian merchant, who dealt in no other goods than women. He concealed the child till he found means to carry her to Egypt; where he kept her in bondage, with other young girls, till the age of fifteen, and then ſold her to the Saracen. I do not exactly remember whether the recognition between the brother and ſiſter was made out by means of a mole on the young lady's neck, or by a bracelet on her arm, which, with ſome other of her mother's jewels, happened to be in her pocket when ſhe was ſtolen; but, in whatever manner this came about, there was the greateſt joy on the happy occaſion; and the lady joined the army with her brother, and one of the Chriſtian commanders fell in love with her, and

their nuptials were ſolemnized at Jeruſalem; and they returned to Venice, and had a very numerous family of the fineſt children you ever beheld.

At Rome, thoſe ſtreet-orators ſometimes entertain their audience with intereſting paſſages of real hiſtory. I remember having heard one, in particular, give a full and true account how the bloody heathen emperor Nero ſet fire to the city of Rome, and ſat at a window of his golden palace, playing on a harp, while the town was in flames. After which the Hiſtorian proceeded to relate, how this unnatural emperor murdered his own mother; and he concluded by giving the audience the ſatisfaction of hearing a particular detail of all the ignominious circumſtances attending the murderer's own death.

This buſineſs of ſtreet-oratory, while it amuſes the populace, and keeps them from leſs innocent and more expenſive paſtimes,

gives them at the ſame time ſome general ideas of hiſtory. Street orators, therefore, are a more uſeful ſet of men than another claſs, of which there are numbers at Rome, who entertain companies with extemporaneous verſes on any given ſubject. The laſt are called Improuviſatori; and ſome people admire theſe performances greatly. For my own part, I am too poor a judge of the Italian language either to admire or condemn them; but, from the nature of the thing, I ſhould imagine they are but indifferent. It is ſaid, that the Italian is peculiarly calculated for poetry, and that verſes may be made with more facility in this than in any other language. It may be more eaſy to find ſmooth lines, and make them terminate in rhime in Italian, than in any language; but to compoſe verſes with all the qualities eſſential to good poetry, I imagine leiſure and long reflection are requiſite. Indeed I underſtand, from thoſe who are judges, that thoſe extempore compoſitions of the

Improu-

Improuviſatori are in general but mean productions, conſiſting of a few fulſome compliments to the company, and ſome common-place obſervations, put into rhime, on the ſubject propoſed. There is, however, a lady of an amiable character, Signora Corilla, whoſe extempore productions, which ſhe repeats in the moſt graceful manner, are admired by people of real taſte. While we were at Rome, this lady made an appearance one evening, at the aſſembly of the Arcadi, which charmed a very numerous company; and of which our friend Mr. Ramſay has given me ſuch an account, as makes me regret that I was not preſent. After much entreaty, a ſubject being given, ſhe began, accompanied by two violins, and ſung her unpremeditated ſtrains with great variety of thought and elegance of language. The whole of her performance laſted above an hour, with three or four pauſes, of about five minutes each, which ſeemed neceſſary, more that ſhe might recover her ſtrength and voice,

than for recollection; for that gentleman ſaid, that nothing could have more the air of inſpiration, or what we are told of the Pythian Propheteſs. At her firſt ſetting out, her manner was ſedate, or rather cold; but gradually becoming animated, her voice roſe, her eyes ſparkled, and the rapidity and beauty of her expreſſions and ideas ſeemed ſupernatural. She at laſt called on another member of the ſociety to ſing alternately with her, which he complied with; but Mr. Ramſay thought, though they were *Arcades ambo*, they were by no means *cantare pares* *.

Naples is celebrated for the fineſt opera in Europe. This however happens not to be the ſeaſon of performing; but the common people enjoy *their* operas at all ſeaſons. Little concerts of vocal and inſtrumental muſic are heard every evening in the Strada Nuova, the Chiaca, the Strada di Toledo, and other ſtreets; and

* Both Arcadians, but not equally ſkilled in finging.

young

young men and women are ſeen dancing to the muſic of ambulatory performers all along this delightful bay. To a mere ſpectator, the amuſements of the common people afford more delight than thoſe of the great; becauſe they ſeem to be more enjoyed by the one claſs, than by the other. This is the caſe every where, except in France; where the high appear as happy as thoſe of middle rank, and the rich are very near as merry as the poor. But in moſt other countries, the people of great rank and fortune, though they flock to every kind of entertainment, from not knowing what to do with themſelves, yet ſeem to enjoy them leſs than thoſe of inferior rank and fortune.

The Engliſh particularly are ſaid to be in this predicament. This may be true in ſome degree; though I imagine there is more appearance than reality in it; owing to an abſurd affectation of indifference, or what the French call *nonchalance*, which has

prevailed of late years. A few inſipid characters in high life, whoſe internal vacancy leads them to ſeek amuſement in public places, and whoſe inſenſibility prevents them from finding it, have probably brought this appearance of a want of all enjoyment into faſhion. Thoſe who wiſh to be thought of what is called the *ton*, imitate the mawkiſh inſipidity of their ſuperiors in rank, and imagine it diſtinguiſhes them from the vulgar, to ſuppreſs all the natural expreſſions of pity, joy, or admiration, and to ſeem, upon all occaſions, in a ſtate of complete apathy.—Thoſe amiable creatures frequent public places, that it may be ſaid of them, *They are not as other men are*. You will ſee them occaſionally at the playhouſe, placed in the boxes, like ſo many buſts, with unchanging features; and while the reſt of the audience yield to the emotions excited by the poet and the actors, thoſe men of the *ton* preſerve the moſt dignified ſerenity of countenance; and, except that they, from

from time to time, pronounce the words *Pſhaw!* and *Stuff!*—one would think them the expreſs repreſentatives of the Pagan gods, who *have eyes but do not ſee, and ears but do not hear.*

I know not what may be the caſe at the opera; but I can aſſure you there are none of thoſe buſts among the auditories which the ſtreet-performers at Naples gather around them. I ſaw very lately a large cluſter of men, women, and children, entertained to the higheſt degree, and to all appearance made exceedingly happy, by a poor fellow with a maſk on his face, and a guitar in his hands. He aſſembled his audience by the ſongs he ſung to the muſic of his inſtrument, and by a thouſand merry ſtories he told them with infinite drollery. This aſſembly was in an open place, facing the bay, and near the palace. The old women ſat liſtening, with their diſtaffs, ſpinning a kind of coarſe flax, and wetting the thread with their ſpittle; their grand-

children

children ſprawled at their feet, amuſed with the twirling of the ſpindle. The men and their wives, the youths and their miſtreſſes, ſat in a circle, with their eyes fixed on the muſician, who kept them laughing for a great part of the evening with his ſtories, which he enlivened occaſionally with tunes upon the guitar. At length, when the company was moſt numerous, and at the higheſt pitch of good humour, he ſuddenly pulled off his maſk, laid down his guitar, and opened a little box which ſtood before him, and addreſſed the audience in the following words, as literally as I can tranſlate them :——

" Ladies and gentlemen, there is a time
" for all things; we have had enough
" of jeſting; innocent mirth is excellent
" for the health of the body, but other
" things are requiſite for the health of
" the ſoul. I will now, with your per-
" miſſion, my honourable maſters and miſ-
" treſſes, entertain you with ſomething

" ſerious,

" ſerious, and of infinitely greater import-
" ance; ſomething for which all of you
" will have reaſon to bleſs me as long as
" you live." Here he ſhook out of a bag a great number of little leaden crucifixes.—
" I am juſt come from the Holy Houſe of
" Loretto, my fellow chriſtians," continued he, " on purpoſe to furniſh you with
" thoſe jewels, more precious than all the
" gold of Peru, and all the pearls of the
" ocean. Now, my beloved brethren and
" ſiſters, you are afraid that I ſhall de-
" mand a price for thoſe ſacred croſſes,
" far above your abilities, and ſomething
" correſpondent with their value, by way
" of indemnification for the fatigue and
" expence of the long journey which I
" have made on your account, all the way
" from the habitation of the Bleſſed Vir-
" gin to this thrice renowned city of Na-
" ples, the riches and liberality of whoſe
" inhabitants are celebrated all over the
" globe. No, my generous Neapolitans;

" I do

" I do not wiſh to take the advantage of " your pious and liberal diſpoſitions. I " will not aſk for thoſe invaluable cruci- " fixes (all of which, let me inform you, " have touched the foot of the holy " image of the Bleſſed Virgin, which was " formed by the hands of St. Luke; and, " moreover, each of them has been ſhaken " in the Santiſſima Scodella, the ſacred " porringer in which the Virgin made " the pap for the infant Jeſus); I will not, " I ſay, aſk an ounce of gold, no not " even a crown of ſilver; my regard for " you is ſuch, that I ſhall let you have " them for a penny a-piece,"

You muſt acknowledge, my friend, that this morſel of eloquence was a very great pennyworth; and when we recollect the ſums that ſome of our acquaintance receive for their oratory, though they never could produce ſo pathetic a ſpecimen, you will naturally conclude, that eloquence is a much rarer commodity in England than in Italy.

LETTER LXI.

Naples.

I HAVE made two viſits to Mount Veſuvius, the firſt in company with your acquaintance Mr. Niſbet. Leaving the carriage at Herculaneum, we mounted mules, and were attended by three men, whoſe buſineſs it is to accompany ſtrangers up the mountain. Being arrived at a hermitage, called Il Salvatore, we found the road ſo broken and rough, that we thought proper to leave the mules at that place, which is inhabited by a French hermit. The poor man muſt have a very bad opinion of mankind, to chooſe the mouth of Mount Veſuvius for his neareſt neighbour, in preference to their ſociety. From the hermitage we walked over various fields of lava, which have burſt out at different periods. Theſe ſeemed to be perfectly

perfectly well known to our guides, who mentioned their different dates as we paſſed. The lateſt appeared, before we left Rome, about two months ago; it was, however, but inconſiderable in compariſon of other eruptions, there having been no burſting of the crater, or of the ſide of the mountain, as in the eruption of 1767, ſo well deſcribed by Sir William Hamilton; but only a boiling over of lava from the mouth of the volcano, and that not in exceſſive quantity; for it had done no damage to the vineyards or cultivated parts of the mountain, having reached no farther than the old black lava on which ſoil had not as yet been formed. I was ſurpriſed to ſee this lava of the laſt eruption ſtill ſmoking, and in ſome places, where a conſiderable quantity was confined in a kind of deep path like a dry ditch, and ſhaded from the light of the Sun, it appeared of a glowing red colour. In other places, notwithſtanding its being perfectly black and ſolid, it ſtill retained

ſuch

ſuch a degree of heat, that we could not ſtand upon it for any conſiderable time, but were obliged very frequently to ſtep on the ground, or on older lava, to cool our feet. We had advanced a good way on a large piece of the lateſt lava, which was perfectly black and hard, and ſeemed cooler than the reſt; while from this we looked at a ſtream of liquid lava, which flowed ſluggiſhly along a hollow way at ſome diſtance. I accidentally threw my eyes below my feet, and perceived ſomething, which mightily diſcompoſed my contemplations. This was a ſmall ſtream of the ſame matter, gliding to one ſide from beneath the black cruſt on which we ſtood. The idea of this cruſt giving way, and our ſinking into the glowing liquid which it covered, made us ſhift our ground with great precipitation; which one of our guides obſerving, he called out, "Animo, animo, Signori!" and immediately jumped on the incruſtation which we had abandoned, and danced above it, to ſhew

that it was ſufficiently ſtrong, and that we had no reaſon to be afraid. We afterwards threw large ſtones of the heavieſt kind we could find, into this rivulet, on whoſe ſurface they floated like cork in water; and on thruſting a ſtick into the ſtream, it required a conſiderable exertion of ſtrength to make it enter. About this time the day began to overcaſt; this deſtroyed our hopes of enjoying the view from the top of the mountain, and we were not tempted to aſcend any farther.

Some time after, I went to the ſummit with another party;—but I think it fair to inform you, that I have nothing new to ſay on the ſubject of volcanoes, nor any philoſophical remarks to make upon lavas. I have no gueſs of what time may be neceſſary for the formation of ſoil, nor do I know whether it accumulates in a regular progreſſion, or is accelerated or retarded by various accidents, which may lead us into infinite errors, when we calculate time

time by ſuch a rule. I have not the ſmalleſt wiſh to inſinuate that the world is an hour older than Moſes makes it; becauſe I imagine thoſe gentlemen whoſe calculations differ from his, are very nearly as liable to be miſtaken as he was; becauſe an attempt to prove it more ancient, can be no ſervice to mankind; and finally, becauſe unleſs it could at the ſame time be proved that the world has acquired wiſdom in proportion to its years, ſuch an attempt conveys an oblique reflection on its character; for many follies may be overlooked and forgiven to a world of only five or ſix thouſand years of age, which would be quite unpardonable at a more advanced period of exiſtence. Having forewarned you that I ſhall treat of none of thoſe matters, but ſimply deſcribe what I ſaw, and mention, perhaps, a few incidents, none of which, I confeſs, are of great importance, I leave it in your choice to aſcend the mountain with me, or not, as you pleaſe.

Having proceeded on mules as far as on the former occaſion, we walked to that part of the mountain which is almoſt perpendicular. This appears of no great height, yet thoſe who have never before attempted this aſcent, fatigue themſelves here much more than during all the reſt of the journey, notwithſtanding their being aſſiſted by laying hold of the belts which the guides wear about their waiſts for that purpoſe. This part of the mountain appearing much ſhorter than it really is, people are tempted to make a violent effort, in the expectation of ſurmounting the difficulty at once; but the cinders, aſhes, and other droſſy materials giving way, the foot generally ſinks back two-thirds of each ſtep; ſo that beſides the height being greater than it appears, you have all the fatigue of aſcending a hill three times as high as this is in reality. Thoſe, therefore, who ſet out too briſkly at firſt, and do not huſband their ſtrength at the beginning, have reaſon to repent

their imprudence, being obliged to throw many a longing look, and make many a fruitleſs vow, before they, with the wretched guide who lugs them along, can arrive, panting and breathleſs, at the top; like thoſe young men who, having waſted their vigour in early exceſſes, and brought on premature old age, link themſelves to ſome ill-fated woman, who drags them, tormenting and tormented, to the grave.

Thoſe who wiſh to view Mount Veſuvius to the greateſt advantage, muſt begin their expedition in the evening; and the darker the ſucceeding night happens to be, ſo much the better. By the time our company had arrived at the top of the mountain, there was hardly any other light than that which iſſued by interrupted flaſhes from the volcano.

Excluſive of thoſe periods when there are actual eruptions, the appearance and quantity of what iſſues from the mountain are very various; ſometimes, for a long

ſpace of time together, it ſeems in a ſtate of almoſt perfect tranquillity; nothing but a ſmall quantity of ſmoke aſcending from the volcano, as if that vaſt magazine of fuel, which has kept it alive for ſo many ages, was at laſt exhauſted, and nothing remained but the dying embers; then, perhaps, when leaſt expected, the cloud of ſmoke thickens, and is intermixed with flame; at other times, quantities of pumice ſtone and aſhes are thrown up with a kind of hiſſing noiſe. For near a week the mountain has been more turbulent than at any time ſince the ſmall eruption, or rather boiling over of lava, which took place about two months ago; and while we remained at the top, the exploſions were of ſufficient importance to ſatisfy our curioſity to the utmoſt. They appeared much more conſiderable there than we had imagined while at a greater diſtance; each of them was preceded by a noiſe like thunder within the mountain; a column of thick black ſmoke then iſſued out

out with great rapidity, followed by a blaze of flame; and immediately after, a ſhower of cinders and aſhes, or red hot ſtones, were thrown into the ſky. This was ſucceeded by a calm of a few minutes, during which nothing iſſued but a moderate quantity of ſmoke and flame, which gradually increaſed, and terminated in thunder and exploſion as before. Theſe acceſſes and intervals continued with varied force while we remained.

When we firſt arrived, our guides placed us at a reaſonable diſtance from the mouth of the volcano, and on the ſide from which the wind came, ſo that we were no way incommoded by the ſmoke. In this ſituation the wind alſo bore to the oppoſite ſide the cinders, aſhes, and other fiery ſubſtances, which were thrown up; and we ran no danger of being hurt, except when the exploſion was very violent, and when red hot ſtones, and ſuch heavy ſubſtances, were thrown like ſky-

rockets, with a great noiſe and prodigious force, into the air; and even theſe make ſuch a flaming appearance, and take ſo much time in deſcending, that they are eaſily avoided.

Mr. Brydone, in his admirable account of Mount Ætna, tells us, he was informed that, in an eruption of that mountain, large rocks of fire were diſcharged, with a noiſe much more terrible than that of thunder; that the perſon who informed him, reckoned from the time of their greateſt elevation till they reached the ground, and found they took twenty-one ſeconds to deſcend; from whence he concludes their elevation had been ſeven thouſand feet. This unqueſtionably required a power of projection far ſuperior to what Veſuvius has been known to exert. He himſelf meaſured the height of the exploſions of the latter by the ſame rule; and the ſtones thrown the higheſt, never took above nine ſeconds to deſcend; which,

by

by the ſame method of calculating, ſhews they had riſen to little more than twelve hundred feet.—A pretty tolerable height, and might have ſatisfied the ambition of Veſuvius, if the ſtones of Ætna had not been ſaid to have mounted ſo much higher. But before ſuch an exceſſive ſuperiority is granted to the latter, thoſe who are acquainted with Mr. Brydone will recollect, that they have his own authority for the one fact, and that of another perſon for the other.

After having remained ſome time at the place where they were poſted by the guides, our company grew bolder, as they became more familiariſed to the object. Some made the circuit of the volcano, and by that means increaſed the riſque of being wounded by the ſtones thrown out. Your young friend Jack was a good deal hurt by a fall, as he ran to avoid a large portion of ſome fiery ſubſtance, which ſeemed to be falling directly on his head.

Conſidering the raſh and frolickſome diſpoſition of ſome who viſit this mountain, it is very remarkable that ſo few fatal accidents happen. I have heard of young Engliſh gentlemen betting, who ſhould venture fartheſt, or remain longeſt, near the mouth of the volcano. A very dreadful event had nearly taken place while our company remained. The bank, if it may be ſo called, on which ſome of them had ſtood when they looked into the volcano, actually fell in before we left the ſummit of the mountain. This made an impreſſion on all preſent, and inclined them to abandon ſo treacherous a neighbourhood. The ſteep hill of droſs and cinders, which we had found it ſo difficult to aſcend, we deſcended in a twinkling; but, as the night was uncommonly dark, we had much trouble in paſſing over the rough valley between that and the Hermitage, near which the mules waited. I ought to be aſhamed, however, to mention the fatigue of this expedition; for two la-

dies, natives of Geneva, formed part of the company. One of them, big with child, accompanied her huſband as far as the Hermitage, and was then with difficulty perſuaded to go back; the other actually went to the ſummit, and returned with the reſt of the company.

Before we ſet out for Naples, we were refreſhed, at a little inn at the bottom of the mountain, with ſome glaſſes of a very generous and palatable wine, called *Lachrima Chriſti;* and experienced the truth of what an Italian Poet obſerved, that the effects of this wine form a ſtrong contraſt with its name:

Chi fu, ne Contadini il più indiſcreto,
Che à ſbigottir la gente,
Diede nome dolente,
Al vin, che ſopra ogn' altro il cuor fà lieto?
Lachrima dunque appellaraſſi un' riſo,
Parto di nobiliſſima vindema*.

* What inconſiderate fellow, to terrify people, could firſt give the mournful name of tears to that wine which, above all others, renders the heart glad, and excites cheerfulneſs?

LETTER LXII.

Naples.

YOUR account of our friend's ſtate of health gives me much concern; the more, as I cannot approve the change he has made of a phyſician. You ſay, the doctor, under whoſe care he is at preſent, has employed his mind ſo entirely in medical reſearches, that he ſcarcely diſplays a grain of common ſenſe, when the converſation turns on any other ſubject; and that, although he ſeems opinionative, vain, and oſtentatious in his profeſſion, and full of falſe and abſurd ideas in the common affairs of life, yet he is a very able phyſician, and has performed many wonderful cures. Be aſſured, my dear Sir, that this is impoſſible; for medical ſkill is not like the rod of an inchanter, which may be found accidentally, and which transfers its

its miraculous powers indiſcriminately to a blockhead or a man of ſenſe. The number of weak, goſſipping men, who have made fortunes by this profeſſion, do not prove the contrary. I do not ſay that men of that kind cannot make fortunes; I only aſſert they are not the moſt likely to cure diſeaſes. An intereſt with apothecaries, nurſes, and a few talkative old ladies, will enable them to do the firſt; but a clear underſtanding, and a conſiderable ſhare of natural ſagacity, are qualities eſſentially neceſſary for the ſecond, and for every buſineſs which requires reflection. Without theſe, falſe inferences will be drawn from experience itſelf; and learning will tend to confirm a man in his errors, and to render him more completely a coxcomb.

The profeſſion of phyſic is that, of all others, in which the generality of mankind have the feweſt lights, by which they can diſcern the abilities of its profeſſors; becauſe the ſtudies which lead to it are more

more out of the road of uſual education, and the practice more enveloped in technical terms and hieroglyphical ſigns. But I imagine the ſafeſt criterion by which men, who have not been bred to that profeſſion, can form a judgment of thoſe who have, is, the degree of ſagacity and penetration they diſcover on ſubjects equally open to mankind in general, and which ought to be underſtood by all who live in ſociety. You do not mention particularly what has been preſcribed by either; only that the former phyſician ſeemed to rely almoſt entirely on exerciſe and regimen, whereas the preſent flatters our friend with a ſpeedy cure, by the help of the Pectoral and Balſamic medicines which he orders in ſuch abundance; and which he declares are ſo efficacious in *pulmonary conſumptions.*

Having lamented with you the mournful events which render the name of that diſeaſe peculiarly alarming to you, and knowing

knowing your friendly ſolicitude about Mr. ——, I do not wonder at your earneſt deſire to know ſomething of the nature of a diſtemper with which he is threatened, and which has proved fatal to ſo many of our friends. But I am ſurpriſed that you have not choſen a more enlightened inſtructor, when you have ſo many around you. Though conſcious that I have no juſt claim to all the obliging expreſſions which your partiality to my opinions has prompted you to make uſe of, yet I am too much flattered by ſome of them, to refuſe complying with your requeſt. My ſentiments, ſuch as they are, will at leaſt have the merit of being clearly underſtood. I ſhall obſerve your prohibition, not to refer you to any medical book; and ſhall carefully avoid all technical terms, which you ſo much abominate. With regard to your ſhewing my Letter to any of the faculty; if you find yourſelf ſo inclined, I have not the ſmalleſt objection; for thoſe who

who have the greateſt knowledge in their profeſſion, are beſt acquainted with its uncertainty, and moſt indulgent to the miſtakes or errors of others.

Alas, my friend! how is it poſſible that phyſicians ſhould avoid miſtakes? If the ableſt mechanic were to attempt to remedy the irregular movements of a watch, while he remained ignorant of the ſtructure and manner of acting of ſome of the principal ſprings, would he not be in danger of doing harm inſtead of good? Phyſicians are in the ſituation of ſuch a mechanic; for, although it is evident that the nerves are the organs of motions and ſenſation, yet their ſtructure is not known. Some anatomiſts aſſert they are impervious cords; others, that they are ſlender tubes, containing a fluid. But what the nature of this fluid is; whether it ſerves only to nouriſh the nerves themſelves, or is the medium by which they convey feeling and the power of motion to other parts, is not aſcer-

aſcertained even by thoſe who argue for its exiſtence; far leſs is it explained in what manner ideas, formed within the brain, can, by the means of ſolid cords, or by a fluid contained in tubes, communicate motion at pleaſure to the legs and arms. We are ignorant why the will, which has no influence over the motion of an animal's heart, ſhould find the feet obedient to her dictates; and we can no more explain how a man can move one leg over the other by volition, or the mere act of willing, than how he could, by the ſame means, move Oſſa on the top of Olympus. The one happens every moment, the other would be conſidered as a miracle; but they are equally unaccountable. While parts ſo infinitely eſſential to life are not underſtood, inſtead of being ſurpriſed that ſo many diſeaſes baffle the ſkill of the phyſician, we have more reaſon to be aſtoniſhed that any can be alleviated or cured by his art.

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The pen of the ſatiriſt, no doubt, may be fairly aimed againſt the preſumption and ignorance of many individuals of this, as of every other profeſſion; but cannot with juſtice be directed againſt the art itſelf: ſince, in ſpite of the obſcurity which ſtill involves ſome parts of the animal economy, many diſorders are relieved, and ſome of the ſevereſt and moſt diſagreeable to which the human body is liable, are cured with certainty by the art of medicine.

Unfortunately for mankind, and in a particular manner for the inhabitants of Great Britain, the pulmonary conſumption is not of the number.

This diſeaſe may originate from various cauſes:

1ſt. An external bruiſe or wound.

2d. The diſeaſe called pleuriſy, including in that term an inflammation of the lungs themſelves, as well as the membrane which covers them.

3d.

3d. The burſting of ſome of the blood-veſſels of the lungs, independent of external injury, and owing to a faulty conformation of the cheſt, and the ſlenderneſs of the veſſels.

4th. Certain ſmall tumours called tubercles, in the lungs.

The firſt cauſe I have mentioned, is an external bruiſe or wound.

An accident of that kind happening to the lungs, is more dangerous and difficult to cure, than when the ſame takes place in moſt other parts of the body; becauſe the lungs are vital organs, eſſentially neceſſary to life, and when their motion is impaired, other animal functions are thereby injured; becauſe they are of an uncommonly delicate texture, in which a rupture having once taken place, will be apt to increaſe; becauſe they are in conſtant motion and expoſed to the acceſs of external air, both of which circumſtances are unfavourable to the healing of wounds,

and becauſe the maſs of blood diſtributed to the whole body paſſes previouſly through the lungs, and conſequently the blood-veſſels of this organ are more numerous than thoſe of any other part of the body.

When we conſider theſe peculiarities, it is natural to conclude, that every wound of the lungs muſt neceſſarily prove mortal; but experience has taught the contrary. Many wounds of the lungs heal of themſelves, by what is called, the firſt intention. The phyſician may prevent a fever, by ordering the patient to loſe blood in proper quantities, and he may regulate the diet; but the cure muſt be left to nature, which ſhe will perform with greater certainty, if ſhe is not diſturbed by any of thoſe balſams which the wounded are ſometimes directed to ſwallow on ſuch occaſions. But when the wound, either from injudicious treatment, or from its ſize, or from the bad habit of the patient, degenerates into an ulcer at-

tended with hectic ſymptoms, the diſeaſe muſt be treated as if it had ariſen from any of the other cauſes.

The pleuriſy, or inflammation of the lungs, is a diſeaſe more frequent in cold countries than in mild; in the ſpring than in the other ſeaſons; and more apt to ſeize people of a ſanguine conſtitution than others.

Plentiful and repeated bleedings, fomentations, bliſters near the affected part, and a cooling, diluting regimen, generally remove it, without its leaving any bad conſequence. Sometimes, by the omiſſion of bleeding in due quantity at the beginning, and ſometimes in ſpite of all poſſible care, it terminates in an abſceſs, which, on burſting, may ſuffocate the patient; or, if the matter is coughed up, becomes an open ulcer, and produces the diſeaſe in queſtion.

The third cauſe of the pulmonary conſumption above mentioned, is, a ſpitting

of blood, from the burſting of veſſels of the lungs, independent of external wound or bruiſe. People of a fair complexion, delicate ſkin, ſlender make, long neck, and narrow cheſt, are more ſubject to this than others. Thoſe who have a prediſpoſition to this complaint, by their form, are moſt apt to be attacked after their full growth: women from fifteen to three-and-thirty; men two or three years later. In Great Britain, a ſpitting of blood generally occurs to thoſe prediſpoſed to it, in the ſpring, or beginning of ſummer, when the weather ſuddenly changes from cold to exceſſive hot; and when the heat is ſuppoſed to rarify the blood, before the ſolids are proportionably relaxed from the contracted ſtate they acquire during the cold of winter. When a ſpitting of blood happens to a perſon who has actually loſt brothers or ſiſters, or other near relations, by the pulmonary conſumption, as that circumſtance gives reaſon to ſuſpect a family taint,

taint, or prediſpoſition, the caſe will, on that account, be more dangerous.

Violent exerciſe may occaſion the rupture of blood-veſſels in the lungs, even in thoſe who have no hereditary diſpoſition to ſuch an accident; it ought therefore to be carefully avoided by all who have. Violent exerciſe, in the ſpring, is more dangerous than in other ſeaſons; and, when taken at the top of high mountains, by thoſe who do not uſually reſide there, it has been conſidered as more dangerous than in vallies. The ſudden diminution of the weight of the atmoſphere, co-operating with the exerciſe, renders the veſſels more apt to break. Of all things the moſt pernicious to people prediſpoſed to a ſpitting of blood, is, playing upon wind-inſtruments. Previous to the ſpitting of blood, ſome perceive an uneaſineſs in the cheſt, an oppreſſion on the breath, and a ſaltiſh taſte in the ſpittle; but theſe ſymptoms are not conſtant.

Nothing can be more inſidious than the approaches of this diſeaſe ſometimes are. The ſubſtance of the lungs, which is ſo full of blood-veſſels, is not ſupplied ſo liberally with nerves; the lungs, therefore, may be materially affected, before danger is indicated by acute pain. And it ſometimes happens, that people of the make above deſcribed are, in the bloom of life, and generally in the ſpring of the year, ſeized with a ſlight cough, which gradually increaſes, without pain, ſoreneſs in the breaſt, difficulty of reſpiration, or ſpitting of blood. A ſlow fever ſupervenes every night, which remits every morning, with ſweats. Theſe ſymptoms augment daily; and, in ſpite of early attention, and what is thought the beſt advice, the unſuſpecting victims gradually ſink into their graves.

Thoſe who by their make, or by the diſeaſe having in former inſtances appeared in their family, are prediſpoſed to this complaint, ought to be peculiarly attentive in the article

article of diet. A ſpare and cooling regimen is the beſt. They ſhould avoid violent exerciſe, and every other exciting cauſe; and uſe the precaution of loſing blood in the ſpring. If their circumſtances permit, they ought to paſs the cold months in a mild climate; but, if they are obliged to remain during the winter in Great Britain, let them wear flannel next the ſkin, and uſe every other precaution againſt catching colds.

The fourth cauſe above enumerated is, tubercles in the lungs.

The moiſt, foggy, and changeable weather which prevails in Great Britain, renders its inhabitants more liable, than thoſe of milder and more uniform climates, to catarrhs, rheumatiſms, pleuriſies, and other diſeaſes proceeding from obſtructed perſpiration. The ſame cauſe ſubjects the inhabitants of Great Britain to obſtructions of the glands, ſcrophulous complaints, and

tubercles in the ſubſtance of the lungs. The ſcrophulous diſeaſe is more frequent than is generally imagined. For one perſon in whom it appears by ſwellings in the glands below the chin, and other external marks, many have the internal glands affected by it. This is well known to thoſe who are accuſtomed to open dead bodies. On examining the bodies of ſuch as have died of the pulmonary conſumption, beſides the open ulcers in the lungs, many little hard tumours or tubercles are generally found; ſome with matter; others, on being cut open, diſcover a little blueiſh ſpot, of the ſize of a ſmall lead ſhot. Here the ſuppuration, or formation of matter, is juſt going to begin; and in ſome the tubercle is perfectly hard, and the colour whitiſh, throughout its whole ſubſtance. Tubercles may remain for a conſiderable time in the lungs, in this indolent ſtate, without much inconveniency; but, when excited to inflammation by frequent catarrhs, or other irritating cauſes,

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matter is formed, they break, and produce an ulcer. Care and attention may prevent tubercles from inflammation, or may prevent *that* from terminating in the formation of matter; but when matter is actually formed, and the tubercle has become an abſceſs, no remedy can ſtop its progreſs. It muſt go on till it burſts. If this happens near any of the large air-veſſels, immediate ſuffocation may enſue; but, for the moſt part, the matter is coughed up.

From the circumſtances above enumerated of the delicate texture, conſtant motion, and numerous blood-veſſels of the lungs, it is natural to imagine, that a breach of this nature in their ſubſtance will be ſtill more difficult to heal than a wound from an external cauſe. So unqueſtionably it is; yet there are many inſtances of even this kind of breach being repaired; the matter expectorated diminiſhing in quantity every day, and the ulcer gradually healing; not, ſurely, by the power of medicine,

medicine, but by the conſtant diſpoſition and tendency which exiſts in nature, by inſcrutable means of her own, to reſtore health to the human body.

It may be proper to obſerve, that thoſe perſons whoſe formation of body renders them moſt liable to a ſpitting of blood, have alſo a greater prediſpoſition than others to tubercles in the lungs. The diſeaſe, called the ſpaſmodic aſthma, has been reckoned among the cauſes of the pulmonary conſumption. It would require a much greater degree of confidence in a man's own judgment, than I have in mine, to aſſert, that this complaint has no tendency to produce tubercles in the lungs; but I may ſay, with truth, that I have often known the ſpaſmodic aſthma, in the moſt violent degree, attended with the moſt alarming ſymptoms, continue to haraſs the patients for a long period of time, and at length ſuddenly diſappear, without ever returning; the perſons who have

have been thus afflicted, enjoying perfect health for many years after. It is not probable that tubercles were formed in any of theſe caſes; and it is certain they were not in ſome, whoſe bodies were opened after their deaths, which happened from other diſtempers, the aſthma having diſappeared ſeveral years before.

Certain eruptions of the ſkin, attended with fever, particularly the ſmall pox, and ſtill oftener the meaſles, leave after them a foundation for the pulmonary conſumption. From whichever of the cauſes above enumerated this diſeaſe takes its origin, when once an ulcer, attended with a hectic fever, is formed in the lungs, the caſe is, in the higheſt degree, dangerous. When it ends fatally, the ſymptoms are, a quick pulſe, and a ſenſation of cold, while the patient's ſkin, to the feeling of every other perſon, is hot, irregular ſhiverings, a ſevere cough, expectoration of matter ſtreaked with blood, morning ſweats,

a circumſcribed ſpot of a crimſon colour on the cheeks, heat of the palms of the hands, exceſſive emaciation, crooking of the nails, ſwelling of the legs, giddineſs, delirium, ſoon followed by death.

Theſe ſymptoms do not appear in every caſe. Although the emaciation is greater in this diſeaſe than in any other, yet the appetite frequently remains ſtrong and unimpaired to the laſt; and although delirium ſometimes comes before death, yet in many caſes the ſenſes ſeem perfect and intire; except in one particular, that, in ſpite of all the foregoing ſymptoms, the patient often entertains the fulleſt hopes of recovery to the laſt moment.

Would to heaven it were as eaſy to point out the cure, as to deſcribe the ſymptoms of a diſeaſe of ſuch a formidable nature, and againſt which the powers of medicine have been directed with ſuch bad ſucceſs, that there is reaſon to fear its fatal termination has been oftener accelerated

celerated than retarded by the means employed to remove it! To particularise the drugs which have been long in use, and have been honoured with the highest encomiums for their great efficacy in healing inward bruises, ulcers of the lungs, and confirmed consumptions, would in many instances be pointing out what ought to be shunned as pernicious, and in others what ought to be neglected as futile.

Salt water, and some of the mineral springs, which are unquestionably beneficial in scrophulous and other distempers, have been found hurtful, or at least inefficacious, in the consumption; there is no sufficient reason to depend on a course of these, or any medicine at present known, for preventing or dissolving tubercles in the lungs. Mercury, which has been found so powerful in disposing other ulcers to heal, has no good effect on ulcers of that organ;—though some physicians imagine it may be of service in the beginning to dissolve

diſſolve tubercles, before they begin to ſuppurate; but as there is no abſolute evidence, during life, of indolent tubercles being formed, there can be none that mercury cures them.

Various kinds of gums, with the natural and artificial balſams, were long ſuppoſed to promote the healing of external wounds and ulcers, and on that account were made the baſis of a vaſt variety of ointments and plaſters. It was afterwards imagined, that the ſame remedies, adminiſtered internally, would have the ſame effect on internal ulcers; and of courſe many of thoſe gums and balſams were preſcribed in various forms for the pulmonary conſumption. The reaſoning on which this practice was eſtabliſhed, however, ſeems a little ſhallow, and is far from being concluſive; for although it were granted that theſe balſams contributed to the cure of wounds, when applied directly to the part, it does not

not follow that they could carry their healing powers, unimpaired from the ſtomach to the lungs, through the whole proceſs of digeſtion. But more accurate ſurgery having made it manifeſt, that the granulations which ſpring up to ſupply the loſs of ſubſtance in external wounds, and the healing or ſkinning over of all kinds of ſores, proceeds from no active virtue in the plaſters or ointments with which they are dreſſed, but is entirely the work of nature, and beſt performed when the mildeſt ſubſtances, or even dry lint only is applied; and that heating gums, reſins, and balſams, rather retard than promote their cure; the internal uſe of ſuch remedies ought to be rejected now, on the ſame principles they were adopted formerly.

No kind of reaſoning ought to have weight, when oppoſed by fair experience. But phyſicians have formed contrary and oppoſite concluſions, with reſpect to the effect

effect of the natural and artificial balſams, even when they have laid all theory and reaſoning aſide, and decided on their powers from practice and experiment only. This is ſufficient to prove, at leaſt, that their efficacy is very problematical. For my own part, after the faireſt trials, and the moſt accurate obſervations I have been able to make, I cannot ſay that I ever knew them of ſervice in any hectic complaint proceeding from an ulcer in the lungs; and I have generally found thoſe phyſicians, on whoſe judgment I have more reliance than on my own, of the ſame opinion.

It is far from being uncommon to ſee a cure retarded, not to ſay any thing ſtronger, by the means employed to haſten it; and phyſicians who found their practice on theoretical reaſonings, are not the only perſons to whom this misfortune may happen. Thoſe who profeſs to take experience for their ſole guide, if

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it is not directed by candour, and enlightened by natural ſagacity, are liable to the ſame. A man may, for twenty years, order a medicine, which has in every inſtance done a little harm, though not always ſo much as to prevent nature from removing the complaint at laſt; and if the reputation of this medicine ſhould ever be attacked, he may bring his twenty years experience in ſupport of it. It ought to be remembered, that as often as the animal conſtitution is put out of order, by accident or diſtemper, nature endeavours to reſtore health. Happily ſhe has many reſources, and various methods of accompliſhing her purpoſe; and very often ſhe ſucceeds beſt without medical aſſiſtance. But medical aſſiſtance being given, ſhe frequently ſucceeds *notwithſtanding*; and it ſometimes happens, that both phyſician and patient are convinced, that the means which did not prevent have actually performed the cure.

A peaſant is ſeized with a ſhivering, followed by feveriſhneſs, and accompanied with a ſlight cough—he goes to bed, and exceſſive heat and thirſt prompt him to drink plentifully of plain water; on the ſecond or third day a copious ſweat burſts from all his pores, and terminates the diſorder. A perſon of fortune is ſeized with the ſame ſymptoms, ariſing from the ſame cauſe, and which would have been cured by the ſame means, in the ſame ſpace of time; but the apothecary is called, who immediately ſends pectoral linctuſes to remove the cough, and afterwards gives a vomit, to remove the nauſea which the linctuſes have occaſioned; the heat and fever augment; the phyſician is called; he orders the patient to be blooded, to abate the violence of the fever, and gives a little phyſic on ſome other account. All this prevents the natural criſis by ſweat; and the patient being farther teaſed by draughts or powders every two or three hours, nature cannot ſhake off the fever ſo

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ſoon by ſix or ſeven days, as ſhe would have done had ſhe been left to herſelf. She generally does her buſineſs at laſt, however; and then the phyſician and apothecary glory in the happy effects of their ſkill, and receive the grateful thanks of their patient for having cured him of a dangerous fever.

Every body of common penetration, at all converſant in medical matters, muſt have ſeen enough to convince them that the above deſcription is not exaggerated; but it is not to be inferred from this, that the art of medicine is of no uſe to mankind. There are many diſeaſes in which nature ſinks, without medical aſſiſtance. It is the part of the penetrating and experienced phyſician to diſtinguiſh theſe from others, and leave it to the knaviſh and weak to aſſume the merit of cures in caſes where they know, or ought to know, that medicine can do nothing.

Some phyſicians, who have abandoned the other reſins and gums, as uſeleſs or hurtful in hectic complaints, ſtill adhere to myrrh as a beneficial medicine; but from what I can learn, the caſes in which this gum has been thought ſerviceable, are hectic complaints, from debility, in conſequence of exceſſive evacuations of various kinds, and not proceeding from ulcerated lungs. After it is fully eſtabliſhed that myrrh is of uſe in ſuch inſtances, it will ſtill be worthy of inveſtigation, whether it is of more or leſs than Jeſuits bark. I have repeatedly mentioned blood-letting, and a ſpare diluting regimen, as the moſt powerful means of preventing and curing all affections of the lungs that depend on inflammation. In the caſe of external wounds, or bruiſes of the lungs, this method facilitates the immediate cure by the firſt intention. It is the chief thing to be depended on for the cure of pleuriſies; and it is often owing to a neglect, or too ſparing an uſe of this evacuation, that the complaint

plaint terminates in an abſceſs. In people prediſpoſed by the form of their bodies, or the nature of their conſtitutions, to a ſpitting of blood, it may prevent the turgid veſſels from burſting; and in thoſe who have tubercles in the lungs, it is of the greateſt utility, by preventing thoſe tumours from inflaming and becoming ulcers; but after the ulcers are actually formed, I have great doubts with regard to the propriety of attempting a cure by repeated bleedings, even in ſmall quantities. This method has been often tried; but I fear the ſucceſs with which it has been attended, gives no encouragement to continue the practice. That ſymptoms may be ſuch, in every period of this diſeaſe, as to require this evacuation, is not to be denied; but there is a great difference in the application of what is conſidered as an occaſional palliative, and that from which we expect a radical cure. In the one caſe, it will only be uſed when ſome particular ſymptom ſtrongly urges; in the other, it will be uſed at ſtated intervals,

whether the ſymptoms preſs or not; and may tend to weaken the already debilitated patient, without our having the conſolation of knowing, with certainty, that it has had any other effect.

Bliſters do not weaken ſo much; they are of undoubted uſe in pleuriſies; perhaps, by exciting external inflammation, they may contribute to draw off the inflammatory diſpoſition within the breaſt: perhaps—But in whatever way they act, I imagine I have frequently ſeen bliſters and ſetons, particularly the latter, of conſiderable ſervice, even after the ſymptoms indicated the exiſtence of an ulcer in the lungs.

As for the numerous forms of electuaries, lohochs, and linctuſes, compoſed of oils, gums, and ſyrups, and by the courteſy of diſpenſatory writers called *pectoral*; I am convinced they are of no manner of ſervice in this complaint, and ſeldom have any other effect than that of loading the ſtomach,

mach, and impairing the digeſtion of ſalutary food. So far from being of any permanent ſervice to the diſeaſe, they cannot be depended on for giving even a temporary relief to the cough; when that ſymptom becomes troubleſome, gentle opiates will be found the beſt palliatives. Some practitioners object to theſe medicines, on a ſuppoſition that they check expectoration; but they only ſeem to have this effect, by lulling the irritation to cough; the ſame quantity will be expectorated in the morning, after the influence of the opiate is over. It is ſurely better that the matter ſhould accumulate, and the patient ſpit it up at once, than allow him to be kept from reſt, and teaſed with coughing and ſpitting through the whole night. Theſe palliatives, however, are to be managed with great caution; never exhibited while the patient enjoys a tolerable ſhare of *natural* reſt. Small doſes ſhould be given at firſt, and not increaſed without abſolute neceſſity. Exhibited in this manner, they cannot do harm; and thoſe who reject the

aſſiſtance of a claſs of medicines, which afford eaſe and tranquillity in the moſt deplorable ſtate of this diſeaſe, ought to give better proofs than have hitherto appeared, that they are able to procure their patients more valuable and laſting comforts than thoſe they deprive them of.

The known efficacy of the Peruvian bark, in many diſtempers, eſpecially in intermittent fevers; the remiſſion of the ſymptoms, which happens regularly every day at a particular ſtage of the pulmonary conſumption, and in ſome degree gives it the appearance of an intermittent, joined to the failure of all other remedies, prompted phyſicians to make trial of that noble medicine in this diſeaſe. In conſequence of theſe trials, the bark is now pretty generally acknowledged to be ſerviceable in hectical complaints, proceeding from debility, and other cauſes, excluſive of ulcerated lungs; but when the diſeaſe proceeds from this cauſe, the bark is ſuppoſed, by

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ſome very reſpectable phyſicians, always to do harm. I am moſt clearly of the firſt opinion, and perhaps it would not become me to diſpute the ſecond. It may be permitted, however, to obſerve, that the moſt diſcerning practitioners may be led into a notion, that a very ſafe medicine does harm, when it is exhibited at the worſt ſtage of a diſeaſe, in which hardly any medicine whatever has been found to do good. In every ſtage of this diſeaſe, elixir of vitriol may be uſed. It is a pleaſant and ſafe medicine, but particularly efficacious when the patient is troubled with waſting ſweats.

Having, in obedience to your requeſt, delivered my ſentiments freely, you will perceive, that, beſides the objections already mentioned to the perſon under whoſe care our friend is at preſent, I cannot approve of his being directed to take ſo many drugs, or of his being detained in town, at a ſeaſon when he may enjoy, in the country, what is preferable to all medicine; I

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mean air, exercise, and, let me even add, diet.

Had I known of our friend's complaints earlier, I should have advised him to have met the advancing spring in the South of France; but at the season in which you will receive this letter, the moderate warmth, and refreshing verdure of England, are preferable to the sultry heats and scorched fields of the South. From the view I have of his complaints, I can have no hesitation in advising you to endeavour to prevail on him to quit his drugs, and to leave London without delay. Since he bears riding on horseback so well, let him enjoy that exercise in an atmosphere freed from the smoke of the town, and impregnated with the flavour of rising plants and green herbage; a flavour which may with more truth be called *pectoral*, than any of the heating resins, or loathsome oils, on which that term has been prostituted. Let him pass the summer in drinking the waters,

ters, and riding around the environs of Briſtol. It will be eaſy for him to find a houſe in the free air of the country, at ſome diſtance from that town; and it will be of uſe to have an additional reaſon for riſing early, and riding every morning. It is of the greateſt importance that he continue that exerciſe every day that the weather will permit: a little cloudineſs of the ſky ſhould not fright him from it; there is no danger of catching cold during the continuation of that movement which aſſiſts digeſtion, promotes the determination of blood from the lungs to the ſurface of the body, and is more ſalutary in the morning than after dinner.

With reſpect to diet, he ſhould carefully obſerve the important rule of taking food frequently, in ſmall quantities, and never making a full meal; that the digeſtive organs may not be overpowered, or the veſſels charged with too large a quantity of chyle at a time; which never fails to bring on

on oppreſſive breathing, and augments the fever and fluſhing, which in ſome degree ſucceeds every repaſt.

Since all kinds of milk are found to diſagree with his conſtitution, that nouriſhment, which is in general ſo well adapted to ſimilar complaints, muſt be omitted, and light broths, with vegetable food, particularly of the farinaceous kind, ſubſtituted in its place.

Acids, eſpecially the native acid of vegetables, are remarkably agreeable and refreſhing to all who labour under the heat, oppreſſion, and languor, which accompany hectic complaints. It is ſurpriſing what a quantity of the juice of lemons the conſtitution will bear, without any inconveniency, when it is accuſtomed to it by degrees; and in thoſe caſes where it does not occaſion pains in the ſtomach and bowels, or other immediate inconveniencies, it has been thought to have a good effect in abating the force of the hectic fever.

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I have met with two caſes, ſince I have been laſt abroad, in both of which there ſeemed to be a quicker recovery than I ever ſaw, from the ſame ſymptoms. The firſt was that of a young lady, of about ſeventeen years of age, and apparently of a very healthy conſtitution. In bad weather, during the ſpring, ſhe caught cold; this being neglected in the beginning, gradually grew worſe. When phyſicians were at length conſulted, their preſcriptions ſeemed to have as bad an effect as her own neglect. By the middle of ſummer her cough was inceſſant, accompanied with hectic fever and fluſhings, irregular ſhiverings, morning ſweats, emaciation, expectoration of purulent phlegm ſtreaked with blood, and every indication of an open ulcer in the lungs. In this deſperate ſtate ſhe was carried from the town to a finely ſituated village in Switzerland, where, for ſeveral months, ſhe lived in the middle of a vineyard, on ripe grapes and bread. She had been directed to a milk and vegetable diet

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in general. Her own taſte inclined her to the grapes, which ſhe continued, on finding that, with this diet only, ſhe was leſs languid, and of a more natural coolneſs, and that the cough, fever, and all the other ſymptoms gradually abated. She ſeemed to be brought from the jaws of death by the change of air, and this regimen only; and ſhe returned to her own home in high ſpirits, and with the look and vigour of health. The enſuing winter, after being heated with dancing at the houſe of a friend, ſhe walked home in a cold night; the cough, ſpitting of blood, and other ſymptoms immediately returned, and ſhe died three months after.

In the other caſe, there was not ſuch a degree of fever, but there was an expectoration of matter, frequently ſtreaked with blood, and evident ſigns of an ulcer in the lungs. The perſon who laboured under theſe ſymptoms, had tried the uſual remedies of pectorals, pills, linctuſes, &c. with the uſual ſucceſs. He grew daily worſe.

He

He had formerly found much relief from bleeding, but had left it off for many months, on a ſuppoſition that it had loſt all effect; and he had allowed an iſſue to be healed, on the ſame ſuppoſition; though he ſtill perſevered in a milk regimen. I mentioned to him the caſe of the young lady, as it is above recited. He immediately took the reſolution to confine himſelf to bread and grapes for almoſt his only food. I adviſed him at the ſame time to have the iſſue opened, and to continue that drain for ſome time; but this he did not comply with. He forſook, however, the town for the country, and paſſed as much of the morning on horſeback, as he could bear without fatigue. He ſoon was able to bear more; and after about three weeks or a month, his cough had greatly abated. When he had perſiſted in this regimen between two and three months, he had very little cough; and what he ſpit up was pure phlegm, unmixed with blood or matter. He has now been well above a year; and

although I underſtand that he occaſionally takes animal food, he has hitherto felt no inconveniency from it. He paſſed the ſecond autumn as he had done the firſt, at a houſe in the country, ſurrounded with vineyards. The greater part of his food conſiſted of ripe grapes and bread. With ſuch a diet, he had not occaſion for much drink of any kind; what he uſed was ſimple water, and he made an ample proviſion of grapes for the ſucceeding winter.

Though I have no idea that there is any ſpecific virtue in grapes, for the cure of the pulmonary conſumption, or that they are greatly preferable to ſome other cooling, ſub-acid, mild fruit, equally agreeable to the taſte, provided any ſuch can be found; yet I thought it right to particularize what was uſed on thoſe two occaſions; leaving it to others to determine, what ſhare of the happy conſequences I have enumerated were owing to the change of air, how much may have flowed from the exerciſe, how much

much from the regimen, and whether there is reaſon to think, that the favourable turn in both caſes depended on other circumſtances, unobſerved by me.

I have now, my dear Sir, complied with your requeſt; and although I have endeavoured to avoid technical verboſity, and all unneceſſary detail, yet I find my letter has ſwelled to a greater ſize than I expected. I ſhall be exceedingly happy to hear that any hint I have given has been ſerviceable to our friend. If the cough ſhould ſtill continue, after he has paſſed two or three months at Briſtol, I imagine the moſt effectual thing he can do will be, to take a voyage to this place; he will by that means eſcape the ſeverity of a Britiſh winter. The voyage itſelf will be of ſervice, and at the end of it he will have the benefit of the mild air of the Campagna Felice, be refreſhed and nouriſhed by the fineſt grapes, and, when tired of riding, he will have continual opportunities of ſailing in this charming bay.

LETTER LXIII.

Naples.

AS I was walking a few days ſince in the ſtreet with two of our countrymen, T—— and N——, we met ſome people carrying the corpſe of a man on an open bier, and others following in a kind of proceſſion. The deceaſed was a tradeſman, whoſe widow had beſtowed the utmoſt attention in dreſſing him to the greateſt advantage on this ſolemn occaſion; he had a perfectly new ſuit of clothes, a laced hat upon his head, ruffles, his hair finely powdered, and a large blooming noſegay in his left hand, while the right was very gracefully ſtuck in his ſide. It is the cuſtom at Naples to carry every body to church in full dreſs ſoon after their death, and the neareſt relations diſplay the magnitude of their grief

by the magnificent manner in which they decorate the corpſe. This poor woman, it ſeems, was quite inconſolable, and had ornamented the body of her late huſband with a profuſion ſhe could ill afford. When the corpſe arrives in church, the ſervice is read over it. That ceremony being performed, and the body carried home, it is conſidered as having no farther occaſion for fine clothes, but is generally ſtript to the ſhirt, and buried privately.

" Can any thing be more ridiculous," ſays N——, " than to trick a man out in " his beſt clothes after his death?" " No- " thing," replied T——; " unleſs it be " to order a fantaſtical dreſs at a greater " expence on purpoſe, as if the dead " would not be ſatisfied with the clothes " they wore when alive, but delighted in " long flowing robes in a particular ſtyle " of their own."

T—— has long reſided abroad, and now prefers many foreign cuſtoms to thoſe

of his own country, which frequently involves him in diſputes with his countrymen.

The Princeſs of ——— drove paſt. "There ſhe goes," ſays N——, "with "her cavalieros, her volantis, and all "the ſplendour of a ſovereign; yet the "wife of a plain Engliſh gentleman is in "a far more enviable ſituation. With all "her titles and her high rank, ſhe is a "mere ſervant of the Queen's, a depend-"ant on the caprice of another; a frown "from her Majeſty would annihilate "her." "Thoſe who are *nothing*, ex-"cluſive of court favour," replied T——, "ought not to be cenſured for devoting "their time to court attendance. But did "you never hear of any who are dazzled "with the glitter of court ſhackles in the "boaſted land of liberty; people whom "riches, rank, and the moſt flattering "favours of fortune cannot make inde-"pendent; whoſe minds ſeem the more

"abject,

" abject, as their ſituation lays them un-
" der the leſs neceſſity of remaining in
" ſervitude; who, withered with age, and
" repining with envy, ſacrifice every do-
" meſtic duty, and ſtalk around the man-
" ſions of royalty, as ghoſts are ſaid to
" haunt thoſe abodes in which they moſt
" delighted when they enjoyed life and
" vigour?" " Well, well," ſays N——,
" let us ſay no more about them, ſince
" we are agreed, that, of all the old tapeſ-
" try of courts, thoſe groteſque figures,
" who, without the confidence of thoſe
" they ſerve, continue to the laſt exhibit-
" ing their antique countenances at birth-
" day balls, and in the aſſemblies of youth
" and beauty, are the moſt ridiculous."
At that inſtant the Queen paſſed in her coach with the royal children, and N—— made ſome comparative remarks in his uſual ſtyle; to which T—— replied, " In
" this particular I acknowledge the happi-
" neſs of Great Britain. I preſume not to
" make compariſons; the great character

" you have mentioned defies cenſure,
" and is far ſuperior to my praiſe. But
" I muſt obſerve, it appears ſingular that
" you, who affect to deſpiſe all other
" countries, and ſeem of opinion, that what
" is moſt valuable in nature is always
" the product of *England*, ſhould bring
" your brighteſt illuſtration of that opinion
" from *Germany*."

T——, perceiving the advantage he had gained over his antagoniſt, proceeded vigorouſly to cenſure, what he called, the abſurd partiality of the Engliſh in their own favour; and obſerved, that it would be fortunate for them, if the other nations of Europe would allow them but a few of the numerous good qualities which they ſo laviſhly attribute to themſelves. He ſeverely attacked the common people, and denied them even the character of good-nature, which they have been thought to poſſeſs in an eminent degree. He declared them to be rough and inſolent in their manners

manners (for the truth of this he appealed to the opinion of all their neighbours), cruel in their diſpoſitions (as a proof of which he inſtanced ſome of their favourite diverſions), and abſurd in their prejudices, which appears by their hatred and contempt of other nations; by all of whom, he aſſerted, they were in return moſt cordially abhorred. "How, in-"deed, can it be otherwiſe," continued he, "conſidering the rough, boiſterous nature "of their weather?" He then expatiated on the fertility of Italy, and the mild ſerenity of the climate; to which he partly attributed the fertile genius and mild character of the Italians. "No doubt" he ſaid, "moral cauſes might contribute to the ſame "effect; for more pains were taken to cul-"tivate and encourage good and quiet diſ-"poſitions in the common people here than "in England. They were accuſtomed to "perform their religious duties more regu-"larly; they had frequent opportunities of "hearing the moſt excellent muſic in the

" churches; they were inſtructed in hiſtory " by orators in the ſtreet, and were made " acquainted with the beauties of their " beſt poets in the ſame manner. All theſe " cauſes united, muſt neceſſarily enlarge " their minds, and make them the moſt " gentle, humane, and ingenious people in " the world." N—— ſhook his head, as if he laid little ſtreſs on the other's reaſoning. For my own part, I remained ſilent, being deſirous that the diſpute ſhould go on between the two who had begun it.

Continuing our walk a little without the town, we ſaw a crowd of people looking over a wall, which formed one ſide of a ſquare, expreſsly built for the purpoſe of bating cattle with bull-dogs. It is imagined that this renders their fleſh more tender and agreeable to the taſte; and this is conſidered as a ſufficient reaſon for torturing great numbers of bulls, oxen, and cows, before they are ſlaughtered for the markets; we found a multitude of ſpectators enjoying this amuſement. " Pray,"

ſays

ſays Mr. N——, addreſſing himſelf to T——, " do you imagine this humane " practice, and the complacency which " theſe refined ſpectators ſeem to take in " beholding it, proceed from the mildneſs " of the climate, the pains beſtowed in " teaching the people the duties of Chriſt- " ianity, the enlargement of their minds " by hiſtory and poetry, or from the gen- " tle influence of muſic upon their diſ- " poſitions?" Then turning from Mr. T—— to me, he continued, " Not ſatiſ- " fied with knocking the poor animals on " the head, thoſe unfeeling epicures put " them to an hour's additional torture, " merely to gratify a caprice of their cor- " rupted palates."

" Of all ſubjects," replied T——, re- covering himſelf from the confuſion into which N——'s queſtions had thrown him, " thoſe who take upon them to be the " panegyriſts of the Engliſh nation, ought " to avoid mentioning that ſpecies of Epi-

" curiſm

" curiſm which depends on eating, leſt " they be put in mind of whipping pigs " to death, their manner of collaring " brawn, crimping fiſh, and other refine- " ments peculiar to that humane good-na- " tured people."

N—— was juſt going to reply, when a large bull, rendered outrageous by the ſtones which the populace were throwing at him, ran ſuddenly towards the gate at the inſtant the keepers were opening it on ſome other account; which threw them into ſuch confuſion, that they had not time to ſhut it before the bull burſt out on the multitude. He now became an object of terror to thoſe who the moment before had looked on him as an object of mirth. The mighty lords of the creation, who conſider other animals as formed entirely for *their paſtime*, *their attire*, *their food*, fled in crowds from one quadruped, and would gladly have fallen on their knees and worſhipped him, like ſo many Egyp-

tians

tians adoring Apis, if by ſo doing they could have hoped to deprecate the juſt wrath of the incenſed animal.—They found ſafety at length, not in their own courage or addreſs, but in the ſuperior boldneſs and agility of other animals, who were leagued with man againſt him. He was ſurrounded by dogs, who attacked him on all ſides—he killed ſome outright, toſſed and wounded many more; but perceiving his own ſtrength diminiſhing, and the number of his enemies increaſing every moment, he threw himſelf into the ſea, and there found a temporary protection from the fury of his perſecutors.—But the dogs were inſtigated to follow; they at length drove him from this laſt aſylum; and the poor, torn, bleeding, exhauſted animal was forced aſhore, three or four of the moſt furious of the dogs hanging at different parts of his head and neck. When they were removed, he raiſed his honeſt countenance, and threw an indignant

nant look upon the rabble, as if to upbraid them for ſuch a return for his own labours, and all the eſſential ſervices which his whole ſpecies render to mankind. Upon my ſoul I felt the reproach. We could not bear his looks, but ſneaked away without feeling much pride on account of our near connection with thoſe lords of the creation, whom we had juſt beheld exerting their prerogative.

We walked along a conſiderable time without ſpeaking. N—— broke ſilence at laſt: "Well," ſaid he, "thoſe amiable "creatures whom we have quitted, are "what they call human beings;—they "are more, they are Neapolitans, men "who are moved with the concord of "ſweet ſounds; from which I conclude "(Shakeſpeare may ſay what he pleaſes), "that ſuch men are as fit for treaſons, ſtra-"tagems, and ſpoils, as thoſe who never "heard ſofter melody than that of marrow-"bones and cleavers."

"This

" This fondneſs for barbarous amuſe-
" ments," ſaid I, " cannot be ſtated ex-
" cluſively to the account of Neapoli-
" tans, of Engliſh, or of any other par-
" ticular people. I am afraid the charge
" lies againſt mankind in general; from
" whatever motive it ariſes, a large pro-
" portion of the individuals in all coun-
" tries have diſplayed a decided taſte for
" diverſions which may be ranged in this
" claſs."

" It ought to be remembered, how-
" ever," ſays T——, " that thoſe fellows
" with their dogs, who have been tor-
" menting the bull, are butchers, and the
" loweſt of the vulgar of this country;
" whereas, among thoſe who order fiſh to
" be crimped, and pigs to be whipped to
" death, as well as among thoſe who
" formerly attended Broughton's amphi-
" theatre, and ſtill attend cockpits, will be
" found people of the firſt rank in Eng-
" land."

" Pray,"

"Pray," ſaid N——, addreſſing himſelf to me, "did you ever ſee a cocagna?"

I acknowledged I never had.

"Then," continued he, "I beg leave "to give you an idea of it. It is a Neapo- "litan entertainment, reliſhed by people of "the firſt rank in this poliſhed country; "where the very vagrants in the ſtreet are "inſtructed in hiſtory, and the human "mind is refined by poetry, ſoftened by "muſic, and elevated by religion. The "cocagna—Pray mark me—the cocagna "is an entertainment given to the people "four ſucceeding Sundays during the car- "nival. Oppoſite to the palace, a kind of "wooden amphitheatre is erected. This "being covered with branches of trees, "buſhes, and various plants, real and ar- "tificial, has the appearance of a green "hill. On this hill are little buildings, "ornamented with pillars of loaves of "bread, with joints of meat, and dried "fiſh,

" fiſh, varniſhed, and curiouſly arranged
" by way of capitals. Among the trees
" and buſhes are ſome oxen, a conſiderable
" number of calves, ſheep, hogs, and
" lambs, all alive, and tied to poſts. There
" are, beſides, a great number of living
" turkies, geeſe, hens, pigeons, and other
" fowls, nailed by the wings to the ſcaffold-
" ing. Certain Heathen Deities appear
" alſo occaſionally upon this hill, but not
" with a deſign to protect it, as you ſhall
" ſee immediately. The guards are drawn
" up in three ranks, to keep off the popu-
" lace. The Royal Family, with all the
" nobility of the court, crowd the windows
" and balconies of the palace, to enjoy
" this magnificent ſight. When his Ma-
" jeſty waves his handkerchief, the guards
" open to the right and left; the rabble
" pour in from all quarters, and the en-
" tertainment commences. You may eaſily
" conceive what a delightful ſight it muſt
" be, to ſee ſeveral thouſand hungry, half-
" naked lazzaroni ruſh in like a torrent, de-

" ſtroy

" ſtroy the whole fabric of loaves, fiſhes,
" and joints of meat; overturn the Hea-
" then Deities, *for the honour of Chriſt-*
" *ianity*; pluck the fowls, at the expence
" of their wings, from the poſts to which
" they were nailed; and, in the fury of
" their ſtruggling and fighting for their
" prey, often tearing the miſerable animals
" to pieces, and ſometimes ſtabbing each
" other."

" You ought, in candour, to add," interrupted Mr. T——, " that, though for-
" merly they were fixed to the poſts
" alive, yet of late the larger cattle have
" been previouſly killed."——" And pray,
" my good Sir," ſaid N——, " will you
" be ſo obliging as to inform me, what
" crime the poor lambs and fowls have
" committed, that they ſhould be torn in
" pieces alive?" " This piece of huma-
" nity," continued he, " recalls to my
" memory a ſimilar inſtance, in a certain

" ingenious gentleman, who propoſed, as " the beſt and moſt effectual method of " ſweeping chimnies, to place a large " gooſe at the top; and then, by a ſtring " tied around her feet, to pull the animal " gently down to the hearth. The ſaga- " cious projector aſſerted, that the gooſe, " being extremely averſe to this method " of entering a houſe, would ſtruggle " againſt it with all her might; and, du- " ring this reſiſtance, would move her " wings with ſuch force and rapidity, as " could not fail to ſweep the chimney, com- " pletely." " Good God! Sir," cried a lady, who was preſent when this new method was propoſed, " How cruel would that " be to the poor gooſe! " Why, Madam," replied the gentleman, " if you think my " method cruel to the gooſe, a couple of " ducks will do."

LETTER LXIV.

Naples.

ON the firſt Sunday of May, we had an opportunity of ſeeing the famous Neapolitan miracle, of the liquefaction of Saint Januarius's blood, performed. This Saint, you know, is the patron of Naples; which circumſtance alone forms a ſtrong preſumption of his being a Saint of very conſiderable power and efficacy; for it is not to be imagined that the care of a city, like Naples, which is threatened every moment with deſtruction from Mount Veſuvius, would be entruſted to an underſtrapper. Indeed there has, on ſome occaſions, been reaſon to fear, that, great and powerful as this Saint is, the Dæmon of the mountain would have got the better of him; however, as Saint Januarius has been able to protect them hitherto, and is ſuppoſed

poſed to be improved in the ſcience of defence by long practice, the Neapolitans think it more prudent to abide by him than to chooſe another; who, though he may poſſibly be of higher rank, and older ſtanding, cannot have equal experience in this particular kind of warfare.

Saint Januarius ſuffered martyrdom about the end of the third century. When he was beheaded, a pious lady of this city caught about an ounce of his blood, which has been carefully preſerved in a bottle ever ſince, without having loſt a ſingle grain of its weight. This of itſelf, were it equally demonſtrable, might be conſidered as a greater miracle than the circumſtance on which the Neapolitans lay the whole ſtreſs, viz. that the blood which has congealed, and acquired a ſolid form by age, is no ſooner brought near the head of the Saint, than, as a mark of veneration, it immediately liquefies. This experiment is made three different times every year, and is

conſidered by the Neapolitans as a miracle of the firſt magnitude.

As the divinity of no other religion whatever is any longer attempted to be proved by freſh miracles, but all are now truſted to their own internal evidence, and to thoſe wrought at a former period, this miracle of Saint Januarius is probably the more admired on account of its being the only one, except tranſubſtantiation, which remains ſtill in uſe, out of the vaſt abundance ſaid to have been performed at various periods in ſupport of the Roman Catholic faith. The latter is unqueſtionably the greater miracle of the two; for to change a wafer into fleſh and blood, is more extraordinary than to liquefy any ſubſtance whatever: Yet I once imagined the liquefaction had rather the advantage in this particular; that the change is more obvious to the ſenſes. But I have lately been otherwiſe inſtructed, by an ingenious perſon, who was formerly a Jeſuit. On ſomebody (not

me, for I never do make objections in matters of faith) having obſerved, That it was unfortunate that the great change, operated on the wafer in tranſubſtantiation, was not viſible, the perſon above alluded to pronounced the miracle to be much greater on that account. "For pray, Sir," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the objector, "ſuppoſe I ſhould immediately turn that fowl, "pointing to a turkey which was at that "moment ſtalking paſt; ſuppoſe I ſhould "immediately turn that fowl into a woman, would you not think it very extraordinary?" "Certainly," replied the other. "Well, Sir, but after the change "is actually made, and the fowl has to all "intents and purpoſes become a woman, "if it ſtill retained the appearance of a "turkey, you muſt acknowledge *that* "would be more extraordinary ſtill. In "the ſame manner," continued he, "in "the celebration of maſs, the converſion "of the wafer into the real body and blood

" of Jeſus Chriſt, is a great miracle, and " highly to be venerated; but, after this " wonderful change has actually taken " place, that the real body of Chriſt ſhould, " even in the eyes of the ſharpeſt ſighted " ſpectators, ſtill retain its original form of " a wafer, is a great deal more amazing " and ſtupendous."

But, however great a ſuperiority the miracle of tranſubſtantiation may have over that of St. Januarius, in the opinion of Roman Catholics in general, the Neapolitans imagine the latter is ſufficient to convert infidels, and put heretics out of countenance. A zealous believer of this country, having deſcribed the miracle, breaks out into the following exclamations: " O illuſtre " memoria! O verità irrefragabile! ven- " gano gli Heretici, vengano, e Stupiſcano, " ed aprano gli occhi alla verità Cattolica, " et Evangelica; Baſtarebbe queſto ſangue " di S. Gennaro ſola à fare teſtimonia

" della

" della Fede. E poſſibile, che a tanto, et " ſi famoſo miraculo non ſi converta tutta " la Gentilatà, ed Infedeltà alla verità Cat- " tolica della Romana chieſa *?" Though I am not ſuch an enthuſiaſtic admirer of the performance as this author, yet, on the other hand, I do not think that Proteſtants, however much they may be convinced it is a trick, have any right to call it a *clumſy trick*, without explaining in what it conſiſts. This is a liberty which ſome travellers of great eminence have taken. Others have aſſerted, that the ſubſtance in the bottle, which is exhibited for the blood of the Saint, is ſomething naturally ſolid, but which melts with a ſmall degree of heat. When it is firſt brought out of the cold chapel, ſay thoſe gentlemen, it is in its na-

* O illuſtrious memorial! O irrefragable truth! Come hither, ye heretics! come hither, and be aſtoniſhed, and open your eyes to catholic and evangelic truth. The blood of St. Januarius alone is a ſufficient teſtimony of the truth. Is it poſſible, that ſuch a great and famous miracle does not convert all heretics and infidels to the truths of the Roman Catholic church?

tural ſolid ſtate; but when brought before the Saint by the Prieſt, and rubbed between his warm hands, and breathed upon for ſome time, it melts; and this is the whole myſtery. Though I find myſelf unable to explain on what principle the liquefaction depends, I am fully convinced that it muſt be ſomething different from this; for I have it from the moſt ſatisfactory authority, from thoſe who had opportunities of knowing, and who believe no more in the miracle than you do, that this congealed maſs has ſometimes been found in a liquid ſtate in cold weather, before it was touched by the Prieſt, or brought near the head of the Saint; and that, on other occaſions, it has remained ſolid when brought before him, notwithſtanding all the efforts of the Prieſt to melt it. When this happens, the ſuperſtitious, which, at a very moderate calculation, comprehends ninety-nine in a hundred of the inhabitants of this city, are thrown into the utmoſt conſternation, and

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are ſometimes wrought up by their fears into a ſtate of mind, which is highly dangerous both to their civil and eccleſiaſtical governors. It is true, that this happens but ſeldom; for, in general, the ſubſtance in the phial, whatever it may be, is in a ſolid form in the chapel, and becomes liquid when brought before the Saint; but as this is not always the caſe, it affords reaſon to believe, that, whatever may have been the caſe when this miracle or trick, call it which you pleaſe, was firſt exhibited, the principle on which it depends has ſomehow or other been loſt, and is not now underſtood fully even by the Prieſts themſelves; or elſe they are not now ſo expert, as formerly, in preparing the ſubſtance which repreſents the Saint's blood, ſo as to make it remain ſolid when it ought, and liquefy the inſtant it is required.

The head and blood of the Saint are kept in a kind of preſs, with folding doors of ſilver, in the chapel of St. Januarius, belonging

longing to the cathedral church. The real head is probably not ſo freſh, and well preſerved, as the blood; and on that account is not expoſed to the eyes of the public, but incloſed in a large ſilver buſt, gilt and enriched with jewels of high value. This being what appears to the people, their idea of the Saint's features and complexion are taken entirely from the buſt.

The blood is kept in a ſmall repoſitory by itſelf.

About mid-day, the buſt, incloſing the real head, was brought with great ſolemnity, and placed under a kind of portico, open on all ſides, that the different communities, which come in proceſſion, may be able to traverſe it, and that the people may have the comfort of beholding the miracle. The proceſſions of that ſolemn day were innumerable; all the ſtreets of Naples were crowded with the various orders of eccleſiaſtics, dreſſed in their richeſt robes. The monks of each convent were muſtered under

under their own particular banners. A ſplendid croſs was carried before each proceſſion; and the images, in maſſy ſilver, of the Saints, peculiarly patroniſing the convents, followed the croſs. In this order they marched from the convents to the pavilion, under which the head of St. Januarius was placed, and having done due obeiſance to that great protector of this city, they marched back by a different route, in the ſame order, to their convent. But as there are a great many convents in Naples, and a great number of monks in each convent, though the proceſſions began ſoon after mid-day, the evening was well advanced before the laſt of them had paſſed. The grand proceſſion of all began when the others had finiſhed. It was compoſed of a numerous body of clergy, and an immenſe multitude of people of all ranks, headed by the archbiſhop of Naples himſelf, who carried the phial containing the blood of the Saint. The Duke of Hamilton

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and I accompanied Sir William Hamilton to a houſe directly oppoſite to the portico, where the ſacred head was placed. We there found a large aſſembly of Neapolitan nobility. A magnificent robe of velvet, richly embroidered, was thrown over the ſhoulders of the buſt; a mitre, refulgent with jewels, was placed on its head. The archbiſhop, with a ſolemn pace, and a look full of awe and veneration, approached, holding forth the ſacred phial which contained the precious lump of blood. He addreſſed the Saint in the humbleſt manner, fervently praying that he would graciouſly condeſcend to manifeſt his regard to his faithful votaries the people of Naples, by the uſual token of ordering that lump of his ſacred blood to aſſume its natural and original form. In thoſe prayers he was joined by the multitude around, particularly by the women; of whom there ſeemed more than their proportion. My curioſity prompted me to leave the balcony, and mingle with

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the multitude. I got by degrees quite near the buſt. Twenty minutes had already elapſed, ſince the Archbiſhop had been praying with all poſſible earneſtneſs, and turning the phial around and around without any effect. An old monk ſtood near the archbiſhop, and was at the utmoſt pains to inſtruct him how to handle, chafe, and rub the phial; he frequently took it into his own hands, but his manœuvres were as ineffectual as thoſe of the archbiſhop. By this time the people had become exceedingly noiſy; the women were quite hoarſe with praying; the monk continued his operations with increaſed zeal; and the archbiſhop was all over in a profuſe ſweat with vexation. In whatever light the failure of the miracle might appear to others, it was a very ſerious matter to him; becauſe the people conſider ſuch an event as a proof of the Saint's diſpleaſure, and a certain indication that ſome dreadful calamity will enſue. This was the firſt opportunity he had had of officiating ſince his nomination to

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the ſee. There was no knowing what fancy might have entered into the heads of a ſuperſtitious populace; they might have imagined, or his enemies might have inſinuated, that the failure of the miracle proceeded from St. Januarius's diſapprobation of the perſon in whoſe hands it was to have taken place. I never ſaw more evident marks of vexation and alarm than appeared in the countenance of the right reverend perſonage. This alone would have convinced me that they cannot command the liquefaction when they pleaſe. While things were in this ſtate I obſerved a gentleman come haſtily through the crowd, and ſpeak to the old monk, who, in a pretty loud voice, and with an accent and a grimace very expreſſive of chagrin, replied, "Coſpetto di "bacco è dura come una pietra *." At the ſame time an acquaintance whiſpered me, That it would be prudent to retire, becauſe the mob, on ſimilar occaſions, have

* 'Sblood! it is ſtill as hard as a ſtone.

been

been ſtruck with a notion, that the operation of the miracle was diſturbed by the preſence of heretics; on which they are apt to inſult them. I directly took his hint, and joined the company I had left. An univerſal gloom had overſpread all their countenances, they talked to each other in whiſpers, and ſeemed oppreſſed with grief and contrition. One very beautiful young lady cried and ſobbed as if her heart had been ready to break. The paſſions of ſome of the rabble without doors took a different turn; inſtead of ſorrow, they were filled with rage and indignation at the Saint's obſtinacy. They put him in mind of the zeal with which he was adored by the people of all ranks in Naples; of the honours which had been conferred on him; that he was reſpected here more than in any other country on earth; and ſome went ſo far, as to call him an old ungrateful yellow-faced raſcal for his obduracy. It was now almoſt dark—and

when leaſt expected, the ſignal was given that the miracle was performed. The populace filled the air with repeated ſhouts of joy; a band of muſic began to play; Te Deum was ſung; couriers were diſpatched to the royal family, then at Portici, with the glad tidings; the young lady dried up her tears; the countenances of our company brightened in an inſtant, and they ſat down to cards without farther dread of eruptions, earthquakes, or peſtilence.

I had remarked, during their ſuſpenſe with reſpect to the ſucceſs of the miracle, that ſome imputed the delay partly to the weather, which happened to be rainy, and colder than is uſual at this ſeaſon; and partly to the awkwardneſs of the Archbiſhop, who, never having performed before, was accuſed of not handling the phial in the ſame dexterous and efficacious manner that a perſon of experience would have done. While they imputed the failure to

thoſe

thoſe cauſes, they ſeemed equally uneaſy with the reſt of the company about the conſequences. It ſtruck me that the firſt ſentiment was perfectly inconſiſtent with the ſecond. I mentioned this to a French gentleman, who is here as travelling companion to the young Comte de Grammont, "If," ſaid I, "the weather, or "the unſkilfulneſs of the Archbiſhop, "has prevented the ſubſtance in the phial "from becoming liquid, this ſurely can-"not be an indication that Heaven or the "Saint is diſpleaſed; if, on the contrary, "the blood continuing ſolid in the pre-"ſence of the Saint, proceeds from Hea-"ven, or the Saint being offended, then "no kind of weather, and no kind of "expertneſs on the part of the Arch-"biſhop, could have rendered it liquid." ——"Monſieur," ſaid he, "voilà ce qu'on "appelle raiſonner ce que ces meſſieurs ne "font jamais."

The ſame evening, an acquaintance of mine, who is alſo a Roman Catholic, and who remained cloſe by the Archbiſhop till all was over, aſſured me, that the miracle had failed entirely; for the old monk ſeeing no ſymptom of the blood liquefying, had called out that the miracle had ſucceeded; on which the ſignal had been given, the people had ſhouted, the Archbiſhop had held up the bottle, moving it with a rapid motion before the eyes of the ſpectators, and nobody chooſing to contradict what every body wiſhed, he had been allowed to cover up the phial, and carry it back to the Chapel, with the contents, in the ſame form they had come abroad. How far this account is exactly true, I will not take on me to aſſert; I was not near enough to ſee the tranſaction myſelf, and I have only the authority of this perſon, having heard no other body ſay they had obſerved the ſame.

LETTER LXV.

Naples.

THE tomb of Virgil is on the mountain of Pauſilippo, a little above the grotto of that name; you aſcend to it by a narrow path which runs through a vineyard; it is overgrown with ivy leaves, and ſhaded with branches, ſhrubs, and buſhes; an ancient bay-tree, with infinite propriety, overhangs it. Many a ſolitary walk have I taken to this place. The earth, which contains his aſhes, we expect to find clothed in the brighteſt verdure. Viewed from the magic ſpot, the objects which adorn the bay become doubly intereſting. The Poet's verſes are here recollected with additional pleaſure; the verſes of Virgil are interwoven in our minds with a thouſand intereſting ideas, with the memory of our boyiſh years, or the ſportive

ſcenes of childhood, of our earlieſt friends and companions, many of whom are now dead; and thoſe who ſtill live, and for whom we retain the firſt impreſſion of affection, are at ſuch a diſtance, as renders the hopes of ſeeing them again very uncertain. No wonder, therefore, when in a contemplative mood, that our ſteps are often directed to a ſpot ſo well calculated to create and cheriſh ſentiments congenial with the ſtate of our mind. But then comes an antiquarian, who, with his odious doubts, diſturbs the pleaſing ſource of our enjoyment; and from the fair and delightful fields of fancy, conveys us in a moment to a dark, barren, and comfortleſs deſert;—he *doubts*, whether this be the real place where the aſhes of Virgil were depoſited; and tells us an unſatisfactory ſtory about the other ſide of the bay, and that he is rather inclined to believe that the Poet was buried ſomewhere there, without fixing on any particular ſpot.

Would

Would to heaven thoſe doubters would keep their minds to themſelves, and not ruffle the tranquillity of believers!

But, after all, why ſhould not this be the real tomb of Virgil? Why ſhould the enthuſiaſts who delight in pilgrimages to this ſpot, be deprived of that pleaſure? Why ſhould the Poet's ghoſt be allowed to wander along the dreary banks of Styx, till the antiquarians erect a cenotaph in his honour? Even they acknowledge that he was buried on this bay, and near Naples; and tradition has fixed on this ſpot, which, excluſive of other preſumptions, is a much ſtronger evidence in its favour than their vague conjectures againſt it.

In your way to the claſſic fields of Baia and Cumæ, you paſs through the grotto of Pauſilippo, a ſubterraneous paſſage through the mountain, near a mile in length, about twenty feet in breadth, and thirty or forty in height, every where, except at the two extremities, where it is much

higher. People of faſhion generally drive through this paſſage with torches, but the country people and foot paſſengers find their way without much difficulty by the light which enters at the extremities, and at two holes pierced through the mountain near the middle of the grotto, which admit light from above.

Mr. Addiſon tells us, that the common people of Naples, in his time, believed that this paſſage through the mountain was the work of magic, and that Virgil was the magician. But this is the age of ſcepticiſm; and the common people, in imitation of people of faſhion, begin to harbour doubts concerning all their old eſtabliſhed opinions. A Neapolitan Valet-de-place aſked an Engliſh gentleman lately, Whether Signior Virgilio, of whom he had heard ſo much, had really, and bona fide, been a magician or not? "A "magician!" replied the Engliſhman; "ay, that he was, and a very great "magician

" magician too." " And do you," re-ſumed the Valet, " believe it was he who " pierced this rock?" " As for this par-" ticular rock," anſwered the Maſter, " I " will not ſwear to it from my own know-" ledge, becauſe it was done before I was " born; but I am ready to make oath, that " I have known him pierce, and even melt, " ſome very obdurate ſubſtances."

Two miles beyond the Grotta di Pauſi-lippe, is a circular lake, about half a mile in diameter, called Lago d'Agnano; on whoſe margin is ſituated the famous Grotta del Cane, where ſo many dogs have been tortured and ſuffocated, to ſhew the effect of a vapour which riſes about a foot above the bottom of this little cave, and is deſtruc-tive of animal life. A dog having his head held in this vapour, is convulſed in a few minutes, and ſoon after falls to the earth motionleſs. This experiment is repeated for the amuſement of every unfeeling per-ſon, who has half a crown in his pocket, and affects a turn for natural philoſophy.

The experiment is commonly made on dogs; becauſe they, of all animals, ſhew the greateſt affection for man, and prefer his company to that of their own ſpecies, or of any other living creature. The fellows who attend at this cave have always ſome miſerable dogs, with ropes about their necks, ready for this cruel purpoſe. If the poor animals were unconſcious of what was to happen, it would be leſs affecting; but they ſtruggle to get free, and ſhow every ſymptom of horror, when they are dragged to this cave of torment. I ſhould have been happy to have taken the effect of the vapour for granted, without a new trial; but ſome of the company were of a more philoſophical turn of mind than I have any pretenſions to. When the unhappy animal found all his efforts to eſcape were ineffectual, he ſeemed to plead for mercy by the dumb eloquence of looks, and the blandiſhments natural to his ſpecies. While he licked the hand of his keeper, the unrelenting wretch daſhed him a blow,

a blow, and thruſt his head into the murdrous vapour.

When the real utility of the knowledge acquired by cruel experiments on animals (a practice which has been carried to dreadful lengths of late) is fairly ſtated, and compared with the exquiſiteneſs of *their* ſufferings, the benefit reſulting to mankind from thence will ſeem too dearly bought in the eyes of a perſon of humanity. Humanity! If language had belonged to other animals beſides man, might not they have choſen that word to expreſs—cruelty? if they had, thank God, they would have done injuſtice to many of the human race. I have left the poor dog too long in the vapour; much longer than he remained in reality. The Duke of Hamilton, ſhocked at the fellow's barbarity, wreſted the dog from his hands, bore him to the open air, and gave him life and liberty; which he ſeemed to enjoy with all the bounding rapture of gladneſs and gratitude. If you ſhould ever

ever come this way, pray do not inſiſt on ſeeing the experiment; it is not worth while; the thing is aſcertained; it is beyond a doubt that this vapour convulſes and kills every breathing animal.

You come next to the favourite fields of fancy and poetical fiction. The Campi Phlegrei, where Jupiter overcame the giants; the ſolfaterra ſtill ſmoking, as if from the effects of his thunder; the Monte Nova, which was thrown ſuddenly from the bowels of the earth, as if the ſons of Titan had intended to renew the war; the Monte Barbaro, formerly Mons Gaurus, the favourite of Bacchus; the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl; the noxious and gloomy lakes of Avernus and Acheron; and the green bowers of Elyſium.

The town of Puzzoli, and its environs, preſent ſuch a number of objects, worthy of the attention of the antiquarian, the natural philoſopher, and the claſſic ſcholar, that to deſcribe all with the minuteneſs they deſerve, would fill volumes.

The

The Temple of Jupiter Serapis at Puzzoli, is accounted a very intereſting monument of antiquity; being quite different from the Roman and Greek temples, and built in the manner of the Aſiatics, probably by the Egyptian and Aſiatic merchants ſettled at Puzzoli, which was the great emporium of Italy, until the Romans built Oſtia and Antium.

Sylla having abdicated the Dictatorſhip, retired, and paſſed the remainder of his life in this city.

The ruins of Cicero's villa, near this city, are of ſuch extent, as to give a high idea of the wealth of this great orator. Had Fortune always beſtowed her gifts with ſo much propriety, ſhe never would have been accuſed of blindneſs. When the truly great are bleſſed with riches, it affords pleaſure to every candid mind. Neither this villa near Puzzoli, that at Tuſculum, nor any of his other country-ſeats, were the ſcenes of idleneſs or riot. They are diſtinguiſhed

guiſhed by the names of the works he compoſed there; works which have always been the delight of the learned, and which, ſtill more than the important ſervices he rendered his country when in office, have contributed to immortalize his name.

The bay between Puzzoli and Baia is about a league in breadth. In croſſing this in a boat, you ſee the ruins called Ponte di Caligula, from their being thought the remains of a bridge which Caligula attempted to build acroſs. They are by others, with more probability, thought to be the ruins of a mole built with arches. Having paſſed over this gulph, a new field of curioſities preſents itſelf. The baths and priſons of Nero, the tomb of Agrippina, the temples of Venus, of Diana, and of Mercury, and the ruins of the ancient city of Cumæ; but no veſtiges now remain of many of thoſe magnificent villas which adorned this luxurious coaſt, nor even of the town of Baia. The whole of this beauteous bay, formerly the ſeat of pleaſure, and, at one period, the

moſt populous ſpot in Italy, is now very thinly inhabited; and the contraſt is ſtill ſtronger between the antient opulence and preſent poverty, than between the numbers of its antient and preſent inhabitants. It muſt be acknowledged, that we can hardly look around us, in any part of this world, without perceiving objects which, to a contemplative mind, convey reflections on the inſtability of grandeur, and the ſad viciſſitudes and reverſes to which human affairs are liable; but *here* thoſe objects are ſo numerous, and ſo ſtriking, that they muſt make an impreſſion on the moſt careleſs paſſenger.

LETTER LXVI.

Naples.

AS the Court are not at preſent at Caſſerta, we have not ſeen that place in all its ſplendour; we paſſed, however, one very agreeable day there, with Lady Hamilton and Sir Harry Featherſton.

The palace at Caſſerta was begun in the year 1750, after a plan of Vanvitelli; the work is now carried on under the direction of his ſon. While the preſent King of Spain remained at Naples, there were generally about two thouſand workmen employed; at preſent there are about five hundred. It will be finiſhed in a few years, and will then, unqueſtionably, be one of the moſt ſpacious and magnificent palaces in Europe. It has been ſaid, that London is too large a capital for the iſland of Great Britain; and it has been compared to a turgid head placed

placed on an emaciated body. The palace of Caſſerta alſo ſeems out of proportion with the revenues of this kingdom. It is not, properly ſpeaking, a head too large for the body; but rather an ornament, by much too expenſive and bulky for either head or body. This palace is ſituated about ſixteen miles north from Naples, on the plain where ancient Capua ſtood. It was thought prudent to found a building, on which ſuch ſums of money were to be laviſhed, at a conſiderable diſtance from Mount Veſuvius. It were to be wiſhed, that the contents of the cabinet at Portici were removed from the ſame dangerous neighbourhood. That he might not be limited in ground for the gardens, may have been his Spaniſh Majeſty's motive for chooſing that his palace ſhould be at a diſtance from Naples; and that it might not be expoſed to inſult from an enemy's fleet, was probably the reaſon that determined him to place it at a diſtance from the ſea.

This

This immenſe building is of a rectangular form, ſeven hundred and fifty feet Engliſh, by five hundred and eighty; about one hundred and twelve feet high, comprehending five habitable ſtories, which contain ſuch a number of apartments, as will accommodate the moſt numerous court, without any acceſſary buildings.

The rectangle is divided into four courts, each of about two hundred and fifty-two feet by one hundred and ſeventy. In each of the two principal fronts, are three correſponding gates, forming three openings, which pierce the whole building. The middle gate forms the entry to a magnificent portico, through which the coaches drive. In the middle of this, and in the centre of the edifice, there is a veſtibule of an octagonal form, which opens into the four grand courts at four ſides of the octagon; two other ſides open into the portico, one to the ſtaircaſe; and, at the eighth ſide, there is a ſtatue of Hercules crowned

crowned by Victory, with this inſcription:

VIRTUS POST FORTIA FACTA CORONAT *.

The grand ſtaircaſe is adorned with the richeſt marble; the upper veſtibule to which you aſcend by this noble ſtair, is an octagon alſo, and ſurrounded by twenty-four pillars of yellow marble, each of which is of one piece of eighteen feet high, without including the pedeſtal or capital. From this upper veſtibule there are entries into——But I have a notion you are tired of this deſcription, which I aſſure you is likewiſe my caſe. I beg, therefore, you may take it for granted, that the apartments within, particularly their Majeſties, and that deſtined for balls and theatrical entertainments, correſpond with the magnificence of the external appearance.

* Virtue crowns him after many great atchievements.

Among the workmen employed in finiſhing this palace and the gardens, there are one hundred and fifty Africans; for as the King of Naples is conſtantly at war with the Barbary States, he always has a number of their ſailors priſoners, all of whom are immediately employed as ſlaves in the gallies, or at ſome public work. There are at preſent at Caſſerta, about the ſame number of Chriſtian ſlaves; all of theſe have been condemned to this ſervitude for ſome crime, ſome of them for the greateſt of all crimes; they are, however, better clothed and fed than the Africans. This is done, no doubt, in honour of the Chriſtian religion, and to demonſtrate that Chriſtians, even after they have been found guilty of the blackeſt crimes, are worthier men, and more deſerving of lenity, than Mahometan priſoners, however innocent they may be in all *other* reſpects.

The gardens belonging to this palace are equally extenſive and magnificent. A great

great number of fine ſtatues, moſt of them copies of the beſt antique, are kept in a ſtorehouſe till the gardens are finiſhed, when they will be placed in them. The largeſt and fineſt elephant I ever ſaw is here at preſent; he is kept by African ſlaves; they ſeem to know how to manage him perfectly; he is well thriven, and goes through a number of tricks and evolutions with much docility and judgment.

In the garden there is an artificial water and iſland. This, if one may venture to ſay ſo, ſeems a little injudicious; it brings to our memory the bay of Naples, with its iſlands, a recollection by no means favourable to this royal contrivance. In this iſland there is a kind of a caſtle, regularly fortified, with a ditch around it, and ramparts, baſtions, ſally-ports, &c. &c. and a numerous train of artillery, ſome of them nine or ten *ouncers*. I no ſooner entered this fort, than I wiſhed that Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim had been

of our party; it would have charmed the ſoul of the worthy veteran and his faithful ſervant.

I aſked the man who attended us, what he imagined this fortification was intended for?—Sir Harry Featherſton ſaid, "The cannon were certainly deſigned "againſt the frogs, who were continually "attempting to ſcale the ramparts from "the ditch."——I aſked again, What was the real deſign of erecting this fort? The man anſwered, ſtretching out his arms, and making as wide a circle with them as he could, "Tutto, tutto per il "ſollazo del Re*." "Yes," ſaid I, "it "is ſurely in the higheſt degree reaſon-"able, that not only this fort, but the "whole kingdom, ſhould be appropriated "to the amuſement of his Majeſty."—— "Certo†," replied the man. I wiſhed to ſee how far the fellow's liberality would go

* All, all for the King's amuſement.
† Surely.

—"Not

—" Not only this kingdom," continued I, " but all Europe, would be highly ho-" noured in contributing to the amuſement " of his Majeſty." " Certo, certo *," ſaid the man.

* Surely, ſurely.

LETTER LXVII.

Naples.

THE King and Queen lately paid a viſit to four of the principal nunneries in this town. Their motive was to gratify the curioſity of the Archducheſs, and her huſband Prince Albert of Saxony. I ought to have informed you, that this illuſtrious couple left Vienna ſome months after us, with an intention to make the tour of Italy. We had the honour of ſeeing them frequently while at Rome, where they conciliated the affections of the Italian nobles by their obliging manners, as much as they commanded reſpect by their high rank. The Archducheſs is a very beautiful woman, and more diſtinguiſhed by the propriety of her conduct, than by either birth or beauty. As white, by the link of contraſt, is connected with the

the idea of black; ſo this amiable Ducheſs ſometimes recals thoſe to people's memories, whoſe ideas of dignity are ſtrongly contraſted with her's. Conſcious, from her infancy, of the higheſt rank, and accuſtomed to honours, it never enters into her thoughts that any perſon will fail in paying her a due reſpect; while they, eternally jealous that enough of reſpect is not paid them, give themſelves airs which would be intolerable in an Empreſs. A ſmile of benignity puts all who approach this Princeſs perfectly at their eaſe, and dignity ſits as ſmoothly on her as a well-made garment; while, on them, it briſtles out like the quills of a porcupine, or the feathers of an enraged turkey-cock.

As nobody is permitted to enter thoſe convents, except on ſuch extraordinary occaſions as this, when they are viſited by the Sovereigns, the Britiſh Miniſter ſeized this opportunity of procuring an

order for admitting the Duke of Hamilton and me. We accordingly accompanied him, and a few others, who were in the King's ſuite. I have ſeen various nunneries in different parts of Europe, but none that could be compared even with the meaneſt of thoſe four in this city, for neatneſs and conveniency. Each of them is provided with a beautiful garden; and the ſituation of one is the happieſt that can be imagined, commanding a proſpect nearly as extenſive as that from the Carthuſian convent near the caſtle of St. Elmo. Thoſe four nunneries are for the reception of young ladies of good families; and into one in particular, none but ſuch as are of very high rank can be admitted, either as penſioners, or to take the veil. Each of the young ladies in this ſplendid convent, have both a ſummer and a winter apartment, and many other accommodations unknown in other retreats of this nature. The royal viſitors were received in all of them by the

Lady

Lady Abbeſs, at the head of the oldeſt of the ſiſterhood; they were afterwards preſented with noſegays, and ſerved with fruit, ſweetmeats, and a variety of cooling drinks, by the younger nuns. The Queen and her amiable ſiſter received all very graciouſly; converſing familiarly with the Lady Abbeſſes, and aſking a few obliging queſtions of each.

In one convent the company were ſurpriſed, on being led into a large parlour, to find a table covered, and every appearance of a moſt plentiful cold repaſt, conſiſting of ſeveral joints of meat, hams, fowl, fiſh, and various other diſhes. It ſeemed rather ill-judged to have prepared a feaſt of ſuch a ſolid nature immediately after dinner; for thoſe royal viſits were made in the afternoon. The Lady Abbeſs, however, earneſtly preſſed their Majeſties to ſit down; with which they complied, and their example was followed by the Archduchеſs and

ſome

ſome of the ladies; the nuns ſtood behind, to ſerve their royal gueſts. The Queen choſe a ſlice of cold turkey, which, on being cut up, turned out a large piece of lemon ice, of the ſhape and appearance of a roaſted turkey. All the other diſhes were ices of various kinds, diſguiſed under the forms of joints of meat, fiſh, and fowl, as above mentioned. The gaiety and good humour of the King, the affable and engaging behaviour of the royal ſiſters, and the ſatisfaction which beamed from the plump countenance of the Lady Abbeſs, threw an air of cheerfulneſs on this ſcene; which was interrupted, however, by gleams of melancholy reflection, which failed not to dart acroſs the mind, at ſight of ſo many victims to the pride of family, to avarice, and ſuperſtition. Many of thoſe victims were in the full bloom of health and youth, and ſome of them were remarkably handſome. There is ſomething in a nun's dreſs which renders the beauty of a young

young woman more intereſting, than is in the power of the gayeſt, richeſt, and moſt laboured ornaments. This certainly does not proceed from any thing remarkably becoming in black and white flannel. The Lady Abbeſs and the elderly nuns made no more impreſſion in their veſtal robes, than thoſe ſtale, forlorn dames, whom you may ſee diſplaying their family jewels and ſhrivelled countenances every night at Ranelagh or in the ſide-boxes. The intereſt you take in a beautiful woman is heightened on ſeeing her in the dreſs of a nun, by the oppoſition which you imagine exiſts between the life to which her raſh vows have condemned her, and that to which her own unbiaſſed inclination would have led her. You are moved with pity, which you know is a-kin to love, on ſeeing a young blooming creature doomed to retirement and ſelf-denial, who was formed by nature for ſociety and enjoyment.

If we may credit the ancient poets, thoſe young women who are confined to a cloiſter

ſter life on any part of this coaſt, are more to be pitied than they would be under the ſame reſtraint elſewhere. They tell us, the very air in this part of Italy is repugnant to that kind of conſtitution, and that turn of mind, of which it would be peculiarly happy for nuns to be poſſeſſed. Propertius intreats his Cynthia not to remain too long on a ſhore which he ſeems to think dangerous to the chaſteſt maiden.

Tu modo quamprimum corruptas deſere Baias—†

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Littora quæ fuerant caſtis inimica puellis‡.

Martial aſſerts, that a woman who came hither as chaſte as Penelope, if ſhe remained any time, would depart as licentious and depraved as Helen.

Penelope venit, abit Helene.

I have certainly met with ladies, after they had reſided ſome time at Naples, who, in

† I intreat you to forſake, as ſoon as poſſible, the corrupt coaſt of Baia.

‡ A coaſt moſt unfriendly to modeſt maids.

point

point of character and conſtitution, were thought to have a much ſtronger reſemblance to Helen than to Penelope; but as I have no great faith in the ſudden operation of phyſical cauſes in matters of this kind, I never doubted of thoſe ladies having carried the ſame diſpoſition to Naples that they brought from it. Though there are not wanting thoſe who affirm, that the influence of this ſeducing climate is evident *now*, in as ſtrong a degree as it is deſcribed to have been anciently; that it pervades people of all ranks and conditions, and that in the convents themſelves;

> Even there, where frozen chaſtity retires,
> Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

Others, who carry their reſearches ſtill deeper, and pretend to have a diſtinct knowledge of the effect of aliment through all its changes on the human conſtitution, think, that the amorous diſpoſition, imputed to Neapolitans, is only in part owing

to their voluptuous climate, but in a far greater degree to the hot, ſulphureous nature of their ſoil, which thoſe profound naturaliſts declare communicates its fiery qualities to the juices of vegetables; thence they are conveyed to the animals who feed on them, and particularly to man, whoſe nouriſhment conſiſting both of animal and vegetable food, he muſt have in his veins a double doſe of the ſtimulating particles in queſtion. No wonder, therefore, ſay thoſe nice inveſtigators of cauſe and effect, that the inhabitants of this country are more given to amorous indulgences, than thoſe who are favoured with a chaſter ſoil and a colder climate.

For my own part, I muſt acknowledge, that I have ſeen nothing, ſince I came to Naples, to juſtify the general imputations above mentioned, or to ſupport this very ingenious theory. On the contrary, there are circumſtances from which the oppoſers

of

of this ſyſtem draw very different concluſions; for every ſyſtem of philoſophy, like every Miniſter of Great Britain, has an oppoſition. The gentlemen in oppoſition to the voluptuous influence of this climate, and the fiery effects of this ſoil, undermine the foundation of their antagoniſts theory, by aſſerting, that, ſo far from being of a warmer complexion than their neighbours, the Neapolitans are of colder conſtitutions, or more philoſophic in the command of their paſſions, than any people in Europe. Do not the lower claſs of men, ſay they, ſtrip themſelves before the houſes which front the bay, and bathe in the ſea without the ſmalleſt ceremony? Are not numbers of thoſe ſtout, athletic figures, during the heat of the day, ſeen walking and ſporting on the ſhore perfectly naked; and with no more idea of ſhame, than Adam felt in his ſtate of innocence; while the ladies from their coaches, and the ſervant-maids and young girls, who paſs along, contemplate

contemplate this ſingular ſpectacle with as little apparent emotion as the ladies in Hyde Park behold a review of the horſe-guards?

As Sir William and Lady Hamilton are preparing to viſit England, and the Duke feels no inclination to remain after they are gone, we intend to return to Rome in a few days.

LETTER LXVIII.

Rome.

WE delayed viſiting Tivoli, Freſcati, and Albano, till our return from Naples.

The Campagna is an uninhabited plain ſurrounding the city of Rome, bounded on one ſide by the ſea, and on the other by an amphitheatre of hills, crowned with towns, villages, and villas, which form the fineſt landſcapes that can be imagined. The ancient Romans were wont to ſeek ſhelter from the ſcorching heats of ſummer, among the woods and lakes of thoſe hills; and the Cardinals and Roman Princes, at the ſame ſeaſon, retire to their villas; while many of the wealthier ſort of citizens take lodgings in the villages, during the ſeaſon of gathering the vines.

On the road from Rome to Tivoli, about three miles from the latter, ſtrangers are deſired to viſit a kind of lake called Solfatara, formerly Lacus Albulus, and there ſhown certain ſubſtances, to which they give the name of Floating Iſlands. They are nothing elſe than bunches of bullruſhes, ſpringing from a thin ſoil, formed by duſt and ſand blown from the adjacent ground, and glued together by the bitumen which ſwims on the ſurface of this lake, and the ſulphur with which its waters are impregnated. Some of theſe iſlands are twelve or fifteen yards in length; the ſoil is ſufficiently ſtrong to bear five or ſix people, who, by the means of a pole, may move to different parts of the lake, as if they were in a boat. This lake empties itſelf by a whitiſh, muddy ſtream, into the Teverone, the ancient Anio; a vapour, of a ſulphureous ſmell, ariſing from it as it flows. The ground near this rivulet, as alſo around the borders of the lake, reſounds, as if it were hollow, when a horſe gallops

over

over it. The water of this lake has the ſingular quality of covering every ſubſtance which it touches with a hard, white, ſtoney matter. On throwing a bundle of ſmall ſticks or ſhrubs into it, they will, in a few days, be covered with a white cruſt; but, what ſeems ſtill more extraordinary, this encruſtating quality is not ſo ſtrong in the lake itſelf, as in the canal, or little rivulet that runs from it; and the farther the water has flowed from the lake, till it is quite loſt in the Anio, the ſtronger this quality is. Thoſe ſmall, round encruſtations, which cover the ſand and pebbles, reſembling ſugar-plums, are called Confetti di Tivoli*. Fiſhes are found in the Anio, both above and below Tivoli, till it receives the Albula; after which, during the reſt of its courſe to the Tiber, there are none. The waters of this lake had a high medical reputation anciently, but they are in no eſteem at preſent.

* Confections of Tivoli.

Near the bottom of the eminence on which Tivoli ſtands, are the ruins of the vaſt and magnificent villa built by the emperor Adrian. In this were comprehended an amphitheatre, ſeveral temples, a library, a circus, a naumachia. The emperor alſo gave to the buildings and gardens of this famous villa the names of the moſt celebrated places; as the Academia, the Lycæum, the Prytaneum of Athens, the Tempe of Theſſaly, and the Elyſian fields and infernal regions of the poets. There were alſo commodious apartments for a vaſt number of gueſts, all admirably diſtributed, with baths, and every conveniency. Every quarter of the world contributed to ornament this famous villa, whoſe ſpoils have ſince formed the principal ornaments of the Campidoglio, the Vatican, and the palaces of the Roman Princes. It is ſaid to have been three miles in length, and above a mile in breadth. Some antiquarians make it much larger; but the ruins, now remaining,

maining, do not mark a ſurface of a quarter of that extent.

At no great diſtance, they ſhew the place to which the Eaſtern Queen Zenobia was confined, after ſhe was brought in triumph to Rome by the emperor Aurelian.

The town of Tivoli is now wretchedly poor; it boaſts however greater antiquity than Rome itſelf, being the ancient Tibur, which, Horace informs us, was founded by a Grecian colony.

Tibur Argæo poſitum colono
Sit meæ ſedes utinam ſenectæ*.

Ovid gives it the ſame origin, in the fourth book of the Faſti;

* May Tibur to my lateſt hours,
Afford a kind and calm retreat;
Tibur, beneath whoſe lofty towers,
The Grecians fix'd their bliſsful ſeat.
FRANCIS.

——Jam mœnia Tiburis udi
Stabant; Argolicæ quod poſuere manus*.

This was a populous and flouriſhing town in remoter antiquity; but it appears to have been thinly inhabited in the reign of Auguſtus. Horace, in an epiſtle to Mæcenas, ſays,

Parvum parva decent. Mihi jam non Regia Roma,
Sed *vacuum Tibur* placet†.

Though the town itſelf was not populous, the beauty of the ſituation, and wholeſomeneſs of the air, prompted great numbers of illuſtrious Romans, both before the final deſtruction of the Republic, and afterwards in Auguſtus's time, to build country-houſes in the neighbourhood. Julius Cæ-

* The walls of the moiſt Tibur, then ſtood, which was founded by the Greeks.

† For little works become their little fate,
And every age, not Rome's imperial ſeat,
* * * * * * *
But Tibur's ſolitude my taſte can pleaſe.

far

ſar had a villa here, which he was under the neceſſity of ſelling to defray the expence of the public ſhews and games he exhibited to the people during his Ædileſhip. Plutarch ſays, that his liberality and magnificence, on this occaſion, obſcured the glory of all who had preceded him in the office, and gained the hearts of the people to ſuch a degree, that they were ready to invent new offices and new honours for him. He then laid the foundation of that power and popularity, which enabled him, in the end, to overturn the conſtitution of his country. Caius Caſſius had alſo a country-houſe here; where Marcus Brutus and he are ſaid to have had frequent meetings, and to have formed the plan which terminated the ambition of Cæſar, and again offered to Rome that freedom which ſhe had not the virtue to accept. Here alſo was the villa of Auguſtus, whoſe ſucceſs in life aroſe at the field of Philippi, from which he fled, was confirmed by the death of the

moſt virtuous citizens of Rome, and who, without the talents, reaped the fruits of the labours and vaſt projects of Julius, Lepidus the Triumvir, Cæcilius Metellus, Quintilius Varus, the poets Catullus and Propertius, and other diſtinguiſhed Romans, had villas in this town or its environs; and you are ſhewn the ſpots on which they ſtood: but nothing renders Tibur ſo intereſting, as the frequent mention which Horace makes of it in his writings. His great patron and friend Mæcenas had a villa here, the ruins of which are to be ſeen on the ſouth bank of the Anio; and it was pretty generally ſuppoſed, that the poet's own houſe and farm were very near it, and immediately without the walls of Tibur; but it has been of late aſſerted, with great probability, that Horace's farm was ſituated nine miles above that of Mæcenas's, at the ſide of a ſtream called Licenza, formerly Digentia, near the hill Lucretilis, in the country of the ancient Sabines.

bines. Thoſe who hold this opinion ſay, that when Horace talks of Tibur, he alludes to the villa of Mæcenas; but when he mentions Digentia, or Lucretilis, his own houſe and farm are to be underſtood; as in the eighteenth Epiſtle of the firſt book,

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandelâ bibit, rugoſus frigore pagus;
Quid ſentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari *?

the ſeventeenth Ode of the firſt book,

Velox amœnum ſæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus †;——

and in other paſſages. But whether the poet's houſe and farm were near the town of Tibur, or at a diſtance from it, his writings ſufficiently ſhow that he ſpent much of his time there; and it is probable that he

* When retired to the cool ſtream of Digentia, which ſupplies the cold village of Mandela with water; what, my friend, do you imagine, are my ſentiments and wiſhes?

† Pan from Arcadia's heights deſcends,
To viſit oft my rural ſeat——— FRANCIS.

compoſed

compoſed great part of his works in that favourite retreat. This he himſelf in ſome meaſure declares, in that fine Ode addreſſed to Julius Antonius, ſon of Mark Antony, by Fulvia; the ſame whom Auguſtus firſt pardoned, and afterwards put privately to death, on account of an intrigue into which Antonius was ſeduced by the abandoned Julia, daughter of Auguſtus.

——Ego, apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operoſa parvus
Carmina fingo *.

If you ever come to Tivoli, let it not be with a numerous party; come alone, or with a ſingle friend, and be ſure to put

* But as a bee, which thro' the ſhady groves,
Feeble of wing, with idle murmurs roves,
Sits on the bloom, and, with unceaſing toil,
From the ſweet thyme extracts his flow'ry ſpoil,
So I, weak bard! round Tibur's lucid ſpring,
Of humble ſtrain laborious verſes ſing.
FRANCIS.

your

your Horace in your pocket. You will read him here with more enthuſiaſm than elſewhere; you will imagine you ſee the philoſophic poet wandering among the groves, ſometimes calmly meditating his moral precepts, and ſometimes *his eye in a fine frenzy* rolling with all the fire of poetic enthuſiaſm. If Tivoli had nothing elſe to recommend it but its being ſo often ſung by the moſt elegant of the poets, and its having been the reſidence of ſo many illuſtrious men, theſe circumſtances alone would render it worthy the attention of travellers; but it will alſo be intereſting to many on account of its caſcade, the Sibyl's Temple, and the Villa Eſtenſe.

The river Anio, deriving its ſource from a part of the Apennines, fifty miles above Tivoli, glides through a plain till it comes near that town, when it is confined for a ſhort ſpace between two hills, covered with groves. Theſe were ſuppoſed to have been the reſidence of the Sibyl Albunea, to whom the

the temple was dedicated. The river, moving with augmented rapidity as its channel is confined, at length ruſhes headlong over a lofty precipice; the noiſe of its fall reſounds through the hills and groves of Tivoli; a liquid cloud ariſes from the foaming water, which afterwards divides into numberleſs ſmall caſcades, waters ſeveral orchards, and, having gained the plain, flows quietly for the reſt of its courſe, till it loſes itſelf in the Tiber. It is not ſurpriſing that the following lines have been ſo often quoted by thoſe who viſit the Sibyl's Temple, becauſe they delineate, in the moſt expreſſive manner, ſome of the principal features of the country around it.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Lariſſæ percuſſit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ reſonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, ut uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis*.

The

* But me not patient Lacedæmon charms,
Not fair Lariſſa with ſuch tranſport warms,

As

The elegant and graceful form of the beautiful little temple I have ſo often mentioned, indicates its having been built when the arts were in the higheſt ſtate of perfection at Rome. Its proportions are not more happy than its ſituation, on a point of the mountain fronting the great caſcade.

Before they take their leave of Tivoli, ſtrangers uſually viſit the Villa Eſtenſe, belonging to the Duke of Modena. It was built by Hippolitus of Eſte, Cardinal of Ferrara, and brother to the duke of that name; but more diſtinguiſhed by being the perſon to whom Arioſto addreſſed his poem of Orlando Furioſo. The houſe itſelf is not in the fineſt ſtyle of architecture. There are many whimſical waterworks in the gardens. Thoſe who do not approve of the taſte of their conſtruction, ſtill owe them

> As pure Albuneus' rock reſounding ſource,
> And rapid Anio, headlong in its courſe,
> Or Tibur, fenced by groves from ſolar beams,
> And fruitful orchards bath'd by ductile ſtreams.
>
> FRANCIS.

ſome

ſome degree of reſpect, on account of their being the firſt grand waterworks in Europe; much more ancient than thoſe of Verſailles. The ſituation is noble; the terraces lofty, the trees large and venerable; and though the ground is not laid out to the greateſt advantage, yet the whole has a ſtriking air of magnificence and grandeur.

LETTER LXIX.

Rome.

FRESCATI is an agreeable village, on the declivity of a hill, about twelve miles from Rome. It derives its name from the coolneſs of the air, and *freſh* verdure of the fields around. It is a biſhop's ſee, and always poſſeſſed by one of the ſix eldeſt Cardinals. At preſent it belongs to the Cardinal Duke of York, who, whether in the country or at Rome, paſſes the greateſt part of his time in the duties and ceremonies of a religion, of whoſe truth he ſeems to have the fulleſt conviction; and who, living himſelf in great ſimplicity, and not in the uſual ſtyle of Cardinals, ſpends a large proportion of his revenue in acts of charity and benevolence; *the world forgetting, by the world forgot*, except

except by thoſe who enjoy the comforts of life through his bounty.

Tivoli was the favourite reſidence of the ancient Romans. The moderns give the preference to Freſcati, in whoſe neighbourhood ſome of the moſt magnificent villas in Italy are ſituated.

The villa Aldobrandini, called alſo Belvedere, is the moſt remarkable, on account of its fine ſituation, extenſive gardens, airy terraces, its grottos, caſcades, and waterworks. Over a ſaloon, near the grand caſcade, is the following inſcription:

HUC EGO MIGRAVI MUSIS COMITATUS APOLLO,
HIC DELPHI, HIC HELICON, HIC MIHI DELOS ERIT *.

The walls are adorned with a repreſentation of Apollo and the Muſes; and ſome of that God's adventures are painted in Freſco by Domenichino, particularly the manner in which he treated Marſyas. This, in my humble opinion, had better

* Hither I, Apollo, have come, accompanied by the Muſes. This ſhall henceforth be our Delphos, Delos, and Helicon.

been

been omitted; both becauſe it is a diſagreeable ſubject for a picture, and becauſe it does no honour to Apollo. Marſyas unqueſtionably was an object of contempt and ridicule, on account of his preſumption; but the puniſhment ſaid to have been inflicted on him exceeds all bounds, and renders the inflictor more deteſtable in our eyes than the inſolent Satyr himſelf. This ſtory is ſo very much out of character, and ſo unlike the elegant God of Poetry and Muſic, that I am inclined to ſuſpect it is not true. There is a report, equally incredible, which has been propagated by malicious people, concerning his ſiſter Diana; I do not mean her rencounter with Actæon, for the Goddeſs of Chaſtity may, without inconſiſtency, be ſuppoſed cruel, but it is quite impoſſible to reconcile her general character with the ſtories of her nocturnal viſits to Endymion.

The villa Ludoviſi is remarkable for its gardens and water-works. The hills on

which Freſcati is ſituated, afford great abundance of water, a circumſtance of which the owners of thoſe villas have profited, all of them being ornamented with fountains, caſcades, or water-works of ſome kind or other.

The villa Taverna, belonging to the Prince Borgheſe, is one of the fineſt and beſt furniſhed of any in the neighbourhood of Rome. From this you aſcend through gardens to Monte Dracone, another palace on a more lofty ſituation, belonging alſo to that Prince, and deriving its name from the arms of his family. The ancient city of Tuſculum is ſuppoſed to have ſtood on the ſpot, or very near it, where Freſcati now is built; and at the diſtance of about a mile and a half, it is generally believed, was the Tuſculan villa of Cicero, at a place now called Grotta Ferrata. Some Greek monks of the order of St. Baſil, flying from the perſecution of the Saracens, in the eleventh century, were permitted to build a convent on the ruins

of

of Cicero's famous houſe. They ſtill perform the ſervice in the Greek language.

Whichever way you walk from Freſcati, you have the moſt delightful ſcenes before you. I paſſed two very agreeable days, wandering through the gardens, and from villa to villa. The pleaſure of our party was not a little augmented by the obſervations of Mr. B——, a lively old gentleman from Scotland, a man of worth but no antiquarian, and indeed no admirer of any thing, ancient or modern, which has not ſome relation to his native country; but to balance that indifference, he feels the warmeſt regard for every thing which has. We extended our walks as far as the lake of Nemi, a baſon of water lying in a very deep bottom, about four miles in circumference, whoſe ſurrounding hills are covered with tall and ſhady trees. Here

Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe;

Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green.

I never ſaw a place more formed for contemplation and ſolemn ideas. In ancient times there was a temple here, ſacred to Diana. The lake itſelf was called Speculum Dianæ, and Lacus Triviæ, and is the place mentioned in the ſeventh Book of the Æneid, where the Fury Alecto is deſcribed blowing the trumpet of war, at whoſe dreadful ſound the woods and mountains ſhook, and mothers, trembling for their children, preſſed them to their boſoms.

Contremuit nemus, et ſylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus———*
Et trepidæ matres preſſere ad pectora natus †.

* The intervening words are cold, and not much connected with the fine line which concludes the quotation.

† The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains ſhook,
The lake of Trivia heard the note profound.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Pale at the piercing call, the mothers preſt
With ſhrieks their ſtarting infants to the breaſt.

PITT.

We

We returned by Genſano, Marino, La Riccia, and Caſtel Gondolfo. All the villages and villas I have named communicate with each other by fine walks and avenues of lofty trees, whoſe intermingling branches form a continued ſhade for the traveller. Caſtel Gondolfo is a little village near the lake Albano, on one extremity of which is a caſtle, belonging to his Holineſs, from which the village takes its name; there is nothing remarkably fine in this villa, except its ſituation. Near the village of Caſtel Gondolfo, is the villa Barbarini, within the gardens of which are the ruins of an immenſe palace, built by the Emperor Domitian. There is a charming walk, about a mile in length, along the ſide of the lake from Caſtel Gondolfo to the town of Albano. The lake of Albano is an oval piece of water of about ſeven or eight miles circumference, whoſe margin is finely adorned with groves and trees of various verdure, beautifully reflected from the tranſ-

parent boſom of the lake; and which, with the ſurrounding hills, and the Caſtel Gondolfo, which crowns one of them, has a fine pictureſque effect.

The grand ſcale on which the beauties of nature appear in Switzerland and the Alps, has been conſidered by ſome, as too vaſt for the pencil; but among the ſweet hills and vallies of Italy, her features are brought nearer the eye, are fully ſeen and underſtood, and appear in all the bloom of rural lovelineſs. Tivoli, Albano, and Freſcati, therefore, are the favourite abodes of the landſcape-painters who travel to this country for improvement; and, in the opinion of ſome, thoſe delightful villages furniſh ſtudies better ſuited to the powers of their art, than even Switzerland itſelf. Nothing can ſurpaſs the admirable aſſemblage of hills, meadows, lakes, caſcades, gardens, ruins, groves, and terraces, which charm the eye, as you wander among the ſhades of Freſcati and Albano,

which

which appear in new beauty as they are viewed from different points, and captivate the beholder with endleſs variety. One reflection obtrudes itſelf on the mind, and diſturbs the ſatisfaction which ſuch pleaſing ſcenes would otherwiſe produce; it ariſes from beholding the poverty of infinitely the greater part of the inhabitants of thoſe villages.—Not that they ſeem miſerable or diſcontented—a few roaſted cheſnuts, and ſome bunches of grapes, which he may have for a penny, will maintain an Italian peaſant a whole day; but the eaſier they are ſatisfied, and the leſs repining they are, the more earneſtly do we wiſh that they were better provided for. Good heavens! why ſhould ſo much be heaped on a few, whom profuſion cannot ſatisfy; while a bare competency is withheld from multitudes, whom penury cannot render diſcontented?

The moſt commanding view is from the garden of a convent of Capuchins, at

no great diſtance from Albano. Directly before you is the lake, with the mountains and woods which ſurround it, and the caſtle of Gondolfo; on one hand is Freſcati with all its villas; on the other, the towns of Albano, La Riccia, and Genſano; beyond theſe you have an uninterrupted view of the Campagna, with St. Peter's church and the city of Rome in the middle; the whole proſpect being bounded by the hills of Tivoli, the Apennines, and the Mediterranean.

While we contemplated all theſe objects with pleaſure and admiration, an Engliſh gentleman of the party ſaid to Mr. B——, "There is not a proſpect equal to "this in all France or Germany, and not "many ſuperior even in England." "That "I well believe," replied the Caledonian; "but if I had you in Scotland, I could "ſhew you ſeveral with which this is by "no means to be compared." "Indeed! "Pray in what part of Scotland are they

"to

" to be ſeen?" " I preſume you never " was at the caſtle of Edinburgh, Sir?" " Never." " Or at Stirling?" " Never." " Did you ever ſee Loch Lomond, Sir?" " I never did." " I ſuppoſe I need not " aſk, whether you have ever been in " Aberdeenſhire, or the Highlands, or—" " I muſt confeſs once for all," interrupted the Engliſhman, " that I have the miſ- " fortune never to have ſeen any part of " Scotland." " Then I am not ſurpriſed," ſaid the Scot, taking a large pinch of ſnuff, " that you think this the fineſt " view you ever ſaw." " I preſume you " think thoſe in Scotland a great deal " finer?" " A very great deal indeed, " Sir; why that lake, for example, is a " pretty thing enough; I dare ſwear, many " an Engliſh nobleman would give a " good deal to have ſuch another before " his houſe; but Loch Lomond is thirty " miles in length, Sir! there are above " twenty iſlands in it, Sir! that is a " lake for you. As for their deſert of a

" Campagna, as they call it, no man " who has eyes in his head, Sir, will " compare it to the fertile valley of Stir- " ling, with the Forth, the moſt beau- " tiful river in Europe, twining through " it." " Do you really, in your con- " ſcience, imagine," ſaid the Engliſhman, " that the Forth is a finer river than the " Thames?" " The Thames!" exclaim- ed the North Briton; " Why, my dear " Sir, the Thames at London is a mere " gutter, in compariſon of the Frith of " Forth at Edinburgh." " I ſuppoſe, " then," ſaid the Engliſhman, recovering himſelf, " you do not approve of the " view from Windſor Caſtle?" " I aſk " your pardon," replied the other; " I " approve of it very much; it is an ex- " ceeding pretty kind of a proſpect; the " country appears from it as agreeable to " the ſight as any plain flat country, " crowded with trees, and interſected by " incloſures, can well do; but I own I " am of opinion, that mere fertile fields,

" woods,

" woods, rivers, and meadows, can never,
" of themſelves, perfectly ſatisfy the
" eye." " You imagine, no doubt," ſaid the Engliſhman, " that a few heath-
" covered mountains and rocks embelliſh
" a country very much?" " I am pre-
" ciſely of that opinion," ſaid the Scot;
" and you will as ſoon convince me that
" a woman may be completely beautiful
" with fine eyes, good teeth, and a fair
" complexion, though ſhe ſhould not
" have a *noſe* on her face, as that a land-
" ſcape, or country, can be completely
" beautiful without a mountain." " Well,
" but here are mountains enough," re-
ſumed the other; " look around you."
" Mountains!" cried the Caledonian,
" very pretty mountains, truly! They
" call that Caſtel Gondolfo of theirs a
" caſtle too, and a palace, forſooth! but
" does that make it a reſidence fit for a
" Prince?" " Why, upon my word, I
" do not think it much amiſs," ſaid the other; " it looks full as well as the palace
" of

" of St. James's." " The palace of St. " James's," exclaimed the Scot, " is a " ſcandal to the nation; it is both a " ſhame and a ſin, that ſo great a mo- " narch as the King of Scotland, Eng- " land, and Ireland, with his royal con- " ſort, and their large family of ſmall chil- " dren, ſhould live in a ſhabby old cloi- " ſter, hardly good enough for monks. " The palace of Holyrood-houſe, indeed, " is a reſidence meet for a king." " And " the gardens; pray what ſort of gardens " have you belonging to that palace?" ſaid the Engliſhman; " I have been told you do " not excel in thoſe." " But we excel in " gardeners," replied the other, " which " are as much preferable as the creator is " preferable to the created." " I am ſur- " priſed, however," rejoined the South Briton, " that in a country like yours, where " there are ſo many creators, ſo very few " fruit-gardens are created." " Why, Sir, it " is not to be expected," ſaid Mr. B——, " that any one country will excel in every " thing.

" thing. Some enjoy a climate more fa-
" vourable for peaches, and vines, and nec-
" tarines; but, by G—, Sir, no country on
" earth produces better men and women
" than Scotland." " I dare ſay none does,"
replied the other. " So as France excels
" in wine, England in wool and oxen,
" Arabia in horſes, and other countries in
" other animals, you imagine Scotland ex-
" cels all others in the human ſpecies."
" What I ſaid, Sir, was, that the human
" ſpecies in no country excel thoſe in Scot-
" land; and that I aſſert again, and will
" maintain, Sir, to my laſt gaſp." " I do
" not intend to deny it," ſaid the Engliſh-
man; " but you will permit me to obſerve,
" that, men being its ſtaple commodity, it
" muſt be owned that Scotland carries on a
" briſk trade; for I know no country that
" has a greater *exportation*; you will find
" Scotchmen in all the countries of the
" world." " So much the better for all
" the countries of the world," ſaid Mr.
B——; " for every body knows that the

" Scotch

" Scotch cultivate and improve the arts " and ſciences wherever they go." " They " certainly improve their own fortunes " wherever they go," rejoined the other: " —like their gardeners, though they " can create little or nothing at home, " they often create very good fortunes in " other countries; and this is one reaſon " of our having the pleaſure of ſo much " of their company in London." " Whe- " ther it affords you pleaſure or not, " Sir, nothing can be more certain," replied the Scot in the moſt ſerious tone, " than that you may *improve* very much " by their company and example. But " there are various reaſons," continued he, " for ſo many of my countrymen ſojourn- " ing in London. That city is now, in " ſome meaſure, the capital of Scotland as " well as of England. The ſeat of govern- " ment is there; the King of Scotland, as " well as of England, reſides there; the " Scotch nobility and gentry have as good " a right to be near the perſon of their So-

" vereign

" vereign as the Engliſh; and you muſt
" allow, that, if ſome Scotchmen make
" fortunes in England, many of our
" beſt eſtates are alſo ſpent there. But
" you mean to ſay, that the Scotch in
" general are poor, in compariſon of the
" Engliſh. This we do not deny, and
" cannot poſſibly forget, your countrymen
" refreſh our memories with it ſo often.
" We allow, therefore, that you have this
" advantage over us;—and the Perſians
" had the ſame over the Macedonians at
" the battle of Arbela. But, whether
" Scotland be poor or rich, thoſe Scots
" who ſettle in England muſt carry in-
" duſtry, talents, or wealth with them,
" otherwiſe they will ſtarve there as well
" as elſewhere; and when one country
" draws citizens of this deſcription from
" another, I leave you to judge which has
" the moſt reaſon to complain. And let
" me tell you, Sir, upon the whole, the
" advantages which England derives from
" the Union, are manifeſt and mani-
" fold."

"fold." "I cannot ſay," replied the Engliſhman, "that I have thought much "on this ſubject; but I ſhall be obliged "to you if you will enumerate a few of "them." "In the firſt place," reſumed the Scot, "Has ſhe not greatly increaſed "in wealth ſince that time?" "She has "ſo," replied the other, ſmiling, "and I "never knew the *real cauſe* before." "In "the next place, Has ſhe not acquired a "million and a half of ſubjects, who other-"wiſe would have been with her enemies? "For this, *and other reaſons*, they are "equivalent to three millions. In the "third place, Has ſhe not acquired ſecu-"rity? without which, riches are of no "value. There is no door open *now*, Sir, "by which the French can enter into your "country. They dare as ſoon be d—— "as attempt to invade Scotland; ſo if you "can defend your own coaſt, there is no "fear of you; but without a perfect union "with Scotland, England could not enjoy "the principal benefit ſhe derives from her

"inſular

" inſular ſituation." " Not till Scotland " ſhould be ſubdued," ſaid the Engliſh-man. " Subdued!" repeated the aſto-niſhed Scot; " let me tell you, Sir, *that* " is a very ſtrange hypotheſis; the fruit-" leſs attempts of many centuries might " have taught you that the thing is impoſ-" ſible; and, if you are converſant in hiſ-" tory, you will find, that, after the de-" cline of the Roman Empire, the courſe " of conqueſt was from *the North to the* " *South.*" " You mean," ſaid the South Briton, " that Scotland would have con-" quered England." " Sir," replied the other, " I think the Engliſh as brave a " nation as ever exiſted, and therefore I " will not ſay that the Scotch are braver; " far leſs ſhall I aſſert, that *they*, conſiſt-" ing of only a fifth part of the numbers, " could ſubdue the Engliſh; but I am ſure, " that rather than ſubmit they would try; " and you will admit that the trial would " be no advantage to either country."

" Although I am fully convinced," ſaid the Engliſhman, " how the experiment " would end, I ſhould be ſorry to ſee it " made, particularly at this time." " Yet " Sir," rejoined the Scot, " there are " people of your country, as I am told, " who, even at *this time*, endeavour to ex- " aſperate the minds of the inhabitants of " one part of Great Britain againſt the na- " tives of the other, and to create diſſenſion " between two countries, whoſe mutual " ſafety depends on their good agreement; " two countries whom Nature herſelf, by " ſeparating them from the reſt of the " world, and encircling them with her " azure bond of union, ſeems to have in- " tended for one." " I do aſſure you, my " good Sir," ſaid the Engliſh Gentleman, " I am not of the number of thoſe who " wiſh to raiſe ſuch diſſenſion. I love the " Scotch; I always thought them a ſen- " ſible and gallant people; and ſome of " the moſt valued friends I have on earth,

" are

" are of your country." " You are a man " of honour and diſcernment," ſaid the Caledonian, ſeizing him eagerly by the hand; " and I proteſt, without prejudice " or partiality, that I never knew a man " of that character who was not of your " way of thinking."

LETTER LXX.

Florence.

WE arrived in this city the third day after leaving Rome, though I have delayed writing till now. I wiſhed to know ſomething of the place, and to be a little acquainted with the people. The laſt is not difficult; becauſe the Florentines are naturally affable, and the hoſpitality and politeneſs of the Britiſh Miniſter afford his countrymen frequent opportunities of forming an acquaintance with the beſt company in Florence. This gentleman has been here about thirty years, and is greatly eſteemed by the Florentines. It is probably owing to this circumſtance, and to the magnificent ſtile in which ſome Engliſh Noblemen live, who have long reſided here, that the Engliſh, in general, are favourites with the inhabitants of this place. Lord Cooper's conduct

conduct and diſpoſition confirm them in the opinion they long have had of the good-nature and integrity of the nation to which he belongs. His Lady is of an amiable character, and affords them a very favourable ſpecimen of Engliſh beauty.

We have had no opportunity of ſeeing the Grand Ducheſs. She is of a domeſtic turn, and lives much in the country with her children, of which ſhe has a comfortable number; but the Grand Duke having come to town for two days, we had the honour of being preſented to him at the Palazzo Pitti. There is a ſtriking reſemblance of each other in all the branches of the Auſtrian family. Wherever I had met with the Grand Duke, I ſhould immediately have known that he belonged to it. He, as well as his brother who reſides at Milan, has, in a remarkable degree, the thick lip; which has long been a diſtinguiſhing feature in the Auſtrian family. He is a handſome man, is rapid in his words and motions, and has more vivacity in his manner

than either the Emperor or Archduke; like them he is good-humoured, condeſcending, and affable. After the extinction of the Medici family, the Florentines grumbled on account of the diſadvantage and inconveniency of having Sovereigns who did not reſide among them. They exclaimed that their money was carried away to a diſtant country, and the moſt profitable offices at home filled by foreigners. They have now got a Sovereign who reſides and ſpends his revenue among them, and has provided the State moſt plentifully in heirs; yet they ſtill grumble. They complain of the taxes—But in what country of Europe is there not the ſame complaint?

Florence is, unqueſtionably, a very beautiful city. Independent of the churches and palaces, ſome of which are very magnificent, the architecture of the houſes in general is in a good taſte, the ſtreets are remarkably clean, and paved with large broad ſtones, chiſeled ſo as to prevent the horſes

horſes from ſliding. This city is divided into two unequal parts by the river Arno, over which there are no leſs than four bridges in ſight of each other. That called the Ponte della Trinità, is uncommonly elegant. It is built entirely of white marble, and ornamented with four beautiful ſtatues, repreſenting the Four Seaſons. The quays, the buildings on each ſide, and the bridges, render that part of Florence through which the river runs, by far the fineſt. The ſame is the caſe at Paris; and it happens fortunately for thoſe two cities, that thoſe parts are almoſt conſtantly before the eye, on account of the neceſſity people are continually under of paſſing and repaſſing thoſe bridges; whereas in London, whoſe river and bridges are far ſuperior to any in France or Italy, people may live whole ſeaſons, attend all the public amuſements, and drive every day from one end of the town to the other, without ever ſeeing the Thames or the bridges, unleſs they go on purpoſe. For this reaſon,

when a foreigner is aſked, which he thinks the fineſt city, Paris or London? the moment Paris is mentioned, the Louvre, and that ſtriking part which is ſituated between the Pont Royal and Pont Neuf, preſents itſelf to his imagination. He can recollect no part of London equal in magnificence to this; and, ten to one, if he decides directly, it will be in favour of Paris: but if he takes a little more time, and compares the two capitals, ſtreet by ſtreet, ſquare by ſquare, and bridge with bridge, he will probably be of a different opinion. The number of inhabitants in Florence is calculated by ſome at eighty thouſand. The ſtreets, ſquares, and fronts of the palaces are adorned with a great number of ſtatues; ſome of them by the beſt modern maſters, Michael Angelo, Bandinelli, Donatello, Giovanni di Bologna, Benvenuto Cellini, and others. A taſte for the arts muſt be kept alive, independent almoſt of any other encouragement, in a city where ſo many ſpecimens are continually before

the eyes of the inhabitants. There are towns in Europe, where ſtatues, expoſed night and day within the reach of the common people, would run a great riſque of being disfigured and mutilated; here they are as ſafe as if they were ſhut up in the Great Duke's gallery.

Florence has been equally diſtinguiſhed by a ſpirit for commerce and for the fine arts; two things which are not always united. Some of the Florentine merchants formerly were men of vaſt wealth, and lived in a moſt magnificent manner. One of them, about the middle of the fifteenth century, built that noble fabric, which, from the name of its founder, is ſtill called the Palazzo Pitti. The man was ruined by the prodigious expence of this building, which was immediately purchaſed by the Medici family, and has continued, ever ſince, to be the reſidence of the Sovereigns. The gardens belonging to this palace are on the declivity of an eminence. On the ſummit

ſummit there is a kind of fort, called Belvedere. From this, and from ſome of the higher walks, you have a complete view of the city of Florence, and the beauteous vale of Arno, in the middle of which it ſtands. The proſpect is bounded on every ſide by an amphitheatre of fertile hills, adorned with country-houſes and gardens. In no part of Italy, that I have ſeen, are there ſo many villas, belonging to private perſons, as in the neighbourhood of this city; the habitations of the peaſants, likewiſe, ſeem much more neat and commodious. The country all around is divided into ſmall farms, with a neat farm-houſe on each. Tuſcany produces a conſiderable quantity of corn, as well as excellent wine, and great quantities of ſilk. The peaſants have a look of health and contentment: the natural beauty of the Italian countenance not being diſgraced by dirt, or deformed by miſery, the women in this country ſeem handſomer, and are, in reality, more blooming, than in other parts of Italy.

When

When at work, or when they bring their goods to market, their hair is confined by a ſilk net, which is alſo much worn at Naples; but on holidays they dreſs in a very pictureſque manner. They do not wear gowns, but a kind of jacket without ſleeves. They have no other covering for the upper part of the arm but their ſhift ſleeves, which are tied with ribband. Their petticoats are generally of a ſcarlet colour. They wear ear-rings and necklaces. Their hair is adjuſted in a becoming manner, and adorned with flowers. Above one ear they fix a little ſtraw hat; and on the whole have a more gay, ſmart, coquetiſh air, than any country-girls I ever ſaw.

Churches, and palaces, and ſtatues, are no doubt ornamental to a city; and the Princes are praiſe-worthy who have taken pains to rear and collect them; but the greateſt of all ornaments are cheerful, happy, living countenances. The taſte is not general; but, I thank God, I know ſome people

people who, to a perfect knowledge and unaffected love of the fine arts, join a paſſion for a collection of this kind, who cannot, without uneaſineſs, ſee one face in a different ſtyle, and whoſe lives and fortunes are employed in ſmoothing the corroſions of penury and misfortune, and *reſtoring* the *original* air of ſatisfaction and cheerfulneſs to the human countenance. Happy the people whoſe Sovereign is inſpired with this ſpecies of vertù!

LETTER LXXI.

Florence.

I HAVE generally, ſince our arrival at Florence, paſſed two hours every forenoon in the famous gallery. Connoiſſeurs, and thoſe who wiſh to be thought ſuch, remain much longer. But I plainly feel this is enough for me; and I do not think it worth while to prolong my viſit after I begin to be tired, merely to be thought what I am not. Do not imagine, however, that I am blind to the beauties of this celebrated collection; by far the moſt valuable now in the world.

One of the moſt intereſting parts of it, in the eyes of many, is the ſeries of Roman Emperors, from Julius Cæſar to Gallienus, with a conſiderable number of their Empreſſes, arranged oppoſite to them. This ſeries is almoſt complete; but wherever the

buſt of an Emperor is wanting, the place is filled up by that of ſome other diſtinguiſhed Roman. Such an honour is beſtowed with great propriety on Seneca, Cicero, or Agrippa, the ſon-in-law of Auguſtus. But, on perceiving a head of Antinous, the favourite of Adrian, among them, a gentleman whiſpered me,—*that* minion, pointing to the head, would not have been admitted into ſuch company any where but in Florence. It ought, however, to be remembered, that the Gallery is not an Ægyptian court of judicature, where Princes are tried after death, for crimes committed during their life. If the vices of originals had excluded their portraits, what would have become of the ſeries of Roman Emperors, and particularly of the buſt of the great Julius himſelf, who was huſband to all the wives and - - -

Amidſt thoſe noble ſpecimens of ancient ſculpture, ſome of the works of Michael Angelo are not thought undeſerving a place. His Bacchus and Faunus, of which the well-known ſtory is told, have been by ſome preferred to the two antique figures repreſenting the ſame.

The beautiful head of Alexander is univerſally admired by all the virtuoſi: though they differ in opinion with regard to the circumſtance in which the ſculptor has intended to repreſent that hero. Some imagine he is dying; Mr. Addiſon imagines he ſighs for new worlds to conquer; others, that he faints with pain and loſs of blood from the wounds he received at Oxydrace. Others think the features expreſs not bodily pain or languor, but ſorrow and remorſe, for having murdered his faithful friend Clitus. You ſee how very uncertain a buſineſs this of a virtuoſo is. I can hardly believe that the artiſt intended ſimply to repreſent him dying; there was nothing

very creditable in the manner he brought on his death. Nor do I think he would chooſe to repreſent him moaning, or languiſhing with pain or ſickneſs; there is nothing heroic in that; nor do we ſympathiſe ſo readily with the pains of the body, as with thoſe of the mind. As for the ſtory of his weeping for new worlds, he will excite ſtill leſs ſympathy, if that is the cauſe of his affliction. The laſt conjecture, therefore, that the artiſt intended to repreſent him in a violent fit of remorſe, is the moſt probable. The unfiniſhed buſt of Marcus Brutus, by Michael Angelo, admirably expreſſes the determined firmneſs of character which belonged to that virtuous Roman. The artiſt, while he wrought at this, ſeems to have had in his mind Horace's Ode,

Juſtum et tenacem propoſiti virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolidâ, &c *.

This

* The man in conſcious virtue bold,
Who dares his ſecret purpoſe hold,

Unſhaken

This would, in my opinion, be a more ſuitable inſcription for the buſt, than the concetto of Cardinal Bembo, which is at preſent under it*. Michael Angelo, in all probability, was pleaſed with the expreſſion he had already given the features, and choſe to leave it as an unfiniſhed ſketch, rather than riſk weakening it by an attempt to improve it.

The virtuoſi differ in opinion reſpecting the Arrotino, or Whetter, as much as about the head of Alexander. A young gentleman ſaid to an antiquarian, while he contemplated the Arrotino, "I believe, "Sir, it is imagined that this ſtatue was "intended for the ſlave, who, while he "was whetting his knife, overheard Ca-

Unſhaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the ſtern tyrant's brow ——— ——— defies.
FRANCIS.

* Dum Bruti effigiem Michael de marmore fingit,
In mentem ſceleris venit, et abſtinuit.

While Michael was forming this ſtatue, ſhocked with the recollection of Brutus' crime, he left his deſign unfiniſhed.

" tiline's conſpiracy."—" That is the vul-
" gar opinion," ſaid the other; " but the
" ſtatue was, in reality, done for a pea-
" ſant, who diſcovered the plot into which
" the two ſons of Junius Brutus entered
" for the reſtoration of Tarquin." " I
" aſk pardon, Sir," ſaid the young man;
" but although one may eaſily ſee that
" the figure liſtens with the moſt exqui-
" ſite expreſſion of attention, yet I ſhould
" think it very difficult to delineate in the
" features, whether the liſtener heard a
" conſpiracy, or any thing elſe which
" greatly intereſted him, and abſolutely
" impoſſible to mark, by any expreſſion
" of countenance, what particular con-
" ſpiracy he is hearing." " Your obſer-
" vation is juſt, young man," ſaid the
antiquarian, " when applied to modern
" artiſts, but entirely the reverſe when
" applied to the ancient. Now, for my
" own part, I plainly perceive in that
" man's countenance, and after you have
" ſtudied thoſe matters as profoundly as I

" have done, you will ſee the ſame, that " it is the conſpiracy for the reſtoration of " Tarquin, and no other plot whatever, " which he liſtens to; as for Catiline's " conſpiracy, it is not poſſible he could " know any thing about it; for, good " God! people ought to reflect, that the " man muſt have been dead four hundred " years before Catiline was born."

As we are now in the famous octagonal room, called Tribuna, I ought, if I had any thing new to ſay, to deſcant a little on the diſtinguiſhing excellencies of the Dancing Faun, the Wreſtlers, the Venus Urania, the Venus Victrix; and I would moſt willingly pay the poor tribute of my praiſe to that charming figure known by the name of Venus de Medicis. Yet, in the midſt of all my admiration, I confeſs I do not think her equal to her brother Apollo in the Vatican. In that ſublime figure, to the moſt perfect features and proportions, is joined an air which ſeems more than hu-

man. The Medicean Venus is unqueſtionably a perfect model of female beauty; but while Apollo appears more than a man, the Venus ſeems preciſely a beautiful woman.

In the ſame room are many valuable curioſities, beſides a collection of admirable pictures by the beſt maſters. I do not know whether any are more excellent of their kind, but I am convinced none are more attentively conſidered than the two Venuſes of Titian; one is ſaid to be a portrait of his wife, the other of his miſtreſs. The firſt is the fineſt portrait I ever ſaw, except the ſecond; of this you have ſeen many copies: though none of them equals the beauty of the original, yet they will give a juſter idea of it than any deſcription of mine could. On the back ground, two women ſeem ſearching for ſomething in a trunk. This epiſode is found much fault with; for my part, I ſee no great harm the two poor women do:

none

none but thoſe critics who ſearch more eagerly after *deformity* than *beauty*, will take any notice of them.

Beſides the Gallery and Tribuna, the hundredth part of whoſe treaſures I have not particulariſed, there are other rooms, whoſe contents are indicated by the names they bear; as, the Cabinet of Arts, of Aſtronomy, of Natural Hiſtory, of Medals, of Porcelain, of Antiquities, and the Saloon of the Hermaphrodite, ſo called from a ſtatue which divides the admiration of the Amateurs with that in the Borgheſe villa at Rome. The excellence of the execution is diſgraced by the vileneſs of the ſubject. We are ſurpriſed how the Greeks and Romans could take pleaſure in ſuch unnatural figures; in this particular, their taſte ſeems to have been as depraved, as in general it was elegant and refined. In this room there is a collection of drawings by ſome of the greateſt maſters, Michael Angelo, Raphael,

Andrea del Sarto, and others. There is, in particular, a ſketch of the Laſt Judgment by the firſt-named of theſe painters, different, and, in the opinion of ſome, deſigned with more judgment, than his famous picture on the ſame ſubject in Sixtus the Fourth's chapel in the Vatican.

The large room, called the Gallery of Portraits, is not the leaſt curious in this vaſt Muſæum. It contains the portraits, all executed by themſelves, of the moſt eminent painters who have flouriſhed in Europe during the three laſt centuries. They amount to above two hundred; thoſe of Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, and Guido, were formerly the moſt eſteemed; two have been added lately, which vie with the fineſt in this collection—thoſe of Mengs and Sir Joſhua Reynolds. The portrait of Raphael ſeems to have been done when he was young; it is not equal to any of the above. The Electreſs Dowager of Saxony has made a valuable addition

addition to this collection, by ſending her own portrait painted by herſelf; ſhe is at full length, with the palette and pencils in her hands. Correggio, after hearing the picture of St. Cecilia at Bologna cried up as a prodigy, and the *ne plus ultra* of art, went to ſee it; and conſcious that there was nothing in it that required the exertion of greater powers than he felt within himſelf, he was overheard to ſay, " Anch' io ſono pittore." This illuſtrious princeſs was alſo conſcious of her powers when ſhe painted this portrait, which ſeems to pronounce to the ſpectators, *Anch' io ſono pittrice* *.

* I alſo am a painter.

LETTER LXXII.

Florence.

HAVING now croſſed from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, and travelled through a conſiderable part of Italy, I acknowledge I have been agreeably diſappointed in finding the ſtate of the poorer part of the inhabitants leſs wretched than, from the accounts of ſome travellers, I imagined it was; and I may with equal truth add, that although I have not ſeen ſo much poverty as I was taught to expect, yet I have ſeen far more poverty than miſery. Even the extremity of indigence is accompanied with leſs wretchedneſs here than in many other countries. This is partly owing to the mildneſs of the climate and fertility of the ſoil, and partly to the peaceable, religious, and contented diſpoſition of the people.

people. The miſeries which the poorer part of mankind ſuffer from cold, are, perhaps, greater than thoſe derived from any other ſource whatever. But in Italy, the gentleneſs of the climate protects them from this calamity nine months of the year. If they can gather as much wood as to keep a moderate fire during the remaining three, and procure a coarſe cloak, they have little to fear from that quarter. Thoſe who cannot get employment, which is often the caſe in this country, and even thoſe who do not chooſe to work, which is the caſe with numbers all the world over, receive a regular maintenance from ſome convent: with this, and what little they can pick up otherwiſe, in a country where proviſions are plentiful and cheap, they paſs through life, in their own opinion, with more ſatisfaction than if they had a greater number of conveniencies procured by much bodily labour. Whereas in Great Britain, Germany, and other northern countries,

countries, the poor have no choice but to work; for if they remain idle, they are expoſed to miſeries more intolerable than the hardeſt labour can occaſion to the lazieſt of mankind; they are invaded at once by the accumulated agonies of hunger and cold; and if they have ever had ſufficient credit to contract a little debt, they are continually in danger of being thrown into a jail among pick-pockets and felons. With reſpect to the loweſt of the tradeſpeople and the day-labourers in this country, their wages are certainly not high; nor are they willing, by great efforts of induſtry, to gain all they might; but what they do gain is never waſted in intemperance, but fairly ſpent in their families on the real neceſſaries and comforts of life.

The Italians are the greateſt loungers in the world; and while walking in the fields, or ſtretched in the ſhade, ſeem to enjoy the ſerenity and genial warmth of their

their climate with a degree of luxurious indulgence peculiar to themſelves. Without ever running into the daring exceſſes of the Engliſh, or diſplaying the friſky vivacity of the French, or the invincible phlegm of the Germans, the Italian populace diſcover a ſpecies of ſedate ſenſibility to every ſource of enjoyment, from which, perhaps, they derive a greater degree of happineſs than any of the other. The frequent proceſſions and religious ceremonies, beſides amuſing and comforting them, ſerve to fill up their time, and prevent that ennui, and thoſe immoral practices, which are apt to accompany poverty and idleneſs. It is neceſſary, for the quiet and happineſs of every community, that the populace be employed. Some politicians imagine, that their whole time ſhould be ſpent in gainful induſtry. Others think, that though the riches of the ſtate will not be augmented, yet the general happineſs, which is a more important

portant object, will be promoted by blending the occupations of induſtry with a conſiderable proportion of ſuch ſuperſtitious ceremonies as awaken the future hopes, without lulling the preſent benevolence, of the multitude; but nobody can doubt, that in countries where, from whatever cauſe, induſtry does not prevail, proceſſions, and other rites of the ſame nature, will tend to reſtrain the populace from the vices, and of conſequence prevent ſome of the miſeries of idleneſs.

The peaſantry of this country are unqueſtionably in a more comfortleſs ſtate than a benevolent mind could wiſh them. But, England and Switzerland excepted, is not this the caſe all over Europe? In all the countries I have ſeen, or had an account of, the huſbandmen, probably the moſt virtuous, but certainly the moſt uſeful part of the community, whoſe labour and induſtry maintain all the reſt, and in whom the real ſtrength of the ſtate reſides,

reſides, are, by a moſt unjuſt diſpenſation, generally the pooreſt and moſt oppreſſed. But although the Italian peaſantry are by no means in the affluent, independent ſituation of the peaſantry of Switzerland, and the tenantry of England, yet they are not ſubjected to the ſame oppreſſions with thoſe of Germany, nor are they ſo poor as thoſe of France.

Great part of the lands in Italy belong to convents; and I have obſerved, and have been aſſured by thoſe who have the beſt opportunities of knowing, that the tenants of theſe communities are happier, and live more at their eaſe, than thoſe of a great part of the nobility. The revenues of convents are uſually well managed, and never allowed to be ſquandered away by the folly or extravagance of any of its members; conſequently the community is not driven, by craving and threatening creditors, as individuals frequently are, to ſqueeze out of their vaſſals

the

the means of ſupplying the waſte occaſioned by their own vanity and expence. A convent can have no incitement to ſevere and oppreſſive exactions from the peaſants, except ſheer avarice; a paſſion which never riſes to ſuch a height in a ſociety where the revenue is in common, as in the breaſt of an individual, who is ſolely to reap the fruits of his own oppreſſion.

The ſtories which circulate in Proteſtant countries, concerning the ſcandalous debauchery of monks, and the luxurious manner in which they live in their convents, whatever truth there may have been in them formerly, are certainly now in a great meaſure without foundation. I remember when I was at the Grande Chartreuſe, near Grenoble, which has a conſiderable diſtrict of land belonging to it, I was informed, and this information was confirmed by what I ſaw, that thoſe monks were gentle and generous maſters, and that their tenants were envied by all the peaſantry

ſantry around, on account of the treatment they received, and the comparatively eaſy terms on which they held their farms. From the enquiries I have made in France, Germany, and Italy, I am convinced that this is uſually the caſe with thoſe peaſants who belong to convent lands; and very often, I have been informed, beſides having eaſy rents, they alſo find affectionate friends and protectors in their maſters, who viſit them in ſickneſs, comfort them in all diſtreſſes, and are of ſervice to their families in various ſhapes.

I have been ſpeaking hitherto of the peaſantry belonging to convents; but I believe I might extend the remark to the tenants of eccleſiaſtics in general, though they are often repreſented as more proud and oppreſſive maſters than any claſs of men whatever; an aſperſion which may have gained credit the more eaſily on this account, that inſtances of cruelty and oppreſſion in eccle-

eccleſiaſtics ſtrike more, and raiſe a greater indignation, than the ſame degree of wickedneſs in other men; they raiſe a greater indignation, becauſe they are more unbecoming of clergymen, and they ſtrike more when they do happen, becauſe they happen ſeldomer. The ambition of Popes ſome centuries ago, when the Court of Rome was in its zenith, the unlimited influence and power which particular Churchmen acquired in England and France, had thoſe effects upon their actions and characters, which ambition and power uſually have on the characters of men; it rendered them inſolent, unfeeling, and perſecuting. yet, for every cruel and tyrannical Pope that hiſtory has recorded, it will be eaſy to name two or three Roman Emperors who have ſurpaſſed them in every ſpecies of wickedneſs; and England and France have had Prime Miniſters with all the vices, without the abilities, of Wolſey and Richelieu.

Thoſe

Thoſe who declaim againſt the wickedneſs of the clergy, ſeem to take it for granted, that this body of men were the authors of the moſt horrid inſtances of perſecution, maſſacre, and tyranny, over men's conſciences, that are recorded in the annals of mankind; yet Philip II. Charles IX. and Henry VIII. were not Churchmen; and the capricious tyranny of Henry, the frantic fury of Charles, and the perſevering cruelty of Philip, ſeem to have proceeded from the perſonal characters of theſe Monarchs, or to have been excited by what they conſidered as their political intereſt, rather than by the ſuggeſtions of their Clergy.

As the ſubjects of the Eccleſiaſtical State are perhaps the pooreſt in Italy, this has been imputed to the rapacious diſpoſition which ſome aſſert is natural to Churchmen. This poverty, however, may be otherwiſe accounted for. Biſhop Burnet very judiciouſly obſerves, that the ſubjects of a go-

vernment, which is at once deſpotic and elective, labour under peculiar diſadvantages; for an hereditary Prince will naturally have conſiderations for his people which an elective one will not, "unleſs he "has a degree of generoſity not common "among men, and leaſt of all among "Italians, who have a paſſion for their "families which is not known in other "places *." An elective Prince, knowing that it is only during his reign that his family can receive any benefit from it, makes all the haſte he can to enrich them. To this it may be added, that as Popes generally arrive at Sovereignty at an age when avarice predominates in the human breaſt, they may be ſuppoſed to have a ſtronger bias than other Princes to that ſordid paſſion; and even when this does not take place, their needy relations are continually prompting them to acts of oppreſſion, and ſuggeſting ways and means of ſqueezing the people. Other cauſes

* Vide Biſhop Burnet's Travels.

might

might be aſſigned; but that it does not originate from the imputation above mentioned, ſeems evident from this, that the peaſants of particular eccleſiaſtics, and of the convents in the Pope's dominions, as well as in other countries, are generally leſs oppreſſed than thoſe of the lay lords and princes.

From what has been thrown out by ſome celebrated wits, and the common-place invective of thoſe who affect that character, one would be led to imagine that there is ſomething in the nature of the clerical profeſſion which has a tendency to render men proud and oppreſſive. Such indiſcriminating cenſure carries no conviction to my mind, becauſe it is contradicted by the experience I have had in life, and by the obſervations, ſuch as they are, which I have been able to make on human nature. I do not mean, in imitation of the ſatiriſts above mentioned, to put the Clergy of all religions on the ſame footing.

My opportunities of knowledge are too ſlender to juſtify *that*; my acquaintance with this order of men having been in a great meaſure confined to thoſe of the Proteſtant Church, men of learning and ingenuity, of quiet, ſpeculative, and benevolent diſpoſitions; it is uſually, indeed, this turn of mind which has inclined them to the eccleſiaſtical profeſſion. But though my acquaintance with the Roman Catholic Clergy is very limited, yet the few I do know could not be mentioned as exceptions to what I have juſt ſaid of the Proteſtant; and, excluſive of all perſonal knowledge of the men, it is natural to think that the habitual performance of the ceremonies of the Chriſtian religion, though intermingled with ſome ſuperſtitious rites, and the preaching the doctrines of benevolence and good-will towards men, muſt have ſome influence on the lives and characters of thoſe who are thus employed. It is a common error, prevailing in Proteſtant countries, to ima-

gine that the Roman Catholic Clergy laugh at the religion they inculcate, and regard their flocks as the dupes of an artful plan of impoſition. By far the greater part of Roman Catholic prieſts and monks are themſelves moſt ſincere believers, and teach the doctrines of Chriſtianity, and all the miracles of the legend, with a perfect conviction of their divinity and truth. The few who were behind the curtain when falſehood was firſt embroidered upon truth, and thoſe who have at different periods been the authors of all the maſks and interludes which have enriched the grand drama of ſuperſtition, have always choſen to employ ſuch men, being ſenſible that the inferior actors would perform their parts more perfectly, by acting from nature and real conviction. "Paulum intereſſe cenſes," ſays Davus to Myſis, "ex animo omnia ut fert "natura, facias an de induſtria*."

* Andria Terentii—"Do you imagine there is but little difference between acting from feeling, as nature dictates, or from art?"

The accounts we receive of their gluttony, are often as ill-founded as thoſe of their infidelity. The real character of the majority of monks and inferior eccleſiaſtics, both in France and Italy, is that of a ſimple, ſuperſtitious, well-meaning race of men, who for the moſt part live in a very abſtemious and mortified manner, notwithſtanding what we have heard of their gluttony, their luxury, and voluptuouſneſs. Such accuſations are frequently thrown out by thoſe who are ill entitled to make them. I remember being in company with an acquaintance of yours, who is diſtinguiſhed for the delicacy of his table and the length of his repaſts, from which he ſeldom retires without a bottle of Burgundy for his own ſhare, not to mention two or three glaſſes of Champaign between the courſes. We had dined a few miles from the town in which we then lived, and were returning in his chariot; it was winter, and he was wrapped in fur to the noſe. As we drove along, we met two friars walking through the

the ſnow; little threads of icicles hung from their beards; their legs and the upper part of their feet were bare, but their ſoles were defended from the ſnow by wooden ſandals. "There goes a couple of dainty "rogues," cried your friend as we drew near them; "only think of the folly of "permitting ſuch lazy, luxurious raſcals to "live in a State, and eat up the portion of "the poor. I will engage that thoſe two "ſcoundrels, as lean and mortified as they "look, will devour more victuals in a "day, than would maintain two induſtri-"ous families." He continued railing againſt the luxury of thoſe two friars, and afterwards expatiated upon the epicuriſm of the clergy in general; who, he ſaid, were all alike in every country, and of every religion. When we arrived in town, he told me he had ordered a little nice ſupper to be got ready at his houſe by the time of our return, and had lately got ſome excellent wine, inviting me at the ſame time to go home with him; for, continued he, as *we*

have driven three miles in ſuch weather, *we ſtand in great need* of ſome refreſhment.

That in all Roman Catholic countries, and particularly in Italy, the clergy are too numerous, have too much power, too great a proportion of the lands, and that ſome of them live in great pomp and luxury, is undeniable. That the common people would be in a better ſituation, if manufactures and the ſpirit of induſtry could be introduced among them, is equally true; but, even as things are, I cannot help thinking that the ſtate of the Italian peaſantry is preferable, in many reſpects, to that of the peaſants of many other countries in Europe. They are not beaten by their eccleſiaſtical lords, as thoſe of Germany are by their maſters, on every real or imaginary offence. They have not their children torn from them, to be ſacrificed to the pomp, avarice, or ambition of ſome military deſpot; nor are they themſelves preſſed into the ſervice as ſoldiers for life.

In

In England and in France the people take an intereſt in all national diſputes, and conſider the cauſe of their country or their Prince as their own; they enter into the ſervice voluntarily, and fight with ardour for the glory of the country or King they love. Thoſe ideas enable them to ſubmit to a thouſand hardſhips without repining, and they feel the ſenſations of happineſs in the midſt of toil, want, and danger. But in Germany, where the paſſions are annihilated, and a man is modelled into a machine before he is thought a good ſoldier, where his blood is ſold by the Prince to the higheſt bidder, where he has no quarrel with the enemy he murders, and no allegiance to the Monarch for whom he fights, the being liable to be forced into ſuch a ſervice, is one of the moſt dreadful of all calamities. Yet a regiment of ſuch compelled ſoldiers, dreſſed in gaudy uniform, and powdered for a review, with muſic ſounding and colours flying, makes a far more brilliant

brilliant appearance than a cluſter of peaſants with their wives and children upon a holiday. But if we could examine the breaſts of the individuals, we ſhould find in thoſe of the former nothing but the terror of puniſhment, hatred of their officers, diſtruſt of each other, and life itſelf ſupported only by the hope of deſertion; while the boſoms of the latter are filled with all the affections of humanity, undiſturbed by fear or remorſe.

LETTER LXXIII.

Florence.

SOCIETY ſeems to be on an eaſy and agreeable footing in this city. Beſides the converſazionis which they have here, as in other towns of Italy, a number of the nobility meet every day at a houſe called the Caſino. This ſociety is pretty much on the ſame footing with the clubs in London. The members are elected by ballot. They meet at no particular hour, but go at any time that is convenient. They play at billiards, cards, and other games, or continue converſing the whole evening, as they think proper. They are ſerved with tea, coffee, lemonade, ices, or what other refreſhments they chooſe; and each perſon pays for what he calls for. There is one material difference between this and the Engliſh clubs, that women as well as men are members.

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The company of both ſexes behave with more frankneſs and familiarity to ſtrangers, as well as to each other, than is cuſtomary in public aſſemblies in other parts of Italy.

The Opera at Florence is a place where the people of quality pay and receive viſits, and converſe as freely as at the Caſino above mentioned. This occaſions a continual paſſing and repaſſing to and from the boxes, except in thoſe where there is a party of cards formed; it is then looked on as a piece of ill manners to diſturb the players. I never was more ſurpriſed, than when it was propoſed to me to make one of a whiſt party, in a box which ſeemed to have been made for the purpoſe, with a little table in the middle. I hinted that it would be full as convenient to have the party ſomewhere elſe; but I was told, good muſic added greatly to the pleaſure of a whiſt party; that it increaſed the joy of good fortune, and ſoothed the affliction of bad. As I thought the people of this country

country better acquainted than myſelf with the power of muſic, I conteſted the point no longer; but have generally played two or three rubbers at whiſt in the ſtage-box every opera night.

From this you may gueſs, that, in this city, as in ſome other towns in Italy, little attention is paid to the muſic by the company in the boxes, except at a new opera, or during ſome favourite air. But the dancers command a general attention: as ſoon as they begin, converſation ceaſes; even the card-players lay down their cards, and fix their eyes on the Ballette. Yet the excellence of Italian dancing ſeems to conſiſt in feats of ſtrength, and a kind of jerking agility, more than in graceful movement. There is a continual conteſt among the performers who ſhall ſpring higheſt. You ſee here none of the ſprightly, alluring gaiety of the French comic dancers, nor of the graceful attitudes, and ſmooth flowing motions of the performers in the ſerious

opera

opera at Paris. It is ſurpriſing, that a people of ſuch taſte and ſenſibility as the Italians, ſhould prefer a parcel of athletic jumpers to elegant dancers.

On the evenings on which there is no opera, it is uſual for the genteel company to drive to a public walk immediately without the city, where they remain till it begins to grow duſkiſh. Soon after our arrival at Florence, in one of the avenues of this walk we obſerved two men and two ladies, followed by four ſervants in livery. One of the men wore the inſignia of the garter. We were told this was the Count Albany, and that the Lady next to him was the Counteſs. We yielded the walk, and pulled off our hats. The gentleman along with them was the Envoy from the King of Pruſſia to the Court of Turin. He whiſpered the Count, who, returning the ſalutation, looked very earneſtly at the Duke of Hamilton. We have ſeen them almoſt every evening ſince, either at the opera or on the

public walk. His Grace does not affect to ſhun the avenue in which they happen to be; and as often as we paſs near them, the Count fixes his eyes in a moſt expreſſive manner upon the Duke, as if he meant to ſay—our anceſtors were better acquainted.

You know, I ſuppoſe, that the Count Albany is the unfortunate Charles Stuart, who left Rome ſome time ſince on the death of his father, becauſe the Pope did not think proper to acknowledge him by the title which he claimed on that event. He now lives at Florence, on a ſmall revenue allowed him by his brother. The Counteſs is a beautiful woman, much beloved by thoſe who know her, who univerſally deſcribe her as lively, intelligent, and agreeable. Educated as I was in Revolution principles, and in a part of Scotland where the religion of the Stuart family, and the maxims by which they governed, are more reprobated than perhaps in any part of Great Britain, I could not behold this unfortunate

fortunate perſon without the warmeſt emotion and ſympathy. What muſt a man's feelings be, who finds himſelf excluded from the moſt brilliant ſituation, and nobleſt inheritance that this world affords, and reduced to an humiliating dependance on thoſe who, in the natural courſe of events, ſhould have looked up to him for protection and ſupport? What muſt his feelings be, when, on a retroſpective view, he beholds a ſeries of calamities attending his family, that is without example in the annals of the unfortunate; calamities, of which thoſe they experienced after their acceſſion to the throne of England, were only a continuation? Their misfortunes began with their royalty, adhered to them through ages, increaſed with the increaſe of their dominions, did not forſake them when dominion was no more; and, as he has reaſon to dread, from his own experience, are not yet terminated. It will afford no alleviation or comfort, to recollect that part of this black liſt of calamities aroſe from

from the imprudence of his anceſtors; and that many gallant men, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, have at different periods been involved in their ruin.

Our ſympathy for this unfortunate perſon is not checked by any blame which can be thrown on himſelf. He ſurely had no ſhare in the errors of the firſt Charles, the profligacy of the ſecond, or the impolitic and bigoted attempts of James againſt the laws and eſtabliſhed religion of Great Britain and Ireland; therefore, whilſt I contemplate with approbation and gratitude the conduct of thoſe patriots who reſiſted and expelled that infatuated monarch, aſcertained the rights of the ſubject, and ſettled the conſtitution of Great Britain on the firm baſis of freedom on which it has ſtood ever ſince the Revolution, and on which I hope it will ever ſtand; yet I freely acknowledge, that I never could ſee the unfortunate Count Albany without ſentiments

of compaſſion and the moſt lively ſympathy.

I write with the more warmth, as I have heard of ſome of our countrymen, who, during their tours through Italy, made the humble ſtate to which he is reduced a frequent theme of ridicule, and who, as often as they met him in public, affected to paſs by with an air of ſneering inſult. The motive to this is as baſe and abject as the behaviour is unmanly; thoſe who endeavour to make misfortune an object of ridicule, are themſelves the objects of deteſtation. A Britiſh nobleman or gentleman has certainly no occaſion to form an intimacy with the Count Albany; but while he appears under that name, and claims no other title, it is ungenerous, on every accidental meeting, not to behave to him with the reſpect due to a man of high rank, and the delicacy due to a man highly unfortunate.

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One thing is certain; that the ſame diſpoſition which makes men inſolent to the weak, renders them ſlaves to the powerful; and thoſe who are moſt apt to treat this unfortunate perſon with an oſtentatious contempt at Florence, would have been his moſt abject flatterers at St. James's.

LETTER LXXIV.

Florence.

IN a country where men are permitted to ſpeak and write, without reſtraint, on the meaſures of government; where almoſt every citizen may flatter himſelf with the hopes of becoming a part of the legiſlature; where eloquence, popular talents, and political intrigues, lead to honours, and open a broad road to wealth and power; men, after the firſt glow of youth is paſt, are more obedient to the loud voice of ambition than to the whiſpers of love. But in deſpotic ſtates, and in monarchies which verge towards deſpotiſm, where the will of the prince is law; or, which amounts nearly to the ſame thing, where the law yields to the will of the prince; where it is dangerous to ſpeak or write on general politics, and death

death or impriſonment to cenſure the particular meaſures of government; love becomes a firſt, inſtead of being a ſecondary object; for ambition is, generally ſpeaking, a more powerful paſſion than love; and on this account women are the objects of greater attention and reſpect in deſpotic than in free countries. That ſpecies of addreſs to women which is now called gallantry, was, if I am not miſtaken, unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans; nothing like it appears in any of Terence's comedies, where one would naturally expect to find it, if any ſuch thing had exiſted when they were written. It now prevails, in ſome degree, in every country of Europe, but appears in different forms according to the different characters, cuſtoms, and manners, of the various countries.

In the courts of Germany it is a formal piece of buſineſs; etiquette governs the arrows of Cupid, as well as the torch of

Hymen. Miſtreſſes are choſen from the number of quarters on their family coats of arms, as well as from the number of their perſonal charms; and thoſe ladies who are well provided in the firſt, ſeldom are without lovers, however deficient they may be in the ſecond. But though many avenues, which in England lead to power and diſtinction, are ſhut up in Germany, and the whole power of government is veſted in the ſovereign, yet the young nobility cannot beſtow a great deal of their time in gallantry. The military profeſſion, which in the time of peace is perfect idleneſs in France and England, is a very ſerious, unremitting employment in Germany. Men who are continually drilling ſoldiers, and whoſe fortunes and reputations depend on the expertneſs of the troops under their command, cannot pay a great deal of attention to the ladies.

Every French gentleman muſt be a ſoldier; but fighting is the only part of the

buſineſs they go through with ſpirit; they cannot ſubmit to the German preciſion in diſcipline, their ſouls ſink under the tediouſneſs of a campaign, and they languiſh for a battle from the impetuoſity of their diſpoſition, and impatience to have the matter decided one way or the other. This, with many particular exceptions, is the general ſtyle of the French nobleſſe; they all ſerve an apprenticeſhip to war, but gallantry is the profeſſion they follow for life. In England, the ſpirit of play and of party draws the minds of the young men of fortune from love or gallantry; thoſe who ſpend their evenings at a gaming-houſe, or in parliament, ſeldom think of any kind of women but ſuch as may be had without trouble; and, of courſe, women of character are leſs attended to than in ſome other countries. When I was laſt at Paris, the Marquis de F—— found an Engliſh newſpaper on my table; it contained a long and particular account of a debate which had

happened in both houſes of parliament; he read it with great attention while I finiſhed a letter, and then throwing down the paper, he ſaid to me, "Mais, mon ami, "pendent que vos meſſieurs s'amuſent à "jaſer comme cela dans votre chambre "des pairs et votre parlément *, parbleu "un etranger auroit beau jeu avec leurs "femmes."

Intrigues of gallantry, comparatively ſpeaking, occur ſeldom in England; and when they do, they generally proceed from a violent paſſion, to which every conſideration of fortune and reputation is ſacrificed, and the buſineſs concludes in a flight to the continent, or a divorce.

They manage matters otherwiſe in France; you hardly ever hear of flights or divorces in that country; a hundred new arrangements are made, and as many old ones broken, in a week at Paris, with-

* The French in general are apt to make the ſame miſtake with the Marquis; they often ſpeak of the Houſe of Peers and the *Parliament* as two diſtinct aſſemblies.

out

out noiſe or ſcandal; all is conducted quietly et ſelon les régles; the fair ſex are the univerſal objects of reſpect and adoration, and yet there is no ſuch thing as conſtancy in the nation. Wit, beauty, and every accompliſhment united in one woman, could not fix the volatility of a Frenchman; the love of variety, and the vanity of new conqueſts, would make him abandon this phœnix for birds far leſs rare and eſtimable. The women in France, who are full of ſpirit and ſenſibility, could never endure ſuch uſage, if they were not as fickle and as fond of new conqueſts as their lovers.

In Italy, ſuch levity is viewed with contempt, and conſtancy is, by both ſexes, ſtill claſſed among the virtues.

That high veneration for the fair ſex which prevailed in the ages of chivalry, continued long after in the form of a ſentimental platonic kind of gallantry. Every man of ingenuity choſe unto himſelf a miſtreſs, and directly proclaimed her beauty, and her

her cruelty in love ditties, madrigals, and elegies, without expecting any other recompence than the reputation of a conſtant lover and a good poet. By the mere force of imagination, and the eloquence of their own metaphyſical ſonnets, they became perſuaded that their miſtreſſes were poſſeſſed of every accompliſhment of face and mind, and that themſelves were dying for love.

As in thoſe days women were conſtantly guarded by their fathers and brothers before marriage, and watched and confined by their huſbands for the reſt of their lives; the refined paſſions above deſcribed were not expoſed to the ſame accidents which ſo frequently befal thoſe of modern lovers; they could neither fall into a decay from a more perfect knowledge of the lady's character, nor were they liable to ſudden death from enjoyment. But whilſt the women were adored in ſong, they were miſerable in reality; confinement and diſtruſt made them deteſt their huſbands, and they endeavoured

deavoured to form connections with men more to their taſte than either jealous huſbands or metaphyſical lovers. To treat a woman of character as if ſhe were an unprincipled wanton, is the moſt likely way to make her one. In thoſe days of jealouſy, a continual trial of ſkill ſeems to have ſubſiſted between huſband and wife, as if every lord, ſoon after marriage, had told his lady, "Now, Madam, I know "perfectly well what you would be at; "but it is my buſineſs to prevent you: "I'll guard you ſo well, and watch you "ſo cloſely, that it ſhall never be in your "power to gratify your inclinations." "You are perfectly in the right, my "lord," replied the lady, with all meekneſs, "pray guard and watch as your "wiſdom ſhall direct; I, alſo, ſhall be vi-"gilant on my part, and we ſhall ſee how "the buſineſs will end." The buſineſs generally did end as might have been expected; and the only conſolation left the huſband

huſband was, to endeavour to aſſaſſinate the happy lover.

But when French manners began to ſpread over Europe, and to inſinuate themſelves among nations the moſt oppoſite in character to the French, jealouſy was firſt held up as the moſt deteſtable of all the paſſions. The law had long declared againſt its diſmal effects, and awful denunciations had been pronounced from the pulpit againſt thoſe who were inflamed by its bloody ſpirit; but without effect, till ridicule joined in the argument, and expoſed thoſe huſbands to the contempt and deriſion of every faſhionable ſociety, who harboured the gloomy dæmon in their boſoms.

As in England, after the Reſtoration, people, to ſhew their averſion to the Puritans, turned every appearance of religion into ridicule, and, from the extreme of hypocriſy, flew at once to that of profligacy;

fligacy; ſo in Italy, from the cuſtom of ſecluding the wife from all mankind but her huſband, it became the faſhion that ſhe ſhould never be ſeen with her huſband, and yet always have a man at her elbow.

I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay on this ſubject in my next.

LETTER LXXV.

Florence.

BEFORE the Italian huſbands could adopt or reconcile their minds to a cuſtom ſo oppoſite to their former practice, they took ſome meaſures to ſecure a point which they had always thought of the higheſt importance. Finding that confinement was a plan generally reprobated, and that any appearance of jealouſy ſubjected the huſband to ridicule, they agreed that their wives ſhould go into company and attend public places, but always attended by a friend whom they could truſt, and who, at the ſame time, ſhould not be diſagreeable to the wife. This compromiſe could not fail of being acceptable to the women, who plainly perceived that they muſt be gainers by any alteration of the former ſyſtem; and

and it ſoon became univerſal all over Italy, for the women to appear at public places leaning upon the arm of a man; who, from their frequently whiſpering together, was called her Ciciſbeo. It was ſtipulated, at the ſame time, that the lady, while abroad under his care, ſhould converſe with no other man but in his preſence, and with his approbation; he was to be her guardian, her friend, and gentleman-uſher.

The cuſtom at preſent is, that this obſequious gentleman viſits the lady every forenoon at the toilet, where the plan for paſſing the evening is agreed upon; he diſappears before dinner, for it is uſual all over Italy for the huſband and wife to dine together tête à-tête, except on great occaſions, as when there is a public feaſt. After dinner the huſband retires, and the Ciciſbeo returns and conducts the lady to the public walk, the converſazioné, or the opera; he hands her

about

about wherever ſhe goes, preſents her coffee, ſorts her cards, and attends with the moſt pointed aſſiduity till the amuſements of the evening are over; he accompanies her home, and delivers up his charge to the huſband, who is then ſuppoſed to reſume his functions.

From the nature of this connection, it could not be an eaſy matter to find a Ciciſbeo who would be equally agreeable to the huſband and wife. At the beginning of the inſtitution, the huſbands, as I have been informed, preferred the platonic ſwains, who profeſſed only the metaphyſics of love, and whoſe lectures, they imagined, might refine their wives ideas, and bring them to the ſame way of thinking; in many inſtances, no doubt, it would happen, that the platonic admirer acted with *leſs ſeraphic ends*; but theſe inſtances ſerve only as proofs that the huſbands were miſtaken in their men; for however abſurd it may appear in the eyes

of ſome people, to imagine that the huſbands believe it is only a platonic connection which ſubſiſts between their wives and the Ciciſbeos; it is ſtill more abſurd to believe, as ſome ſtrangers who have paſſed through this country ſeem to have done, that this whole ſyſtem of Ciciſbeiſm was from the beginning, and is now, an univerſal ſyſtem of adultery connived at by every Italian huſband. To get clear of one difficulty, thoſe gentlemen fall into another much more inexplicable; by ſuppoſing that the men, who, of all the inhabitants of Europe, were the moſt ſcrupulous with regard to their wives chaſtity, ſhould acquieſce in, and in a manner become ſubſervient to, their proſtitution. In ſupport of this ſtrange doctrine, they aſſert, that the huſbands being the Ciciſbeos of other women, cannot enjoy this privilege on any other terms; and are therefore contented to ſacrifice their wives for the ſake of their miſtreſſes. That ſome individuals may be profligate enough to act in this man-

ner, I make no doubt. Similar arrangements we hear inſtances of in every country; but that ſuch a ſyſtem is general, or any thing near it, in Italy, ſeems to me perfectly incredible, and is contrary to the beſt information I have received ſince I have been here. It is alſo urged, that moſt of the married men of quality in Italy act in the character of Ciciſbeo to ſome woman or other; and thoſe who are not Platonic lovers, ought to ſuſpect that the ſame liberties are taken with their wives which they take with the ſpouſes of their neighbours; and therefore their ſuffering a man to viſit their wives in the character of a cavaliero ſervente, is in effect conniving at their own cuckoldom. But this does not follow as an abſolute conſequence; for men have a wonderful faculty of deceiving themſelves on ſuch occaſions. So great is the infatuation of their vanity, that the ſame degree of complaiſance, which they conſider as the effect of a very natural and excuſable weakneſs, when indulged by any woman for themſelves,

ſelves, they would look on as a horrible enormity if admitted by their wives for another man; ſo that whatever degree of licentiouſneſs may exiſt in conſequence of this ſyſtem, I am convinced the majority of huſbands make exceptions in their own favour, and that their ladies find means to ſatisfy each individual that he is not involved in a calamity, which, after all, is more general in other countries, as well as Italy, than it ought.

Even when there is the greateſt harmony and love between the huſband and wife, and although each would prefer the other's company to any other, ſtill, ſuch is the tyranny of faſhion, they muſt ſeparate every evening; he to play the cavaliero ſervente to another woman, and ſhe to be led about by another man. Notwithſtanding this inconveniency, the couples who are in this predicament are certainly happier than thoſe whoſe affections are not centered at home. Some very loving couples

lament the cruelty of this ſeparation, yet the world in general ſeem to be of opinion, that a man and his wife who dine together every day, and lie together every night, may, with a proper exertion of philoſophy, be able to ſupport being aſunder a few hours in the evening.

The Ciciſbeo, in many inſtances, is a poor relation or humble friend, who, not being in circumſtances to ſupport an equipage, is happy to be admitted into all the ſocieties, and to be carried about to public diverſions, as an appendage to the lady. I have known numbers of thoſe gentlemen, whoſe appearance and bodily infirmities carried the cleareſt refutation, with reſpect to themſelves perſonally, of the ſcandalous ſtories of an improper connection between cavaliero ſerventes and their miſtreſſes. I never in my life ſaw men more happily formed, both in body and mind, for ſaving the reputation of the females with whom they were on a footing

of

of intimacy. The humble and timid air which many of them betray in the preſence of the ladies, and the perſeverance with which they continue their ſervices, notwithſtanding the contemptuous ſtile in which they are often treated, is equally unlike the haughtineſs natural to favoured lovers, and the indifference of men ſatiated with enjoyment.

There are, it muſt be confeſſed, Ciciſbeos of a very different ſtamp, whoſe figure and manners might be ſuppoſed more agreeable to the ladies they ſerve, than to their lords. I once expreſſed my ſurpriſe, that a particular perſon permitted one of this deſcription to attend his wife. I was told by way of ſolution of my difficulty, that the huſband was poor, and the Ciciſbeo rich. It is not in Italy only where infamous compromiſes of this nature take place.

I have alſo known inſtances, ſince I have been in this country, where the characters of the ladies were ſo well eſtabliſhed, as not

to be ſhaken either in the opinion of their acquaintances or huſbands, although their cavaliero ſerventis were in every reſpect agreeable and accompliſhed.

But whether the connection between them is ſuppoſed innocent or criminal, moſt Engliſhmen will be aſtoniſhed how men can paſs ſo much of their time with women. This, however, will appear leſs ſurpriſing, when they recollect that the Italian nobility dare not intermeddle in politics; can find no employment in the army or navy; and that there are no ſuch amuſements in the country as hunting or drinking. In ſuch a ſituation, if a man of fortune has no turn for gaming, what can he do? Even an Engliſhman, in thoſe deſperate circumſtances, might be driven to the company and converſation of women, to lighten the burden of time. The Italians have perſevered ſo long in this expedient, that, however extraordinary it may ſeem to thoſe who have never tried it, there can

be no doubt that they find it to ſucceed. They tell you, that nothing ſo effectually ſoothes the cares, and beguiles the tediouſneſs of life, as the company of an agreeable woman; that though the intimacy ſhould never exceed the limits of friendſhip, there is ſomething more flattering and agreeable in it than in male friendſhips; that they find the female heart more ſincere, leſs intereſted, and warmer in its attachments; that women in general have more delicacy, and——. Well, well, all this may be true, you will ſay; but may not a man enjoy all theſe advantages, to as great perfection, by an intimacy and friendſhip with his own wife, as with his neighbour's? "Non, Monſieur, point du tout," anſwered a Frenchman, to whom this queſtion was once addreſſed. "Et pourquoi "donc? Parceque cela n'eſt pas permis." This you will not think a very ſatisfactory anſwer to ſo natural and ſo pertinent a queſtion—It is not the faſhion! This,

however, was the only anſwer I received all over Italy.

This ſyſtem is unknown to the middle and lower ranks; they paſs their time in the exerciſe of their profeſſions, and in the ſociety of their wives and children, as in other countries; and in that ſphere of life, jealouſy, which formed ſo ſtrong a feature of the Italian character, is ſtill to be found as ſtrong as ever. He who attempts to viſit the wife or miſtreſs of any of the trades-people without their permiſſion, is in no ſmall danger of a Coltellata. I have often heard it aſſerted, that Italian women have remarkable powers of attaching their lovers. Thoſe powers, whatever they are, do not ſeem to depend entirely on perſonal charms, as many of them retain their ancient influence over their lovers after their beauty is much in the wane, and they themſelves are conſiderably advanced in the vale of years. I know an Italian nobleman, of great fortune, who has been lately

lately married to a very beautiful young woman, and yet he continues his aſſiduity to his former miſtreſs, now an old woman, as punctually as ever. I know an Engliſhman who is ſaid to be in the ſame ſituation, with this difference, that his lady is ſtill more beautiful. In both theſe inſtances, it is natural to believe that the beautiful young wives will always take care to keep their huſbands in ſuch a chaſte and virtuous way of thinking, that, whatever time they may ſpend with their ancient miſtreſſes, nothing criminal will ever paſs between them.

Whatever ſatisfaction the Italians find in this kind of conſtancy, and in their friendly attachments to one woman, my friend the Marquis de F—— told me, when I laſt ſaw him at Paris, that he had tried it while he remained at Rome, and found it quite intolerable. A certain obliging eccleſiaſtic had taken the trouble, at the earneſt requeſt of a lady of that city, to arrange matters between her and the Marquis, who

was

was put into immediate poſſeſſion of all the rights that were ever ſuppoſed to belong to a Ciciſbeo. The woman nauſeated her huſband, which had advanced matters mightily; and her paſſion for the Marquis was in proportion to her abhorrence of the other. In this ſtate things had remained but a very ſhort time, when the Marquis called one afternoon to drive the Abbé out a little into the country; but he happened to have juſt dined. The meals of this eccleſiaſtic were generally rather oppreſſive for two or three hours after they were finiſhed; he therefore declined the invitation, ſaying, by way of apology, " Je " ſuis dans les horreurs de la digeſtion." He then enquired how the Marquis's amour went on with the lady. " Ah, pour l'amour, " cela eſt à peu près paſſé," replied the Marquis, " et nous ſommes actuellement " dans les horreurs de l'amitié."

LETTER LXXVI.

Florence.

THE Florentines imputed the decay of the republic to the circumſtance of their ſovereign reſiding in another country; and they imagined, that wealth would accumulate all over Tuſcany, and flow into Florence, from various quarters, as ſoon as they ſhould have a reſiding Prince, and a Court eſtabliſhed. It appears, that their hopes were too ſanguine, or at leaſt premature. Commerce is ſtill in a languid condition, in ſpite of all the pains taken by the Great Duke to revive it.

The Jews are not held in that degree of odium, or ſubjected to the ſame humiliating diſtinctions here, as in moſt other cities of Europe. I am told, ſome of the richeſt merchants are of that religion. Another claſs of mankind, who are alſo reprobated

in

in ſome countries, are in this looked on in the ſame light with other citizens. I mean the actors and ſingers at the different Theatres. Why Chriſtians, in any country, ſhould have the ſame prejudice againſt them as againſt Jews, many are at a loſs to know; it cannot certainly be on the ſame account. Actors and actreſſes have never been accuſed of an obſtinate, or ſuperſtitious adherence to the principles or ceremonies of any *falſe religion* whatever.

To attempt a deſcription of the churches, palaces, and other public buildings, would lead, in my opinion, to a very unentertaining detail. Few cities, of its ſize, in Europe, however, afford ſo fine a field of amuſement to thoſe who are fond of ſuch ſubjects; though the lovers of architecture will be ſhocked to find ſeveral of the fineſt churches without fronts, which, according to ſome, is owing to a real deficiency of money; while others aſſert, they are left in this condition, as a pretext for levying contributions to finiſh them.

The

The chapel of St. Lorenzo is, perhaps, the fineſt and moſt expenſive habitation that ever was reared for the dead; it is encruſted with precious ſtones, and adorned by the workmanſhip of the beſt modern ſculptors. Some complain that, after all, it has a gloomy appearance. There ſeems to be no impropriety in that, conſidering what the building was intended for; though, certainly, the ſame effect might have been produced at leſs expence. Mr. Addiſon remarked, that this chapel advanced ſo very ſlowly, that it is not impoſſible but the family of Medicis may be extinct before their burial-place is finiſhed. This has actually taken place: the Medici family is extinct, and the chapel remains ſtill unfiniſhed.

Of all the methods by which the vanity of the Great has diſtinguiſhed them from the reſt of mankind, this of erecting ſplendid receptacles for their bones, excites the leaſt envy. The ſight of the moſt ſuperb

edifice

edifice of this kind, never drew a repining ſigh from the boſom of one poor perſon; nor do the unſucceſsful complain, that the bodies of Fortune's favourites rot under Parian marble, while their own will, in all probability, be allowed to moulder beneath a plain turf.

I have already mentioned the number of ſtatues which ornament the ſtreets and ſquares of Florence, and how much they are reſpected by the common people. I am told, they amount in all to above one hundred and fifty, many of them of exquiſite workmanſhip, and admired by thoſe of the beſt taſte. Such a number of ſtatues, without any drapery, continually expoſed to the public eye, with the far greater number of pictures, as well as ſtatues, in the ſame ſtate, to be ſeen in the palaces, have produced, in both ſexes, the moſt perfect inſenſibility to nudities.

Ladies who have remained ſome time at Rome and Florence, particularly thoſe who affect

affect a taſte for vertù, acquire an intrepidity and a cool minuteneſs, in examining and criticiſing naked figures, which is unknown to thoſe who have never paſſed the Alps. There is ſomething in the figure of the God of Gardens, which is apt to alarm the modeſty of a novice; but I have heard of female dilettantes who minded it no more than a ſtraw.

The Palazzo Pitti, where the great Duke reſides, is on the oppoſite ſide of the Arno from the Gallery. It has been enlarged ſince it was purchaſed from the ruined family of Pitti. The furniture of this palace is rich and curious, particularly ſome tables of Florentine work, which are much admired. The moſt precious ornaments, however, are the paintings. The walls of what is called the Imperial Chamber, are painted in freſco, by various painters; the ſubjects are allegorical, and, in honour of Lorenzo of Medicis, diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Magnificent.

There

There is more fancy than taſte diſplayed in thoſe paintings. The other principal rooms are diſtinguiſhed by the names of Heathen Deities, as Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Venus, and by paintings in freſco, moſtly by Pietro da Cortona. In the laſt mentioned, the ſubjects are different from what is naturally expected from the name of the room, being repreſentations of the triumphs of Virtue over Love, or ſome memorable inſtance of continency. As the Medici family have been more diſtinguiſhed for the protection they afforded the arts, than for the virtues of continency or ſelf-denial, it is probable, the ſubject, as well as the execution of theſe pieces, was left entirely to the painter.

I happened lately to be at this palace, with a perſon who is perfectly well acquainted with all the pictures of any merit in Florence. While he explained the peculiar excellencies of Pietro's manner, a gentleman in company, who, although he does

does not pretend to the ſmalleſt ſkill in pictures, would rather remain ignorant for ever, than liſten to the lectures of a connoiſſeur, walked on, by himſelf, into the other apartments, while I endeavoured to profit by my inſtructor's knowledge. When the other gentleman returned, he ſaid, "I "know no more of painting than my "pointer; but there is a picture in one of "the other rooms, which I would rather "have than all thoſe you ſeem to admire "ſo much; it is the portrait of a healthy, "handſome, country woman, with her "child in her arms. There is nothing in-"tereſting in the ſubject, to be ſure, be-"cauſe none of us are perſonally ac-"quainted with the woman. But I can-"not help thinking the colours very na-"tural. The young woman's countenance "is agreeable, and expreſſive of fondneſs "and the joy of a mother over a firſt-"born. The child is a robuſt, chubby-"cheeked fellow; ſuch as the ſon of a "peaſant ſhould be."

We followed him into the room, and the picture which pleaſed him ſo much, was the famous Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael. Our inſtructor immediately called out, Viva! and pronounced him a man of genuine taſte; becauſe, without any previous knowledge or inſtruction, he had fixed his admiration on the fineſt picture in Florence. But this gentleman, as ſoon as he underſtood what the picture was, diſclaimed all title to praiſe; "becauſe," ſaid he, "although, when I conſidered "that picture, ſimply as the repreſenta- "tion of a blooming country wench hug- "ging her child, I admired the art of the "painter, and thought it one of the trueſt "copies of nature I ever ſaw; yet, I con- "feſs, my admiration is much abated, "now that you inform me his intention "was to repreſent the Virgin Mary." "Why ſo?" replied the Cicerone; "the "Virgin Mary was not of higher rank. "She was but a poor woman, living in a "little village in Galilee." "No rank

"in

" in life," ſaid the other, " could give " additional dignity to the perſon who " had been told by an Angel from heaven, " that ſhe had found favour with God; " that her Son ſhould be called the Son of " the Higheſt; and who, herſelf, was con- " ſcious of all the miraculous circumſtances " attending his conception and birth. In " the countenance of ſuch a woman, be- " ſides comelineſs, and the uſual affection " of a mother, I looked for the moſt lively " expreſſion of admiration, gratitude, " virgin modeſty, and divine love. And " when I am told, the picture is by the " greateſt painter that ever lived, I am " diſappointed in perceiving no traces of " that kind in it." What juſtice there is in this gentleman's remarks, I leave it to better judges, than I pretend to be, to determine.

After our diurnal viſit to the Gallery, we often paſs the reſt of the forenoon in the gardens belonging to this palace. The

Vale of Arno; the gay hills that ſurround it; and other natural beauties to be viewed from thence, form an agreeable variety, even to eyes which have been feaſting on the moſt exquiſite beauties of art. The pleaſure ariſing from both, however, diminiſhes by repetition; but may be again excited by the admiration of a new ſpectator, of whoſe taſte and ſenſibility you have a good opinion. I experienced this on the arrival of Mr. Fawkener, a gentleman of ſenſe, honour, and politeneſs, whoſe company gave freſh reliſh to our other enjoyments in this place. It is now ſome time ſince he left us; and I am not at all unhappy in the thoughts of proceeding, in a day or two, to Bologna, in our road to Milan.

LETTER LXXVII.

Milan.

FOR a poſt or two after leaving Florence, and about as much before you arrive at Bologna, the road is very agreeable; the reſt of your journey between thoſe two cities is over the ſandy Apennines.

We had the good fortune to find at Bologna Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Mr. Fitzherbert, Mr. Kennedy, Lord Lumley, and Sir Harry Featherſton. Our original intention was to have proceeded without delay to Milan; but on ſuch an agreeable meeting it was impoſſible not to remain a few days at Bologna.

I went to the academy on the day of diſtributing the prizes for the beſt ſpecimens and deſigns in painting, ſculpture,

and architecture; a diſcourſe in praiſe of the fine arts was pronounced by one of the profeſſors, who took that opportunity of enumerating the fine qualities of the Cardinal Legate; none of the virtues, great or ſmall, were omitted on the occaſion; all were attributed in the ſuperlative degree to this accompliſhed prince of the church. The learned orator acknowledged, however, that this panegyric did not properly belong to his ſubject, but hoped that the audience, and particularly the Legate himſelf, who was preſent, would forgive him, in conſideration that the eulogy had been wrung from him by the irreſiſtible force of truth. The ſame force drew forth ſomething ſimilar in praiſe of the Gonfalonier and other magiſtrates who were preſent alſo; and, what you may think very remarkable, the number and importance of the qualities attributed to thoſe diſtinguiſhed perſons kept an exact proportion with their *rank*. Power in this happy city ſeems to have been weighed

weighed in the ſcales of juſtice, and diſtributed by the hand of wiſdom. All the inferior magiſtrates, we were informed, are very worthy men, endowed with many excellent qualities; the Gonfalonier has many more, and the Legate poſſeſſes every virtue under the ſun. If the Pope had entered the room, the too laviſh profeſſor would not have been able to help him to a ſingle morſel of praiſe which had not been already ſerved up.

This town is at preſent quite full of ſtrangers, who came to aſſiſt at the proceſſion of Corpus Domini. The Duke of Parma, ſeveral Cardinals, and other perſons of high diſtinction, beſides a prodigious crowd of citizens, attended this great feſtival. The ſtreets through which the Hoſt was carried, under a magnificent canopy, were adorned with tapeſtry, paintings, looking-glaſſes, and all the various kinds of finery which the inhabitants could produce. Many of the

paintings ſeemed unſuitable to the occaſion; they were on profane, and ſome of them on wanton ſubjects; and it appeared extraordinary to ſee the figures of Venus, Minerva, Apollo, Jupiter, and others of that abdicated family, arranged along the walls in honour of a triumph of the Corpus Chriſti.

On our way to Milan we ſtopped a ſhort time at Modena, the capital of the duchy of that name. The whole duchy is about fifty miles in length, and twenty-ſix in breadth; the town contains twenty thouſand inhabitants; the ſtreets are in general large, ſtraight, and ornamented with porticoes. This city is ſurrounded by a fortification, and farther ſecured by a citadel; it was anciently rendered famous by the ſiege which Decimus Brutus ſuſtained here againſt Marc Antony.

We proceeded next to Parma, a beautiful town, conſiderably larger than Modena, and

and defended, like it, by a citadel and regular fortification. The ſtreets are well built, broad, and regular, The town is divided unequally by the little river Parma, which loſes itſelf in the Po, ten or twelve miles from this city.

The theatre is the largeſt of any in Europe; and conſequently a great deal larger than there is any occaſion for. Every body has obſerved, that it is ſo favourable to the voice, that a whiſper from the ſtage is heard all over this immenſe houſe; but nobody tells us on what circumſtance in the conſtruction this ſurpriſing effect depends.

The Modeneſe was the native country of Correggio, but he paſſed moſt of his life at Parma. Several of the churches are ornamented by the pencil of that great artiſt, particularly the cupola of the cathedral; the painting of which has been ſo greatly admired for the grandeur of the deſign and the boldneſs of the fore-ſhortenings. It is

now ſpoiled in ſuch a manner, that its principal beauties are not eaſily diſtinguiſhed.

Some of the beſt pictures in the Ducal Palace have been removed to Naples and elſewhere; but the famous picture of the Virgin, in which Mary Magdalen and St. Jerom are introduced, ſtill remains. In this compoſition Correggio has been thought to have united, in a ſupreme degree, beauties which are ſeldom found in the ſame piece; an excellence in any one of which has been ſufficient to raiſe other artiſts to celebrity. The ſame connoiſſeurs aſſert, that this picture is equally worthy of admiration, on account of the freſhneſs of the colouring, the inexpreſſible gracefulneſs of the deſign, and the exquiſite tenderneſs of the expreſſion. After I had heard all thoſe fine things ſaid over and over again, I thought I had nothing to do but admire; and I had prepared my mind accordingly.—Would to Heaven that the reſpectable body

of

of connoiſſeurs were agreed in opinion, and I ſhould moſt readily ſubmit mine to theirs! But while the above eulogium ſtill reſounded in my ears, other connoiſſeurs have aſſerted, that this picture is full of affectation; that the ſhadowing is of a dirty brown, the attitude of the Magdalen conſtrained and unnatural; that ſhe may ſtrive to the end of time, without ever being able to kiſs the foot of the infant Jeſus in her preſent poſition; that ſhe has the look of an ideot; and that the Virgin herſelf is but a vulgar figure, and ſeems not a great deal wiſer; that the angels have a ridiculous ſimper, and moſt abominable air of affectation; and finally, that St. Jerom has the appearance of a ſturdy beggar, who intrudes his brawny figure where it has no right to be.

Diſtracted with ſuch oppoſite ſentiments, what can a plain man do, who has no great reliance on his own judgment, and wiſhes to give offence to neither party? I ſhall leave the picture as I found it, to anſwer for

for itſelf, with a ſingle remark in favour of the angels. I cannot take upon me to ſay how the real angels of heaven look; but I certainly have ſeen ſome *earthly* angels, of my acquaintance, aſſume the ſimper and air of thoſe in this picture, when they wiſhed to appear quite celeſtial.

The duchies of Modena, Parma, and Placentia, are exceedingly fertile. The ſoil is naturally rich, and the climate being moiſter here than in many other parts of Italy, produces more plentiful paſturage for cattle. The road runs over a continued plain, among meadows and corn fields, divided by rows of trees, from whoſe branches the vines hang in beautiful feſtoons. We had the pleaſure of thinking, as we drove along, that the peaſants are not deprived of the bleſſings of the ſmiling fertility among which they live. They had in general a neat, contented, and cheerful appearance. The women are ſucceſſfully attentive to the ornaments of dreſs,

which is never the caſe amidſt oppreſſive poverty.

Notwithſtanding the fertility of the country around it, the town of Placentia itſelf is but thinly inhabited, and ſeems to be in a ſtate of decay. What firſt ſtrike a ſtranger on entering this city, are two equeſtrian ſtatues, in bronze, by Giovanni di Bologna; they ſtand in the principal ſquare, before the Town-houſe. The beſt of the two repreſents that conſummate general Alexander Farneſe, Duke of Parma and Placentia, who commanded the army of Philip II. in the Netherlands. The inſcription on the pedeſtal mentions his having relieved the city of Paris, when called to the aſſiſtance of the League into France, where his great military ſkill, and cool intrepidity, enabled him to baffle all the ardent impetuoſity of the gallant Henry. He was certainly worthy of a better maſter, and of ſerving in a better cauſe. We cannot, without regret, behold a Prince, of the

the Duke of Parma's talents and character, ſupporting the pride of an unrelenting tyrant, and the rancour of furious fanatics.

Except the Ducal Palace, and ſome pictures in the churches, which I dare ſwear you will cordially forgive me for paſſing over undeſcribed, I believe there is not a great deal in this city worthy of attention; at all events I can ſay little about them, as we remained here only a few hours during the heat of the day, and ſet out the ſame evening for Milan.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Milan.

MILAN, the ancient capital of Lombardy, is the largeſt city in Italy, except Rome; but though it is thought rather to exceed Naples in ſize, it does not contain above one-half the number of inhabitants.

The cathedral ſtands in the centre of the city, and, after St. Peter's, is the moſt conſiderable building in Italy. It ought by this time to be the largeſt in the world, if what they tell us be true, that it is near four hundred years ſince it was begun, and that there has been a conſiderable number of men daily employed in completing it ever ſince; but as the injuries which time does to the ancient parts of the fabric keep them in conſtant employment, without the poſſibility of their work being ever com-

pleted, Martial's epigram, on the barber Eutrapelus, has been applied to them with great propriety. That poor man, it ſeems, performed his operations ſo very ſlowly, that the beards of his patients required ſhaving again on the ſide where he had begun, by the time he had finiſhed the other.

EUTRAPELUS TONSOR DUM CIRCUIT ORA LUPERCI,
EXPUNGITQUE GENAS, ALTERA BARBA SUBIT.

No church in Chriſtendom is ſo much loaded, I had almoſt ſaid disfigured, with ornaments. The number of ſtatues, withinſide and without, is prodigious; they are all of marble, and many of them finely wrought. The greater part cannot be diſtinctly ſeen from below, and therefore certainly have nothing to do above. Beſides thoſe which are of a ſize, and in a ſituation to be diſtinguiſhed from the ſtreet, there are great numbers of ſmaller ſtatues, like fairies peeping from every cornice, and hid among the groteſque ornaments, which are here in vaſt profuſion. They muſt have coſt much labour to the artiſts who formed them,

them, and are ſtill a ſource of toil to ſtrangers, who, in compliment to the perſon who harangues on the beauties of this church, which he ſays is the eighth wonder of the world, are obliged to aſcend to the roof to have a nearer view of them.

This vaſt fabric is not ſimply encruſted, which is not uncommon in Italy, but intirely built of ſolid white marble, and ſupported by fifty columns, ſaid to be eighty-four feet high. The four pillars under the cupola, are twenty-eight feet in circumference. By much the fineſt ſtatue belonging to it is that of St. Bartholomew. He appears flayed, with his ſkin flung around his middle like a ſaſh, and in the eaſieſt and moſt degagé manner imaginable. The muſcles are well expreſſed; and the figure might be placed with great propriety in the hall of an anatomiſt; but, expoſed as it is to the view of people of all profeſſions, and of both ſexes, it excites more diſguſt and horror than admiration. Like thoſe beggars who uncover their ſores in the

ſtreet, the artiſt has deſtroyed the very effect he meant to produce. This would have ſufficiently evinced, that the ſtatue was not the work of Praxitiles, without the inſcription on the pedeſtal:

NON ME PRAXITILES, SED MARCUS FINXIT AGRATI *.

The inſide of the choir is ornamented by ſome highly eſteemed ſculpture in wood. From the roof hangs a caſe of cryſtal, ſurrounded by rays of gilt metal, and incloſing a nail, ſaid to be one of thoſe by which our Saviour was nailed to the croſs. The treaſury belonging to this church is reckoned the richeſt in Italy, after that of Loretto. It is compoſed of jewels, relics, and curioſities of various kinds; but what is eſteemed above all the reſt, is a ſmall portion of Aaron's rod, which is carefully preſerved there.

The Ambroſian Library is ſaid to be one of the moſt valuable collections of books

* I am the workmanſhip of Marcus Agratus, not of Praxitiles.

and manuſcripts in Europe. It is open a certain number of hours every day; and there are accommodations for thoſe who come to read or make extracts.

In the Muſeum, adjoining to the Library, are a conſiderable number of pictures, and many natural curioſities. Among theſe they ſhew a human ſkeleton. This does not excite a great deal of attention, till you are informed that it conſiſts of the bones of a Milaneſe lady, of diſtinguiſhed beauty, who, by her laſt will, ordained that her body ſhould be diſſected, and the ſkeleton placed in this Muſeum, for the contemplation of poſterity. If this lady only meant to give a proof of the tranſient nature of external charms, and that a beautiful woman is not more deſirable after death than a homely one, ſhe might have allowed her body to be conſigned to duſt in the uſual way. In ſpite of all the coſmetics and other auxiliaries which vanity employs to varniſh and ſupport decaying

beauty and flaccid charms, the world have been long ſatisfied, that death is not neceſſary to put the fair and the homely on a level; a very few years, even during life, do the buſineſs.

There is no place in Italy, perhaps I might have ſaid in Europe, where ſtrangers are received in ſuch an eaſy, hoſpitable manner, as at Milan. Formerly the Milaneſe nobility diſplayed a degree of ſplendour and magnificence, not only in their entertainments, but in their uſual ſtyle of living, unknown in any other country in Europe. They are under a neceſſity at preſent of living at leſs expence, but they ſtill ſhew the ſame obliging and hoſpitable diſpoſition. This country having, not very long ſince, been poſſeſſed by the French, from whom it devolved to the Spaniards, and from them to the Germans, the troops of thoſe nations have, at different periods, had their reſidence here, and, in the courſe of theſe viciſſitudes, produced a

ſtyle

ſtyle of manners, and ſtamped a character on the inhabitants of this duchy, different from what prevails in any other part of Italy; and nice obſervers imagine they perceive in Milaneſe manners the politeneſs, formality, and honeſty imputed to thoſe three nations, blended with the ingenuity natural to Italians. Whatever uneaſineſs the inhabitants of Milan may feel, from the idea of their being under German government, they ſeem univerſally pleaſed with the perſonal character of Count Fermian, who has reſided here many years as Miniſter from Vienna, equally to the ſatisfaction of the Empreſs Queen, the inhabitants of Milan, and the ſtrangers who occaſionally travel this way.

The Great Theatre having been burnt to the ground laſt year, there are no dramatic entertainments, except at a ſmall temporary playhouſe, which is little frequented; but the company aſſemble every evening in their carriages on the ramparts, and drive

about, in the ſame manner as at Naples, till it is pretty late. In Italy, the ladies have no notion of quitting their carriages at the public walks, and uſing their own legs as in England and France. On ſeeing the number of ſervants, and the ſplendour of the equipages which appear every evening at the Corſo on the ramparts, one would not ſuſpect that degree of depopulation, and diminution of wealth, which we are aſſured has taken place within theſe few years all over the Milaneſe; and which, according to my information, proceeds from the burthenſome nature of ſome late taxes, and the inſolent and oppreſſive manner in which they are gathered.

The natural productions of this fertile country muſt occaſion a conſiderable commerce, by the exportation of grain, particularly rice; cattle, cheeſe, and by the various manufactures of ſilken and velvet ſtuffs, ſtockings, handkerchiefs, ribands, gold and ſilver laces, and embroideries, woollen

woollen and linen cloths, as well as by ſome large manufactures of glaſs, and earthen ware in imitation of china, which are eſtabliſhed here. But I am told monopolies are too much protected here, and that prejudices againſt the profeſſion of a merchant ſtill exiſt in the minds of the only people who have money. Theſe cannot fail to check induſtry, and depreſs the ſoul of commerce; and perhaps there is little probability that the inhabitants of Milan will overcome this unfortunate turn of mind while they remain under German dominion, and adopt German ideas. The peaſants, though more at their eaſe than in many other places, yet are not ſo much ſo as might be expected in ſo very fertile a country. Why are the inhabitants of the rich plains of Lombardy, where Nature pours forth her gifts in ſuch profuſion, leſs opulent than thoſe of the mountains of Switzerland? Becauſe Freedom, whoſe influence is more benign than ſunſhine and zephyrs, who covers the rugged rock with

ſoil, drains the ſickly ſwamp, and clothes the brown heath in verdure; who dreſſes the labourer's face with ſmiles, and makes him behold his increaſing family with delight and exultation; Freedom has abandoned the fertile fields of Lombardy, and dwells among the mountains of Switzerland.

LETTER LXXIX.

Chamberry.

WE made ſo ſhort a ſtay at Turin that I did not think of writing from thence. I ſhall now give you a ſketch of our progreſs ſince my laſt.

We left Milan at midnight, and arrived the next evening at Turin before the ſhutting of the gates. All the approaches to that city are magnificent. It is ſituated at the bottom of the Alps, in a fine plain watered by the Po. Moſt of the ſtreets are well built, uniform, clean, ſtraight, and terminating on ſome agreeable object. The Strada di Po, leading to the palace, the fineſt and largeſt in the city, is adorned with porticoes equally beautiful and convenient. The four gates are alſo highly ornamental. There can be no more agreeable walk than that around the ramparts.

ramparts. The fortifications are regular and in good repair, and the citadel is reckoned one of the ſtrongeſt in Europe. The royal palace and the gardens are admired by ſome. The apartments diſplay neatneſs rather than magnificence. The rooms are ſmall, but numerous. The furniture is rich and elegant; even the floors attract attention, and muſt peculiarly ſtrike ſtrangers who come from Rome and Bologna; they are curiouſly inlaid with various kinds of wood, and kept always in a ſtate of ſhining brightneſs. The pictures, ſtatues, and antiquities in the palace are of great value; of the former there are ſome by the greateſt maſters, but thoſe of the Flemiſh ſchool predominate.

No royal family in Europe are more rigid obſervers of the laws of etiquette than that of Sardinia; all their movements are uniform and invariable. The hour of riſing, of going to maſs, of taking the air; every thing is regulated like clock-

clock-work. Thoſe illuſtrious perſons muſt have a vaſt fund of natural good-humour, to enable them to perſevere in ſuch a wearifome routine, and ſupport their ſpirits under ſuch a continued weight of oppreſſive formality.

We had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them all at maſs; but as the Duke of Hamilton grows more impatient to get to England the nearer we approach it, he declined being preſented at court, and we left Turin two days after our arrival.

We ſtopped a few hours, during the heat of the day, at a ſmall village, called St. Ambroſe, two or three poſts from Turin. I never experienced more intenſe heat than during this day, while we were tantalized with a view of the ſnow on the top of the Alps, which ſeem to overhang this place, though, in reality, they are ſome leagues diſtant. While we remained at St. Ambroſe there was a grand proceſſion. All the men, women, and children,

dren, who were able to crawl, attended; ſeveral old women carried crucifixes, others pictures of the ſaint, or flags fixed to the ends of long poles; they ſeemed to have ſome difficulty in wielding them, yet the good old women tottered along as happy as ſo many young enſigns the firſt time they bend under the regimental colours. Four men, carrying a box upon their ſhoulders, walked before the reſt. I aſked what the box contained, and was informed by a ſagacious looking old man, that it contained the bones of St. John. I enquired if all the Saint's bones were there; he aſſured me, that not even a joint of his little finger was wanting; "Becauſe," continued I, "I have ſeen a conſiderable "number of bones in different parts of "Italy, which are ſaid to be the bones of "St. John." He ſmiled at my ſimplicity, and ſaid the world was full of impoſition; but nothing could be more certain, than that thoſe in the box were the true bones of the Saint; he had remembered them

ever ſince he was a child—and his father, when on his death-bed, had told him, on the *word of a dying man*, That they belonged to St. John and no other body.

At Novalezza, a village at the bottom of Mount Cenis, our carriages were taken to pieces, and delivered to muleteers to be carried to Lanebourg. I had bargained with the Vitturino, before we left Turin, for our paſſage over the mountain in the chairs commonly uſed on ſuch occaſions. The fellow had informed us there was no poſſibility of going in any other manner; but when we came to this place, I ſaw no difficulty in being carried up by mules, which we all preferred, to the great ſatisfaction of our knaviſh conductor, who thereby ſaved the expence of one half the chairmen, for whoſe labour he was already paid.

We rode up this mountain, which has been deſcribed in ſuch formidable terms, with great eaſe. At the top there is a fine

fine verdant plain of five or ſix miles in length, we halted at an Inn, called Santa Croce, where Piedmont ends, and Savoy begins. Here we were regaled with fried trout, catched in a large lake within ſight, from which the river Doria ariſes, which runs to Turin in conjunction with the Po. Though we aſcend no higher than this plain, which is the ſummit of Mount Cenis, the mountains around are much higher; in paſſing the plain we felt the air ſo keen, that we were glad to have recourſe to our great-coats; which, at the bottom of the hill, we had conſidered as a very ſuperfluous part of our baggage. I had a great deal of converſation in paſſing the mountain with a poor boy, who accompanied us from Novalezza to take back the mules; he told me he could neither read nor write, and had never been farther, than Suza on one ſide of the mountain, and Lanebourg on the other. He ſpoke four languages; Piedmonteſe, which is his native language; this is a kind of

Patois

Patois very different from Italian; the Patois of the peaſants of Savoy, which is equally different from French; he alſo ſpoke Italian and French wonderfully well; the ſecond he had learnt from the Savoyard chairmen, and the two laſt from Italian and French travellers whom he has accompanied over Mount Cenis, where he has paſſed his life hitherto, and which he ſeems to have no deſire of leaving. If you chance to be conſulted by any parent who inclines to ſend their ſons abroad merely that they may be removed from London, and acquire modern languages in the moſt œconomical manner, you now know what place to recommend. In none where opportunities for this branch of education are equal, is living cheaper than at Mount Cenis, and I know nothing in which it has any reſemblance to London, except that it ſtands on much the ſame quantity of ground. I aſked this boy, why he did not learn Engliſh.—He had all the inclination in the world.—

"Why

" Why don't you learn it then as well as " French?" " On attrape le François, " Monſieur, bon gré, mal gré," anſwered he, " mais Meſſieurs les Anglois parlent " peu."

When we arrived at the North ſide of the mountain we diſmiſſed our mules, and had recourſe to our Alpian chairs and chairmen. The chairs are conſtructed in the ſimpleſt manner, and perfectly anſwer the purpoſe for which they are intended. The chairmen are ſtrong-made, nervous, little fellows. One of them was betrothed to a girl at Lanebourg, and was to be married that evening. I could not, in conſcience, permit him to have any part in carrying me, but directly appointed him to Jack's chair. The young fellow preſented us all with ribands, which we wore in our hats in honour of the bride. " Are " you very fond of your miſtreſs, friend," ſaid I? " Il faut que je l'aime beaucoup," anſwered he, " puiſque, pauvre garçon

" comme

" comme me voilà, je donne trente livres " au prêtre pour nous marier." To tax matrimony, and oblige the people who *beget and maintain* children to pay to thoſe who *maintain* none, ſeems bad policy; and it is ſurpriſing that a prince who attends ſo minutely, as his Sardinian Majeſty, to the welfare of his ſubjects, does not remedy ſo great an abuſe.

As our carriers jogged zig-zag, according to the courſe of the road, down the mountain, they laughed and ſung all the way. " How comes it," ſaid I to the Duke, " that chairmen are generally " merrier than thoſe they carry? To hear " theſe fellows without ſeeing them, one " would imagine that *we* had the labo- " rious part, while *they* ſat at their eaſe." " True," anſwered he; " and the ſame " perſon might conclude, on hearing the " bridegroom ſing ſo cheerfully, that we " were juſt going to be married and not " he." We arrived in a ſhort time at

the inn at Lanebourg, nothing having ſurpriſed me ſo much in the paſſage of this mountain, the difficulty and danger of which has been greatly exaggerated by travellers, as the facility with which we achieved it.

As ſoon as the ſcattered members of our carriages were joined together, we proceeded on our journey. The road is never level, but a continued aſcent and deſcent along the ſide of high mountains. We ſometimes ſaw villages ſituated at a vaſt height above us; at other times they were ſeen with difficulty, in the vales, at an immenſe depth below us. The village of Modane ſtands in a hollow, ſurrounded by ſtupendous mountains. It began to grow dark when we deſcended from a great height into this hollow; we could only perceive the rugged ſummits, and ſides of the mountains which encircle the village, but not the village itſelf, or any part of the plain at the bottom; we therefore ſeemed

deſcending

deſcending from the ſurface, by a dark abyſs leading to the centre of the globe. We arrived ſafe at Modane, however; for the road is good in every reſpect, ſteepneſs excepted. Next morning we continued our courſe, by a miſerable place called La Chambre, to Aiguebelle, a village of much the ſame deſcription. According to ſome authors, this was the road by which Hannibal led his army into Italy. They aſſert, that the plain at the ſummit of Mount Cenis was the place where he reſted his army for four days, and from which he ſhowed his ſoldiers the fertile plains of Italy, and encouraged them to perſevere: others aſſert, that he led his army into Italy by Mount St. Bernard. This is a diſcuſſion into which I am not qualified to enter; but General Melvil, a gentleman of learning, probity, and great profeſſional merit, in his way to Italy, where he now is, endeavoured to trace the route of the Carthaginian army with great attention; and imagines he has been ſucceſsful in his re-

ſearches. He has alſo aſcertained the ſpots on which ſome of the moſt memorable battles were fought, by carefully comparing the deſcription of Polybius, and other authors, with the fields of battle, and has detected many miſtakes which have prevailed on this curious ſubject; every where ſupporting his own hypotheſis by arguments, which none but one who has carefully peruſed the various authors, and examined the ground with a ſoldier's eye, could adduce. The ſame gentleman has likewiſe made ſome obſervations relating to the arms of the ancient Romans, and their tactics in general, which are equally new and ingenious, and which, it is hoped, he will in due time give to the Public.

We arrived at the inn at Aiguebelle juſt in time to avoid an exceſſive ſtorm of thunder and rain, which laſted with great violence through the whole night. Thoſe who have never heard thunder in a very mountainous country, can form no idea of the

the loudneſs, repetition, and length of the peals we heard this night. Many of the inhabitants of thoſe mountains have never ſeen better houſes than their own huts, or any other country than the Alps. What a rugged, boiſterous piece of work muſt they take this world to be!

I fancy you have by this time had enough of mountains and vallies, ſo if you pleaſe we ſhall ſkip over Montmelian to Chamberry, where we arrived the ſame day on which we left Aiguebelle. To-morrow we ſhall ſleep at Geneva. I did not expect much ſleep this night from the thoughts of it, and therefore have ſat up almoſt till day-break writing this letter.

LETTER LXXX.

Beſançon.

THE Duke of Hamilton went ſome weeks ago to viſit an acquaintance in one of the provinces of France. As I inclined rather to paſs that time at Geneva, we agreed to meet at Paris, whither Jack and I are thus far on our way.

I muſt now fairly confeſs that I found myſelf ſo happy with my kind friends the Genevois, that I could not ſpare an hour from their company to write to you or any correſpondent, unleſs on indiſpenſable buſineſs. I might alſo plead, that you yourſelf have been in ſome meaſure the cauſe of my being ſeduced from my pen. In your laſt letter, which I found waiting for me at the poſt-houſe at Geneva, you mention a late publication, in terms that gave me a curioſity to ſee it; and an Engliſh gentleman, who

who had the only copy which has as yet reached that city, was ſo obliging as to lend it me. The hours which I uſually allot to ſleep, were all I had in my power to paſs alone; and they were very conſiderably abridged by this admirable performance. The extenſive reading there diſplayed, the perſpicuity with which hiſtorical facts are related, the new light in which many of them are placed, the depth of the reflections, and the dignity and nervous force of the language, all announce the hand of a maſter. If the author lives to complete his arduous undertaking, he will do more to diſſipate the hiſtorical darkneſs which overſhadows the middle ages, give a clearer *Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and fill up, in a more ſatisfactory manner, the long interval between ancient and modern hiſtory, than all the writers who have preceded him. This accounts for my long ſilence. You ſee I reſume my pen the very firſt opportunity, after the cauſes I have aſſigned

for it are removed, which ought to give the more weight to my apology.

As I have frequently been at Lyons, I choſe, on this occaſion, to return to Paris by Franche Comté and Champagne. We accordingly ſet out very early yeſterday morning, and were by no means in high ſpirits when we left Geneva, and paſſed along the ſide of the lake, through the Pais de Vaud. The beauties of that country, though they aſtoniſh at firſt ſight, yet, like the characters of the inhabitants, they improve on intimacy. Every time I have looked at the lake of Geneva, and its delightful environs, I have diſcovered ſomething new to admire. As I entered the Canton of Bern, I often turned about, and at laſt withdrew my eyes from thoſe favourite objects, with an emotion ſimilar to what you feel on taking leave of a friend, whom you have reaſon to think you ſhall never ſee again.

The

The firſt place we came to on entering France from the Canton of Bern, is a poor little town on an hill; I forget its name. While the poſtilion ſtopped to put ſomething to rights about the harneſs, I ſtepped into a ſhop where they ſold wooden ſhoes; and in the courſe of my converſation with a peaſant, who had juſt purchaſed a pair for himſelf, and another for his wife, he ſaid, "les Bernois ſont bien à leur aiſe, Monſieur, pendant que nous autres François vivons tres durement, et cependant les Bernois ſont des hérétiques." "Voila," ſaid an old woman, who ſat in a corner reading her breviary; "voila," ſaid ſhe, taking off her ſpectacles, and laying her beads on the book, "ce que je trouve incomprehenſible."

This was, however, at the extremity of France, and in a province lately acquired; for it muſt be confeſſed, that it is not common for the French to imagine that any country whatever has the advantage of theirs

theirs in any one circumſtance; and they certainly are not ſo apt to grumble as ſome of their neighbours, who have leſs reaſon. When I was laſt at Geneva, a French hair-dreſſer——Let me intreat you not to ſhew this to your friend ——, who is ſo fond of people of quality, that he thinks there is no *life* out of their company. He would pſhaw, and curſe my poor peaſants, and old women, and hair-dreſſers, and accuſe me of being too fond of ſuch low company.

As for the old women, I am much miſtaken if there are not at leaſt as many to be found of both ſexes in high life as in low; for the others, I declare I have no particular affection, but I am fond of ſtrokes of nature and character, and muſt look for them where they are to be found. I introduce the preſent hair-dreſſer to your acquaintance, becauſe, if I am not miſtaken, he ſpoke the ſentiments of his whole nation, high and low. You ſhall judge. This young fellow attended me every morning while

while I remained at Geneva; he had been a year or two at London; and while he dreſſed my hair, his tongue generally moved as quick as his fingers. He was full of his remarks upon London, and the fine people whoſe hair he pretended to have dreſſed. "Do you not think," ſaid I, "that people may live very happily in "that country?" "Mais—pour cela oui, "Monſieur." "Do you think, then, they "*are* happy?" "Pour cela, non, Monſieur." "Can you gueſs at the reaſon why they "are not, though they have ſo much reaſon "to be ſo?" Oui, Monſieur, elle eſt toute "ſimple." "Pray what is the reaſon they "are not happy?" "C'eſt, qu'ils ne ſont "pas deſtinés à l'être."

A very genteel young man, a Genevois, happened to call on me, for two minutes, while this friſeur was with me. The young gentleman had paſſed ſome time at Paris, and was dreſſed exactly in the Pariſian taſte. "He has much the air of one of "your

" your countrymen," ſaid I to the French-man, as ſoon as the other had left the room.

" Mon Dieu! quelle différence," cried the friſeur. " For my part, I can ſee " none," ſaid I. " Monſieur," reſumed he, " ſoyez perſuadé qu'aucun Genevois ne ſera " jamais pris pour un François." " There " are certainly ſome *petit-maitres* to be " found in this town," ſaid I. " Par-" donnez moi," replied he, " ils ne ſont " que petit-maîtres manqués."

" Did you ever ſee an Engliſhman," ſaid I, " who might paſs for a Frenchman;" " Jamais de la vie, Monſieur!" replied he, with an accent of aſtoniſhment.

" Suppoſe him," ſaid I, " a man of qua-" lity?" " N'importe."

" But," continued I, " ſuppoſe he had " lived ſeveral years at Paris, that he was " naturally very handſome, and well made, " that he had been educated by the beſt

" French

" French dancing-maſter, his clothes made " by the beſt French taylor, and his hair " dreſſed by the moſt eminent friſeur in " Paris?" " C'eſt beaucoup, Monſieur, mais " ce n'eſt pas aſſez."

" What!" exclaimed I, " would you ſtill " know him to be an Engliſhman?" " Aſ- " ſurément, Monſieur."

" What! before he ſpoke?" " Au pre- " mier coup d'œil, Monſieur."

" The Devil you would? but how?" " C'eſt que Meſſieurs les Anglois ont un " air—une manière de ſe préſenter—un— " que ſais-je moi—vous m'entendez bien, " Monſieur—un certain air ſi Gau——"

" Quel air maraud?" " Enfin un air " qui eſt charmant, ſi vous voulez, Mon- " ſieur," ſaid he rapidly, " mais que le " Diable m'emporte ſi c'eſt l'air François."

To-morrow I ſhall take a view of this town, and proceed immediately after break-faſt to Paris: meanwhile I wiſh you very heartily good night.

LETTER LXXXI.

Paris.

I Made a longer ſtay at Beſançon than I intended, and am now about to inform you what detained me. The morning after the date of my laſt, as I returned to the inn from the parade, where I had been to ſee the troops, I met a ſervant of the Marquis de F——, who ran up to me the moment he knew me, and, in a breath, told me, that his maſter was at Beſançon; that he had been exceedingly ill, and thought, by the phyſicians, in great danger; but his complaint having terminated in an ague, they had now the ſtrongeſt hopes of his recovery. I deſired to be conducted immediately to him.

I found the Marquis alone; pale, languid, and greatly emaciated. He expreſſed, however, equal pleaſure and ſurpriſe at

this unexpected viſit; ſaid, he had been in danger of making a very long journey, and added, with a ſmile, that no man had ever ſet out with leſs inclination, for he hated travelling alone, and this was the only journey he could ever take, without wiſhing ſome of his friends to accompany him. He rejoiced, therefore, that he had been recalled in time to meet me before I ſhould paſs on to Paris. "But tell "me," continued he, "for I have ten "thouſand queſtions to aſk—but let us "take things in order; Eh bien, donnez "nous donc des nouvelles du Pape? On "nous a dit que vous aviez paſſé par la ce-"remonie de la Pantoufle. Ne pourroit-"on pas pendre au tragique une miſère "comme cela chez vous où le Saint Pere "paſſe pour une *Babylonienne* de mauvaiſe "vie?" Before I could make any anſwer I chanced to turn my eyes upon a perſon whom I had not before obſerved, who ſat very gravely upon a chair in a corner of the

the room, with a large periwig in full dreſs upon his head.

The Marquis, ſeeing my ſurpriſe at the ſight of this unknown perſon, after a very hearty fit of laughter, begged pardon for not having introduced me ſooner to that gentleman (who was no other than a large monkey), and then told me, he had the honour of being attended by a phyſician, who had the reputation of poſſeſſing the greateſt ſkill, and who *certainly* wore the largeſt periwigs of any doctor in the province. That one morning, while he was writing a preſcription at his bed-ſide, this ſame monkey had catched hold of his periwig by one of the knots, and inſtantly made the beſt of his way out at the window to the roof of a neighbouring houſe, from which poſt he could not be diſlodged, till the Doctor, having loſt patience, had ſent home for another wig, and never after could be prevailed on to accept of this, which had been ſo much diſgraced. That,

enfin, his valet, to whom the monkey belonged, had, ever ſince that adventure, obliged the culprit, by way of puniſhment, to ſit quietly for an hour every morning, with the periwig on his head.—Et pendant ces moments de tranquilité je ſuis honoré de la ſociété du vénérable perſonage. Then addreſſing himſelf to the monkey, " Adieu, mon ami, pour aujourdhui— " au plaiſir de vous revoir;" and the ſervant immediately carried Monſieur le Medecin out of the room.

Afraid that the Marquis might be the worſe for talking ſo much, I attempted to withdraw, promiſing to return in the evening; but this I could not get him to comply with. He aſſured me, that nothing did him ſo much harm as holding his tongue; and that the moſt exceſſive headach he had ever had in his life, was owing to his having been two hours without ſpeaking, when he made his addreſſes to Madam de ——; who could never forgive

thoſe who broke in upon the thread of her diſcourſe, and whom he *loſt*, after all, by uttering a few ſentences before ſhe could recover her breath after a fit of ſneezing. In moſt people's diſcourſe, added he, a ſneeze paſſes for a full ſtop. " Mais dans " le Caquet eternel de cette femme ce n'eſt " qu'un virgule."

I then enquired after my friends Dubois and Fanchon.—He told me, that his mother had ſettled them at her houſe in the country, where ſhe herſelf choſe, of late, to paſs at leaſt one half of the year; that Dubois was of great ſervice to her, in the quality of ſteward, and ſhe had taken a ſtrong affection for Fanchon, and that both huſband and wife were loved and eſteemed by the whole neighbourhood. " I once," continued the Marquis, " propoſed to Fanchon, " en badinant, to make a trip to Paris, for " ſhe muſt be tired of ſo much ſolitude." " Have I not my huſband?" ſaid ſhe, " Your huſband is not company," rejoined

I,

I, " your huſband, you know, is yourſelf. " What do you think was her anſwer?" " Elle m'a répondu," continued the Marquis, " Ah, Monſieur le Marquis, plus on " s'éloigne de ſoi-même, plus on s'écarte " du bonheur."

In the progreſs of our converſation, I enquired about the lady to whom he was to have been married, when the match was ſo abruptly broken off by her father. He told me, the old gentleman's behaviour was explained a ſhort time after our departure from Paris, by his daughter's marriage to a man of great fortune; but whoſe taſte, character, and turn of mind were eſſentially different from thoſe of the young lady. " I ſuppoſe then," ſaid I, " ſhe appeared " indifferent about him from the begin- " ing." " Pardonnez moi," replied the Marquis, " au commencement elle joua la " belle paſſion pour ſon mari, juſqu'à ſcan- " daliſer le monde, peu à peu elle devint " plus raiſonnable, et ſur cet article les deux

" époux jouèrent bientôt à fortune égale,
" à préſent ils s'amuſent à ſe chicaner de
" petites contradictions qui jettent plus
" d'amertume dans le commerce que de
" torts décidés."

" Did you ever renew your acquaint-
" ance?"

" Je ne pouvois faire autrement, elle a
" marqué quelques petits regrets de m'avoir
" traité ſi cruellement."

" And how did you like her," ſaid I,
" on farther acquaintance?"

" Je lui ai trouvé," anſwered he, " tout
" ce qu'on peut ſouhaiter dans *la femme*
" *d'un autre.*"

The Marquis, feeling himſelf a little cold, and riſing from the ſopha to ring for ſome wood, had a view of the ſtreet. " O
" ho," cried he, looking earneſtly through the window, " regardez, regardez cet
" homme"—" Quel homme?" ſaid I. " Cet

" homme à gros ventre," ſaid he; and while he ſpoke, his teeth began to chatter. " Ah, Diable, voilà mon chien d'accés—cet " homme qui marche comme un Di— " Di—Dindon, c'eſt l'aumonier du regi- " ment." I begged he would allow himſelf to be put to bed, for by this time he was all over ſhivering with the violence of the ague.

" Non, non, ce n'eſt rien," ſaid he, " il " faut abſolument que je vous conte cette " hiſtoire. Cet homme qui l'engraiſſe en " nettoy—nett—et—et—en nettoyant l'ame " de mes ſoldats, faiſoit les yeux doux à la " femme d'un Ca—Ca—Caporal—Diantre " je n'en peux plus. Adieu, mon ami, c'eſt " la plus plaiſante hiſt—ſis—peſte! de- " mandez mes gens."

He was put to bed directly. I found the court below full of ſoldiers, who had come to enquire after their Colonel. Before I had reached the ſtreet, the Marquis's Valet-de-Chambre overtook me, le ris ſur la bouche,

et les larmes aux yeux, with a meſſage from his maſter.

The ſoldiers crowded about us, with anxiety on all their countenances. I aſſured them, there was no danger; that their Colonel would be well within a very few days. This was heard with every mark of joy, and they diſperſed, to communicate the good news to their comrades.

" Ah, Monſieur," ſaid the Valet, addreſſing himſelf to me, " il eſt tant aimé de " ces braves Garçons! et il merite ſi bien " de l'être!"

Next day he looked better, and was in his uſual ſpirits; the day following, he was ſtill better; and having taken a proper quantity of the bark during the interval, he had no return of the fever. As he has promiſed to continue the uſe of the bark, in ſufficient doſes, for ſome time, and as relapſes are not frequent at this ſeaſon of the year, I am perſuaded the affair is over,

and

and that he will gradually gain ſtrength till he is perfectly recovered.

He received me with leſs gaiety than uſual, the day on which I took my leave, and uſed many obliging expreſſions, which, however you may ſmile, I am entirely diſpoſed to believe were ſincere; for

Altho' the candy'd tongue lick abſurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fauning:
———Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?

Juſt as I was returning, we heard the muſic of the troops marching off the parade.—" Apropos," cried he, " How do " your affairs go on with your Colonies?" I ſaid, I hoped every thing would be arranged and ſettled very ſoon.

" Ne croyez vous pas," ſaid he, " que " ces Meſſieurs," pointing to the troops which then paſſed below the window, " pourroient entrer pour quelque choſe dans " l'arrangement?"

I ſaid, I did not imagine the Americans were ſuch fools as to break all connection with their friends, and then riſk falling into the power of their enemies.

" Il me ſemble," anſwered he, " que ces " Meſſieurs font aſſez peu de cas de votre " amitié, et auſſi, quand vous aurez prouvé " qu'ils ont tort, il ne s'en ſuivra pas que " vous ayiez toujours eu raiſon." " Allons," continued he, ſeeing that I looked a little grave, " point d'humeur;" then ſeizing my hand, " permettez moi, je vous prie, " d'aimer les Anglois ſans haïr les Améri- " cains."

I ſoon after parted with this amiable Frenchman, whoſe gaiety, wit, and agreeable manners, if I may judge from my own experience, repreſent the character and diſpoſition of great numbers of his countrymen.

After a very agreeable journey by Gray, Langres, and Troyes, we arrived at this capital a few days ago.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Paris.

ALTHOUGH it is a conſiderable time ſince my arrival, yet, as you made ſo long a ſtay at Paris while we were in Germany, I could not think of reſuming my obſervations on the manners of this gay metropolis. It has been ſaid, that thoſe times are the moſt intereſting to read of, which were the moſt diſagreeable to live in. So I find the places in which it is moſt agreeable to reſide, are preciſely thoſe from which we have the leaſt inclination to write. There are ſo many reſources at Paris, that it always requires a great effort to write letters, of any conſiderable length, from ſuch a place. This is peculiarly my caſe at preſent, as I have the happineſs of paſſing great part of my time with Mr. Andrew Stuart, whom I found at this hotel on my arrival. The integrity, candour,

dour, and ability of that gentleman's conduct, during a long reſidence, have procured him a great number of friends in this capital, and have eſtabliſhed a character which calumny attempted in vain to overthrow. Now that I have reſolution to take up my pen, I ſhall endeavour to clear the debt for which you dun me ſo unmercifully. I own, I am ſurpriſed that you ſhould require my opinion on the uſes of foreign travel, after peruſing, as you muſt have done, the Dialogues, lately publiſhed by an eminent divine, equally diſtinguiſhed for his learning and taſte. But as I know what makes you peculiarly ſolicitous on that ſubject at preſent, I ſhall give you my ſentiments, ſuch as they are, without farther heſitation.

I cannot help thinking, that a young man of fortune may ſpend a few years to advantage, in travelling through ſome of the principal countries of Europe, provided the tour be well-timed, and well-conducted;

ducted; and, without theſe, what part of education can be of uſe?

In a former letter, I gave my reaſons for preferring the plan of education at the public ſchools of England, to any other now in uſe at home or abroad. After the young perſon has acquired the fundamental parts of learning, which are taught at ſchools, he will naturally be removed to ſome univerſity. One of the moſt elegant and moſt ingenious writers of the preſent age has, in his Inquiry into the Cauſes of the Wealth of Nations, pointed out many deficiencies in thoſe ſeminaries. What that gentleman has ſaid on this ſubject, may poſſibly have ſome effect in bringing about an improvement. But with all their deficiencies, it muſt be acknowledged, that no univerſities have produced a greater number of men diſtinguiſhed for polite literature, and eminent for ſcience, than thoſe of England. If a young man has, previouſly, acquired the habit of application,

tion, and a taſte for learning, he will certainly find the means of improvement there; and, without theſe, I know not where he will make any progreſs in literature. But whatever plan is adopted, whether the young man ſtudies at the univerſity, or at home with private teachers, while he is ſtudying with diligence and alacrity, it would be doing him a moſt eſſential injury, to interrupt him by a premature expedition to the Continent, from an idea of his acquiring the graces, elegance of manner, or any of the accompliſhments which travelling is ſuppoſed to give. Literature is preferable to all other accompliſhments, and the men of rank who poſſeſs it, have a ſuperiority over thoſe who do not, let their graces be what they may, which the latter feel and envy, while they affect to deſpiſe.

According to this plan, a youth properly educated, will ſeldom begin his foreign tour before the age of twenty; if

it

it is a year or two later, there will be no harm.

This is the age, it may be ſaid, when young men of fortune endeavour to get into Parliament: it is ſo; but if they ſhould remain out of Parliament till they are a few years older, the affairs of the nation might poſſibly go on as well.

It may alſo be ſaid, if the tour is deferred till the age of twenty, the youth will not, after that period of life, attain the modern languages in perfection. Nor will he acquire that eaſy manner, and fine addreſs, which are only caught by an early acquaintance with courts, and the aſſemblies of the gay and elegant. This is true to a certain degree; but the anſwer is, that, by remaining at home, and applying to the purſuits of literature, he will make more valuable attainments.

I am at a loſs what to ſay about thoſe ſame graces; it is certainly deſirable to poſſeſs

poſſeſs them, but they muſt come, as it were, ſpontaneouſly, or they will not come at all. They ſometimes appear as volunteers, but cannot be preſſed into any ſervice; and thoſe who ſhew the greateſt anxiety about them, are the leaſt likely to attain them. I ſhould be cautious, therefore, of adviſing a young man to ſtudy them either at home or abroad with much ſolicitude. Students of the graces are, generally, the moſt abominably affected fellows in the world. I have ſeen *one* of them make a whole company ſqueamiſh.

Though the pert familiarity of French children would not become an Engliſh boy, yet it merits the earlieſt and the utmoſt attention to prevent or conquer that awkward timidity which ſo often oppreſſes the latter when he comes into company. The timidity I ſpeak of, is entirely different from modeſty. I have ſeen the moſt impudent boys I ever knew, almoſt convulſed with conſtraint in the preſence of ſtrangers, or when they were required to pronounce a ſingle

a ſingle ſentence of civility. But it was only on ſuch occaſions they were baſhful. Among their companions or inferiors, they were ſaucy, rude, and boiſterous.

If boys of this deſcription *only* were liable to baſhfulneſs, it would be a pity to remove it. But although this quality is diſtinct from modeſty, it is not incompatible with it. Boys of the moſt modeſt and moſt amiable diſpoſition are often overwhelmed with it; from them it ought to be removed, if it can be done, without endangering that modeſty which is ſo great an ornament to youth, and indeed to every period of life. This, ſurely, may be done in England, as well as in any other country; but it is too much neglected: many conſider it as a matter of no importance, or that it will wear off by time. We ſee it, however, often annihilate, and always impair the effect of the greateſt and moſt uſeful talents. After the care of forming the heart by the principles of benevolence and

integrity, perhaps one of the moſt important parts of education is, to habituate a boy to behave with modeſty, but without reſtraint, and to retain the full poſſeſſion of all his faculties in any company.

To attain betimes, that eaſe and elegance of manner, which travelling is ſuppoſed to beſtow, and that the young gentleman may become perfectly maſter of the modern languages, ſome have thought of mixing the two plans; and, inſtead of allowing him to proſecute his ſtudies at home, ſending him abroad, immediately on his coming from ſchool, on the ſuppoſition that, with the aſſiſtance of a tutor and foreign profeſſors, he will proceed in the ſtudy of philoſophy, and other branches of literature, during the three or four years which are employed in the uſual tour. It will not be denied, that a young man who has made good uſe of his time at ſchool and at the univerſity, who has acquired ſuch a taſte for ſcience as to conſider its

its purſuits as a pleaſure, and not a taſk, may, even during his travels, mix the ſtudy of men with that of books, and continue to make progreſs in the latter, when the greater part of his time is dedicated to the former. But that ſuch a taſte will, for *the firſt time*, ſpring up in the breaſt of a boy of ſixteen or ſeventeen, amidſt the diſſipation of theatres, reviews, proceſſions, balls, and aſſemblies, is, of all things, the leaſt probable.

Others, who think lightly of the importance of what is uſually called ſcience to a young man of rank and fortune, ſtill contend, that a knowledge of hiſtory, which they admit may be of ſome uſe *even to men of fortune*, can certainly be acquired during the years of travelling. But what ſort of a knowledge will it be which a boy, in ſuch a ſituation, will acquire? Not that which Lord Bolingbroke calls philoſophy, teaching, by examples, a proper conduct in the various ſituations of public and private

life, but merely a ſucceſſion of reigns, of battles, and ſieges, ſtored up in the memory without reflection or application. I remember a young gentleman, whom a ſtrong and retentive memory of ſuch events often ſet a-prating very mal-à-propos; one of his companions expreſſed much ſurpriſe at his knowledge, and wondered how he had laid up ſuch a ſtore. "Why, truly," replied he, with frankneſs, "it is all owing "to my bungling blockhead of a valet, "who takes up ſuch an unconſcionable "time in dreſſing my hair, that I am glad "to read to keep me from fretting; and "as there are no news-papers, or maga-"zines, to be had in this country, I have "been driven to hiſtory, which anſwers "nearly as well."

But it ſometimes happens, that young men who are far behind their contemporaries in every kind of literature, are wonderfully advanced in the knowledge of the town, ſo as to vie with the oldeſt profeſſors in

in London, and endanger their own health by the ardour of their application. The ſooner ſuch premature youths are ſeparated from the connections they have formed in the metropolis, the better; and as it will not be eaſy to perſuade them to live in any other part of Great Britain, it will be neceſſary to ſend them abroad. But, inſtead of being carried to courts and capitals, the beſt plan for them will be, to fix them in ſome provincial town of France or Switzerland, where they may have a chance of improving, not ſo much by new attainments, as by unlearning or forgetting what they have already acquired.

After a young man has employed his time to advantage at a public ſchool, and has continued his application to various branches of ſcience till the age of twenty, you aſk, what are the advantages he is likely to reap from a tour abroad?

He will ſee mankind more at large, and in numberleſs ſituations and points of view,

in which they cannot appear in Great Britain, or any one country. By comparing the various cuſtoms and uſages, and hearing the received opinions of different countries, his mind will be enlarged. He will be enabled to correct the theoretical notions he may have formed of human nature, by the practical knowledge of men. By contemplating their various religions, laws, and government, *in action*, as it were, and obſerving the effects they produce on the minds and characters of the people, he will be able to form a juſter eſtimate of their value than otherwiſe he could have done. He will ſee the natives of other countries, not as he ſees them in England, mere idle ſpectators, but buſily employed in their various characters, as actors on their own proper ſtage. He will gradually improve in the knowledge of *character*, not of Engliſhmen only, but of men in general; he will ceaſe to be deceived either by the varniſh with which men are apt to heighten their own actions, or the dark colours in which

which they, too often, paint thoſe of others. He will learn to diſtinguiſh the real from the oſtenſible motive of men's words and behaviour. Finally, by being received with hoſpitality, converſing familiarly, and living in the reciprocal exchange of good offices with thoſe whom he conſidered as enemies, or in ſome unfavourable point of view, the ſphere of his benevolence and good-will to his brethren of mankind will gradually enlarge. His friendſhips extending beyond the limits of his own country, will embrace characters congenial with his own in other nations. Seas, mountains, rivers, are *geographical* boundaries, but never limited the good will or eſteem of one liberal mind. As for his manner, though it will probably not be ſo janty as if he had been bred in France from his earlieſt youth, yet that alſo will in ſome degree be improved.

However perſuaded he may be of the advantages enjoyed by the people of Eng-

land, he will ſee the harſhneſs and impropriety of inſulting the natives of other countries with an oſtentatious enumeration of thoſe advantages; he will perceive how odious thoſe travellers make themſelves, who laugh at the religion, ridicule the cuſtoms, and inſult the police of the countries through which they paſs, and who never fail to inſinuate to the inhabitants that they are all ſlaves and bigots. Such bold Britons we have ſometimes met with, *fighting* their way through Europe, who, by their continual broils and diſputes, would lead one to imagine, that the angel of the Lord had pronounced on each of them the ſame denunciation which he did on Iſhmael the ſon of Abraham, by his handmaid Hagar: "And he will be a "wild man, and his hand will be againſt "every man, and every man's hand "againſt him*." If the ſame unſocial diſpoſition ſhould creep into our politics, it might arm all the powers in Europe againſt

* Vide Geneſis, chap. xvi. verſe 12.

Great

Great Britain, before ſhe gets clear of her unhappy conteſt with America. A young man, whoſe mind has been formed as it ought, before he goes abroad, when he ſees many individuals preſerve perſonal dignity in ſpite of arbitrary government, an independent mind amidſt poverty, liberal and philoſophic ſentiments amidſt bigotry and ſuperſtition; muſt naturally have the higheſt eſteem for ſuch characters, and allow them more merit than thoſe even of his own country, who think and act in the ſame manner in leſs unfavourable circumſtances.

Beſides theſe advantages, a young man of fortune, by ſpending a few years abroad, will gratify a natural and laudable curioſity, and paſs a certain portion of his life in an agreeable manner. He will form an acquaintance with that boaſted nation, whoſe ſuperior taſte and politeneſs are univerſally acknowledged; whoſe faſhions and language are adopted by all Europe; and who, in ſcience, power, and commerce, are the rivals of Great Britain. He will have opportunities

portunities of obſerving the political conſtitution of the German empire; that complex body, formed by a confederacy of princes, eccleſiaſtics, and free cities, comprehending countries of vaſt extent, inhabited by a hardy race of men diſtinguiſhed for ſolid ſenſe and integrity, who, without having equalled their ſprightlier neighbours in works of taſte or imagination, have ſhewn what prodigious efforts of application the human mind is capable of in the ſevereſt and leaſt amuſing ſtudies, and whoſe armies exhibit at preſent the moſt perfect models of military diſcipline. In contemplating theſe, he will naturally conſider, whether thoſe armies tend moſt to the aggrandizement of the Monarch, or to defend or preſerve any thing to the people who maintain them, and the ſoldiers who compoſe them, equivalent to the vaſt expence of money, and the ſtill greater quantity of miſery which they occaſion.

Viewing the remains of Roman taſte and magnificence, he will feel a thouſand emo-

tions

tions of the moſt intereſting nature, while thoſe whoſe minds are not, like his, ſtored with claſſical knowledge, gaze with taſteleſs wonder, or phlegmatic indifference; and, excluſive of thoſe monuments of antiquity, he will naturally deſire to be acquainted with the preſent inhabitants of a country, which at different periods has produced men, who, by one means or another, have diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo eminently from their contemporaries of other nations. At one period, having ſubdued the world by the wiſdom and firmneſs of their councils, and the diſciplined vigour of their armies, Rome became at once the ſeat of empire, learning, and the arts.

After the Northern barbarians had deſtroyed the overgrown fabric of Roman power, a new empire, of a more ſingular nature, gradually aroſe from its ruins, artfully extending its influence over the minds of men, till the Princes of Europe were at length as much controlled by the bulls of

the Vatican, as their anceſtors had been by the decrees of the Senate.

Commerce alſo, which rapine and ſlaughter had frightened from Europe, returned, and joined with Superſtition in drawing the riches of all the neighbouring nations to Italy. And, at a ſubſequent period, Learning, burſting through the clouds of ignorance which overſhadowed mankind, again ſhone forth in the ſame country, bringing in her train, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Muſic, all of which have been cultivated with the greateſt ſucceſs; and the three laſt brought, by the inhabitants of this country, to a degree of excellence unequalled by the natives of any other country of the world. When to theſe conſiderations we add, that there is reaſon to believe that this country had arrived at a great degree of perfection in the arts before the beginning of the Roman republic, we are almoſt tempted to believe, that local and phyſical cauſes

have

have a conſiderable influence in rendering the mind more acute in this country of Italy, than any where elſe; and that if the infinite political diſadvantages under which it labours were removed, and the whole of this peninſula united in one State, it would again reſume its ſuperiority over other nations.

Laſtly, by viſiting other countries, a ſubject of Great Britain will acquire a greater eſteem than ever for the conſtitution of his own. Freed from vulgar prejudices, he will perceive, that the bleſſings and advantages which his countrymen enjoy, do not flow from their ſuperiority in wiſdom, courage, or virtue, over the other nations of the world, but, in ſome degree, from the peculiarity of their ſituation in an iſland; and, above all, from thoſe juſt and equitable laws which ſecure property, that mild free government which abhors tyranny, protects the meaneſt ſubject, and leaves the mind of man to its own exertions, unreſtrained by

thoſe arbitrary, capricious, and impolitic ſhackles, which confine and weaken its nobleſt endeavours in almoſt every other country of the world. This animates induſtry, creates fertility, and ſcatters plenty over the boiſterous iſland of Great Britain, with a profuſion unknown in the neighbouring nations, who behold with aſtoniſhment ſuch numbers of Britiſh ſubjects, of both ſexes, and of all ages, roaming diſcontented through the lands of deſpotiſm, in ſearch of that happineſs, which, if ſatiety and the wanton reſtleſſneſs of wealth would permit, they have a much better proſpect of enjoying in their own country.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic eſt*.

* If they, who through the vent'rous ocean range,
Not their own paſſions, but the climate, change;
Anxious thro' ſeas and land to ſearch for reſt,
Is but laborious idleneſs at beſt.

FRANCIS.

THE END.

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